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THE WORKS OF

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Library Edition

VOLUME VIII

ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS

At Work

Addresses and Essays

ON

Subjects of History, Education, and Government

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

BOSTON
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PREFACE

NO man spends half a century in the work of a New England minister without touching the business of Education, practically. He touches it every day of his life, if he is honest in his work.

A good definition of the work of the Church divides that work under four heads, — Worship, Charity, Hospitality, and Education. If you please to analyze such duties, you may say Faith compels Worship, Love compels Charity and Hospitality, and Hope seeks always for Education.

In the social order of New England, as "School Committees" evolved themselves, the ministers in a town were generally chosen on the School Committee, at the annual election in town meeting. The custom was a good one, for it brought into the government of the schools high purpose, and a good, simple, week-day relationship between the minister and his young people. When I was "settled" in Worcester, — then still a "town," not yet a "city," — I was offered a place on the School Committee and held it for a few days. But I did so only until my successor could be appointed.

For I knew very well that there were enough well-educated young men of spirit there who could and would take such places. But it seemed to me that there was danger that "The Overseers of the Poor" might be recruited from people whose first object was the productiveness of the Town Farm. As has been said in the preface to the last volume, I accepted a place on the Board of Overseers. And I say this here, by way of advice to young men who are entering on my profession in New England. It is thus that for fifty years I have not had such personal supervision of the public-school work as has come into the experience of almost every minister of my age.

All the more, perhaps, the interests and demands of what the French call "Secondary Education" — in a poor phrase which we have been compelled to borrow — have occupied my attention and taken much of my time. As a member of the Council of Alpha Delta Phi, and afterwards as President of the United Fraternity for three years, I had opportunities which every man does not have, of intercourse and correspondence with some of the prime of the young Americans of our time, who are coming forward to be our leaders in Literature, Science, and Social Order. I have served for many years on the Council of "Chautauqua," and I like to record here my admiration for the admirable democratic system of education which bears that name. For thirty-four years I was a Trustee of Antioch College in Ohio, and for fourteen years an

Overseer of Harvard College. At Harvard College I was a Chaplain for several years. This means that you conduct the chapel exercise for three weeks in spring and three in the fall; you also give the morning hours after chapel to the most friendly and intimate intercourse with such young men as choose to call on you. The position opens the way to one of the most interesting relations of life.

To thoughtful readers I need hardly say, that such experiences have shown me the danger, most apparent, in our magnificent public-school system. I am afraid that the normal schools are, to a certain extent, responsible for it.

It is that in schools and in colleges we go to work as if INSTRUCTION were our prime object.

In truth, EDUCATION is the prime object. It is a good enough thing that a boy shall know that eight quarts make a peck, — or that in England twenty shillings go to one pound. But we do not found schools and colleges to teach such facts as these. No. We found schools and colleges that we may well and wisely train girls to be women and boys to be men. We found them, first, for Education, — and their work in Instruction should be secondary.

With this view in mind, I have used many opportunities — more than the reader will find record of in this volume — to impress, as well as I know how, the importance of this, the largest range, of the work of District School, High School, Normal School, Academy, Institute, or College.

In speaking at Washington on the 3d of March, 1889, — a dark day in the history of this country, — I said, "Any full view of the right of all God's children refuses to limit to any 'upper class' the delights of science, the full range of Literature, and all which we call Liberal Education. . . . The whole drift of new life, which opens to everybody all Literature, Science, and Art, means that every one shall have the nobler enjoyment, the higher life, yes, the infinite range, which your old mediæval distinctions confined among little groups of professional scholars."

I will say nothing more as to the thread which really connects the addresses in the first part of this volume.

In the second part I have brought together a few papers on points of interest in American history. "History has been my favorite study." Or, as I ought to say, it has been my favorite avocation.

The sociological papers with which the volume closes have been called out, on special occasions, to meet what I thought exigencies.

In papers written at periods far apart, I have frequently repeated quotations, — or for a second or third time discussed the same subject. For this I hardly need apologize, now that these papers are collected.

EDWARD E. HALE.

ROXBURY, *April*, 1900.

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ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS

EDUCATION

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?[1]

[Delivered at the Commencement of Cornell University, June 12, 1881.]

TWO or three hundred colleges of America send forth their graduates upon the country this summer. The largest will give degrees to two hundred or more, the smallest to one or two. That would be a high estimate which supposed that six thousand graduates were this summer added to the little company of the liberally educated men of the land. That little company starts at tremendous odds, if we count them by numbers only, in the effort for which all its members have been educated, to maintain the Idea. It is enrolled to maintain in the land the sense of Spirit, of Spiritual Law and of the Eternal Realities; in the face of smoke and dust and the things that perish in the using; in the face of those empirical observations which are called Physical Laws; in the face of man's wish to heap up in bulk the visible materials for future greed, indolence, and ease.

We shall be taught this summer by the more careless part of the public press that the supply

[1] The address was repeated at the Commencement of Antioch College, June 22, 1881.

thus afforded of educated men is much greater than the demand. A certain education is needed before a man can write a paragraph for a newspaper, and the more ignorant of the men who have achieved that standard are always for warning the rest of mankind that there is no more room. But Mr. Webster's great word is more true. "There is always room higher up," he said. Fortunately for this country and for mankind, the standard of Liberal Education is always rising. It is for you, gentlemen and ladies, to see that it rises higher than ever before; nor do you let your personal eagerness and hope flag or faint, as the great army presses up and on.

Far from believing that America has, or can have, any too many men or women of the very highest and most broad and careful education, we shall have reason to see that she has quite too few. Our chief danger, indeed, is that our men of education are detailed to too many duties by the ignorance or incompetence of their subordinates. It is said of General Grant, when he was approaching Vicksburg, that his officers, brave enough and willing enough, had so little military experience that his orders to them were not mere directions as to what they should do, but instruction in detail as to the manner in which it should be done. It is said that a collection of those orders would form a compendium or hand-book of the Military Art. The man of liberal training with us has always much of that experience. The sculptor in America

can confide nothing to his workman. The editor often needs to know how to set type. Many a time will you have to instruct your bookbinder. Woe to you if you expect to hire a competent translator! The educated man in America is only a helpless Dominie Sampson, if he cannot harness his own horse, and on occasion shoe him. He must in a thousand exigencies paddle his own canoe. And the first danger which comes to him is that in all these side duties he will forget the great central object to which his life is consecrated. He may forget that the first object [illegible] take Vicksburg. Because he has become interested in some town history or some genealogy, he may waste his life which might have been the amusement of [illegible] the way.

Clearly, it is my business to-day to present as well as I can the moral side of the great office for which this State and your country have trained you.

I. Do not forget that there is an obligation on your part toward the country and the State. Every American should be proud of the efforts, more than princely, which this country has made for the highest and broadest liberal education. More than princely, I say, for as yet no princes have done such things. The nation gave to the new States every thirty-second part of its domain for public education, and of this devoted one six-

teenth part to the foundation of colleges. Then, by the special act to which Cornell University owes its existence, the nation gave it that immense endowment of Western lands which makes so large a part of the fund in the hands of its trustees. No prince ever gave, few princes could give, such gifts to a university. When you hear it said that the American people loves the dollar and is not faithful to the Idea, ask in reply what prince or people but the American people ever gave up so large a part of its appanage for the education of its people.

In mere gratitude to such a nation and such a State, you owe, your lives long, something to their service, in dragging their people from the Serbonian bog, and in lifting them to the noblest and highest life.

II. For this purpose, however, as I have intimated, if we were to be satisfied by any count of numbers, we are quite too few. We should be lost in the host, as the handful of Richard's horsemen in the crusades were once and again lost in the hordes of Saracens around them. To recur to this year's statistics. At the outside, six or seven thousand educated Americans are added this summer to this little army of Red-cross Knights; and, in the same year, five hundred thousand men, women, and children will be poured in on this land from Europe, unable, perhaps, to speak the language of the land, careless of its traditions, ignorant

of its laws and customs, pushed by the bayonet or beckoned by distant love to emigrate they know not whither, and landing all unorganized upon a strange shore. Just to imagine the proportions of the forces, let me suppose that these men were divided into colonies of eight hundred each; and one young graduate of this year from an American college sent with them, to instruct them in our laws, to show them how to meet our climate, to teach them our history, nay, our language. That alone would use all this year's graduates. One would say that here only was work enough of the very highest range for the graduates of this year. But one sees at once that, in that subdivision of our force, nobody would be left from our newly commissioned officers to care for the needs, the highest needs, of the fifty million people who are already here upon the ground. Yet you must take the places of us old men who are passing off the stage; and, as I am now to try to show, there are duties pressing upon you which we never knew in our time.

The leaven of the Highest Education must leaven the whole lump of American life.

III. One is fairly tempted to wish that some Lethe might sink the remembrance of our old discussions and partisanships for a few months, that we might all consider, as it deserves, the great subject of our duty to the next half-century, and who shall say how much longer? What shall this

people do with its enormous wealth? The old struggle, when starving colonists gnawed so close the bone, is over. The wealth of the country is increasing with such strides that no statistics announce it. As we never know the rapid drift of the raft or ice-floe on which we go and come, we are not ourselves aware, at the moment, of our gains; and we do not carefully enough study the duties which belong to them. Everybody is richer in the real elements of wealth. Now comes the question which Bulwer puts into the title of one of his best novels, "What will he do with it?" What will this prodigal, folded in his Father's arms, and sharing the infinite bounties of infinite love, do with the lavish gifts which from that Father he receives?

It is said truly that a single living man, Corliss of Providence, by a single invention of one generation, has added one third to the physical working power of the world. Such is the magic of our day. Scott sang of Roderick that

> "One blast upon his bugle horn
> Was worth a thousand men,"

and that figure is taken from the old legend in the romance of Roncesvalles. But what legend or magic tells you of such a bugle horn as starts into existence, I do not say the men, but the giants, whose noiseless toil mines, weaves, spins, pumps, forges, stamps, pushes, and pulls for you, so that you may go home the earlier from your workshop,

or fare more bountifully, or sleep the longer? No statistics can announce the worth of that one miracle. But this is sure, that Cadmus might sow his dragon's teeth again, and call into being a hundred million armed men.

> "Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests;
> Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
> Now all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
> A growing host, a crop of men and arms;"

and if they were put, on any possible arena, in competition with the petty addition made by this one invention of Corliss to our modern forces since most of us were born, they would wilt like summer weeds in the rivalry.

Now, here is the result of only one of the physical improvements of our time, made by one man. Remember the crowd of similar improvements. Remember, for instance, Ezra Cornell, to be ranked among the first of the men to whom we are so indebted. Remember the Stephensons, the electricians, Brunel, Ericsson, and the steamboat men; count in Edison, Brush, Siemens, and that set; look at the reapers, mowers, and planters; think of ship-building, canal-building, the opening of rivers, and the extension of roads; and then go out and look over the land, see men harvesting by irrigation, fifty bushels of wheat to an acre on the Great American Desert of the geographies of twenty years ago; see ingots of silver lying on the platforms of railroad stations, safe from robbery

because they are too heavy for men to "lift" without observation; devote yourself a few hours to such examination, and you will have some faint idea of what is meant by the enlargement in wealth of this end of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps you will then devote yourselves with some seriousness to the question which, as I hold, is the real question of our time, "What will they do with it?"

Why, to take one little instance, I have heard old men say that the mere easy use of friction matches saves every day for each active man and woman ten minutes of life. I think that is true. You are not old enough to remember the adventures of the boy called out of his bed in the morning to go and fetch a pan of coals from the next neighbors. The lad tumbles into his clothes, ploughs through the snow, finds that Mrs. Smith's luck has been better than his mother's, and the careful ashes of her hearth have preserved the vestal fire. A glowing brand is given him in his warming-pan, and he returns in triumph home. The alternative would have been to strike flint against steel, not to say against knuckles, till a reluctant spark fell on tinder equally reluctant, till this was fanned by careful breath till it would light a match which would light a candle. The journey to Mrs. Smith's was, on the whole, light in comparison. Does one trivial invention save twenty minutes a day in each household, ten minutes to the man, ten minutes to the woman? That is a

saving for this nation of more than twice the amount of work which Cheops put upon his pyramid, and so much addition to the real resource of the world is made by that one invention.

What will the world do with it? What will the nation do?

Will she build pyramids like Cheops?

Will she waste it in wars like Napoleon?

Will she pile it up in new St. Peters like Leo?

Will she spend it in fashion of dress, in purple and crimson and gold lace and embroidery?

Here is her treasure. What will she do with it?

That question is the question of to-day. It is the question for every graduating class of this year. Here is the Cadmus, who sees the host of millions of these giants, ready to work for him, rising every hour from the seed which the fathers have been sowing. They will turn against each other as they did in the old fable, if you gentlemen and ladies, and others like you, do not lead them, as in the fable Cadmus led them. Where will you lead? How will you lead? Simply and seriously, what are you for?

IV. Clearly enough, your service is not so much needed in the creation of more wealth, of more resource, but in the direction of what we have for the noblest and the best. If your education here has been what I believe it has been, this is what it has been for. That is, it has been a liberal education rather than what the Germans call a

bread-and-butter education. So much the better for you and for the country. Do not fear but the giants will follow your lead, if you are willing to show them the way. If, as Cadmus did, you choose to build cities, do not fear but the new resources of the land will be drawing your water, hewing your timber, mixing your cement, and piling your stones. The humane arts, or the liberal arts, are from their very nature the contriving and directing arts. The men who are trained in them, from the nature of things, lead all other men. You are to accept the position of leaders. Modestly, but certainly, because the substance is more than the show, because the idea controls the form, because mind rules matter, because spirit rules all, you are to take the position of spiritual leaders of the land. Why, it was long since observed that, even in superficial fashions, all men follow the lead of the liberal professions. As they spell, all men try to spell. As they write, all men try to write. As they live, all men try to live. Even as they dress, all men try to dress. The black coat of the clerk becomes the dress-suit of the gentleman. Gold lace falls off, the sword-knot is forgotten, the sword disappears, and the great army of men affect, in their outward costume, on all days of ceremony, to belong to the company of men of liberal training. So the millionaire of yesterday builds a palace to-day, and his architect arranges a library as certainly as he arranges a kitchen. Then he comes to you, gen-

tlemen, to say that he has five thousand square feet of book-room, and that he will thank you to select the books for them. And as his son grows up, he will send him to Cornell, and as his daughter grows up, he will send her to Sage College. He is determined that the future shall have what he did not have. He comes to you for the direction of these useless millions, which he has created from the winds and the waves and the dead soil.

These are the most trivial and superficial illustrations, mere straws which show the current. They are all the better for my purpose. No fear but you can lead the land, if you want to lead it and wish to lead it. Your only questions are where, when, and how.

A thousand voices this week will tell you that the first duty of the well-trained scholar is to go into the caucus, and control the partisan arrangements of the country. Some of these voices will probably address us here. You will be told how William Pitt, the younger, was Prime Minister of England when he was twenty-three, and you will be urged to go and do likewise. Such is doubtless one duty of the American scholar; but I do not believe that it is his first duty. Fortunately for us, every fundamental principle in our political order has been settled, and rightly settled in most instances, a century ago. With us, fortunately, all the drift and weight of conservatism are on the side of institutions founded in the most radical

democracy. For this reason is it that our partisan questions, compared with those of other lands, are mere ripples on the surface of a summer sea. Our real interests are in the better and nobler training of our people, in the making men more manly, woman more womanly, and the land more godly. It may be that these interests shall call one in fifty of you into Administration. But, with us, Administration is not Government. With us, the people govern. In their homes, they govern, and not by any proxy. Presidents, governors, secretaries, and senators are their clerks and messengers; do well, indeed, when they are obsequious and obedient clerks and messengers. What the scholar of America is to do is to elevate the people, to enlighten the people, and give to it new life.

V. Observe again that, wherever the people are, the scholar must be there also, if he is to carry on this work. D'Artagnan and Aramis and Quentin Durward had to go to Paris, to the capital, to seek their sovereigns, if they would serve the State. But, with us, the sovereign is working in the mines of Lake Superior. The sovereign is herding cattle in Colorado; he is feeding the world from the wheat plains of Dakota. The empire of this country is not in the hands of the large cities, though the writers in the large cities try to make you think so. It is in the hands of those large country towns, where the best men lead the town

and direct its education, its local government, and give tone and courage to its people, towns without rings, towns not governed by bar-rooms. It is the men from these towns who are pushed forward into important public life, and loyally sustained by the American people. Emigrants from Europe, still blinded by European prejudices, settle in clans in large cities, and are led blindly by other men. But the American people is still true to that enthusiasm for local government which so surprised De Tocqueville, and which, to this hour, not one foreign writer in ten understands. Find for me the States or parts of States which, on the whole, direct the American policy in her public affairs, and you find States or parts of States which are under the empire, not of the few large cities of America, but of her numerous smaller cities or larger towns. Literally, gentlemen, it does not matter, for the sway that you are to have over the next half-century, whether you go to the wilderness of Lake Superior or the most crowded ward in New York. A man's a man. A leader is a leader. If you have in you the stuff of which leaders are made, you will lead. That is, if you rely on the Idea, if you make yourself an ally of the Almighty, speak his word and do his deed, you will, of course, take place and authority among men.

So much for the question, Where?

As to the question, When? you shall take this direction, there is never but one answer, — NOW.

To-day. Now is the accepted time. I trust that your four years at college are not to be flung away like an old garment. I think you have just whetted your appetite in literature, in art, in science, in philosophy. As Paul Jones said, You are just ready to begin. You are not to stay here longer. No. But you are to go on in just those studies which please you most, with the freedom of manhood joined to the training of youth, and to carry them on, in one direction or another, till you die. You are, I trust, enthusiastic about Alma Mater. I hope you are always going to say that Cornell is the best college in the world. Do not be satisfied with saying so. Show it, wherever you go. Show what a man of liberal education is, by the eagerness with which you pursue that education. No one need shrink because he is going into what is called business. Any man and woman of you can secure, and ought, two hours a day for generous reading or study. No man or woman needs more to keep up bravely and well the line of education which he has selected for his own. Make it your duty, then, to carry, wherever you go, be it to the ranch, be it to the mine, be it to the cotton plantation, the spirit, the thoroughness, even the elegancies of this University. Why, Bernard civilized Western Europe by sending out from Clairvaux two hundred and fifty swarms of educated men, who made two hundred and fifty other centres of faith and of knowledge in countries then barbarous. More than this is in the power,

nay, more than this be the future, of Cornell University in the next thirty years.

Thus, it is the duty of every man and woman of you to level up from the first moment the public education of the place where you shall live. The village school, the high school, the county academy or college, the public library, these live and grow, or starve and die, according as you determine, you and those others who have received what you have received from the lavish love of the State and of the nation. We have all seen what we call Ideal Communities, where effort in this line has been crowned. One comes to a village of Friends, sometimes, of the people called Quakers, where there was never a pauper, where every child receives what we call a high-school education, where to each family the public library supplies the last and best in literature. And this is possible everywhere. A man need not be on the board of school supervisors to do it. I met, the other day, a learned judge who told me that for more than twenty years he had met every winter, in his own library, once a week, a club of his neighbors, men and women, who came, and came gladly, that he might guide them in the study of history. "And all those people," said he, laughing, there are three or four hundred of them now, scattered over the world, "they all know what to read, and how to read it." You see that village is another place because that one man lived there. Yet there is only one man who chose to make

"You spring from men whose hearts and lives were pure,
Their eye was single, and their walk was sure.
See that their children's children in their day
May bless such fathers' fathers when they pray."

As you work on the home intrusted to you to make its future better than its present, to make it true to the idea which the ancients called the City of God, see that in your own examples, every little plan for social life, every scrap of copy which you write for the village newspaper, every word you speak in the daily exchange at the post-office, every hint you drop in the joke of a charade at an evening party, every plan you form for more spirited social order, are all aimed and shot home for the purity of the moral atmosphere of the town. It is all that boys and men, girls and women, may be more manly and more womanly. This is what the land requires and what the future requires. I might say that it is all they require. For, to him who seeks this first, all else is added.

The land cares for a better Testament or a better Bible; it cares for better constitutions or laws; it cares for a simpler and more pure Civil Service, only as these things, for things they are, give it purer and better lives. By their fruits, all these things are to be tested; and the fruits are pure and manly men, pure and womanly women.

Yes, and the reason why you see the men in my calling as cheerful and hopeful as we are, why we love our work and want to enlist others in it, is that this is our single aim, and there is no danger

that any other calling shall divert us from an enterprise so grand. To build up the City of God, though we only carry a hod of mortar, is our only affair. To help his kingdom forward is our only business. We do not know half the temptations which come to men absorbed in other cares, because with us our daily duty is all in the Infinite Work; and though one were in the commonest humdrum of daily ministry, he sees how he is uniting with God and building up his kingdom.

That you may help the land to such fruits as pure and manly men, pure and womanly women, whatever your vocation, you go forth, as I said, the loyal knights-errant of the Idea. You stand for the Truth before this land. Every man who is working for it looks for your alliance as you draw near. The question is in the comparison little what particular calling shall be yours. You are men and women liberally trained, and because of that every man's eye shall be on you. This poor doctor, waiting to improve drainage, relies on you the moment he hears you have made your home there. This poor lawyer, struggling for the rights of a handful of Indians, looks at once to you. The preacher, frowning on profanity, striving to stamp out intemperance, looks for aid to you as soon as you come near. Why? but because the degree we give you here means that you have been trained to be prophets to the Idea, to build on the eternal foundations for the infinite future. Does any man say that this is transcendental or

mystical? Let it be so. The highest transcendentalism, the noblest mysticism, is this lofty idealism, which is satisfied with nothing less than the perfect world. It is not satisfied with that which has been attained, but reaches forward to something better and more. It is because you are nothing less than children of the Almighty God, who can share his purpose, conceive of his purpose, and enter into his service, that it has been worth while to train you here, and give you the best armor for conflict, the best arms for victory. It is as you shall accept the situation, and enter into life as his children, that you shall be able to succeed in the enterprise of leaders. Are there ten such men and women? They could save even Sodom and Gomorrah. Who goes forward in that faith, why, she silences lions as Una in her purity, he treads upon scorpions as Michael on the archangel. He who knows God and sees him, as the pure in heart see him, he who talks with him by day and sleeps in his arms by night, he has entered into his house and found himself at home there. To him is given the glory of seeing the fruits of his training here. He goes hence, not in vain, to build the City of God for the home of man.

THE LEADERS LEAD

[An Address delivered before the Convention of Alpha Delta Phi, at Williams College, May 24, 1877.]

WHO are the leaders of society, gentlemen, and how shall they be found?

This question, in one way or another, is of course at the bottom of all questions of government. As we live, it is often vaguely and often falsely answered, because people are misled by the analogies of European literature and history, — analogies which must deceive, in social conditions so utterly new as ours. Our President is not a king; our people is not a third estate; our churches are not hierarchies; our aristocracy is not hereditary. There is no resemblance between the duty of the governor of an American State and that of the prefect of a French department or the lord-lieutenant of an English county. For such reasons, it becomes impossible to transfer from the older systems of government to our systems even the commonplaces, or what are called the axioms, of their political and social economy. And the attempt to make such transfer, on the part of half-trained writers, confuses and in the end embarrasses our administration of our own

affairs. It is indeed the origin of half that pessimism which tells us in each hour that we are going to perdition. A prominent English writer said to me once: "Of course you know that there never was anything we call a nation which extended from one ocean to another." I said: "I know it very well; but our exact business is to show that what we call a nation can extend from one ocean to the other." But I had to add, that "what we call a nation is something world-wide apart from what you call a nation, and that is the reason why you never understand us." I might have added, I suppose, "why we never understand you."

This sort of vagueness, not to say misapprehension, affects the question, Who are our Leaders; where are they at work, and how are they to be found? Thomas Carlyle — the especial absolutist of our time — growls out his dissatisfaction with all democratic systems of finding leaders. Other grumblers and growlers of his own nation, or of other nations, take up the easy refrain, and on the same or on another key repeat the dissatisfaction with what is. I am afraid that young men who read the journals much, not having yet found out the best ways of saving time, are apt to be unduly impressed by the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of those writers for the press who find nothing good outside the walls of their own offices. In the vain attempt to apply European precedents to American realities, such writers, especially if they have been educated abroad, tell

us, week by week, that the Pope is quite wrong, and the Patriarch of the Greek Church equally wrong; that the Roman Catholic Church is wholly wrong, and that Protestantism is not worth mention; that the Emperor of Russia is wrong, while the Sultan was never right; that Count Bismarck is lamentably wrong, Marshal McMahon entirely mistaken, and Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone each as absurd as the other; that General Grant was all wrong, and that Mr. Hayes is all wrong; that no man of any sense cares for Governor Robinson or Governor Rice; and that there is not a city in America which has any notion of what government is or should be. The oracles are dumb; the lamp of God has burned out, — if indeed there be any God, which they say is doubtful. There is no open vision. From such moanings unutterable the educated young men of America would sink back, despairing, but that always in the same issue of the same journal, whichever it may be, there appears one gleam of golden hope. For it seems that in that particular office, by the united graces of natural selection, of evolution, and of accident, there is one clear fountain of absolute truth and absolute wisdom. From that office will trickle forth weekly rills of wise direction, sufficient for one week for the salvation of the land. If only the people will subscribe liberally to this particular journal, whichever it may be, all will be well!

Now it happens, in fact, that our fathers, of

the era of the Revolution and the generation after, relieved us from many of the European dangers and evils. Grant that we have many of our own; of course we have. Still it is a shame that we should be taught that the particular evils of Europe are on our shoulders; and that the great grievance of all in their affairs is a grievance in ours. The grievance in their affairs is doubtless what Carlyle says it is. "The man who *can*," he says, "is not king. He ought to be king. Canning, cunning, könig, — man who is able, — ought to be the man who reigns." You cannot say this is true, whether in England, in Germany, in Italy, or in Spain. You cannot say that the Prince of Wales, or the Emperor of Germany, or King Victor Emmanuel, or the King Alfonso is the ablest man in either country. If, then, you stick to the theory that the king is the ruler, you must own that the time is out of joint, and that the world has not hit on a good way to find its leaders. But when you come over to America, it is not the President who rules, it is not the governor of a State who rules. It is the people who rule. And though in England your mournful poet may sing of unknown

> "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed;"

of "village Hampdens," or "inglorious Miltons," — it is by no means certain that we have any inglorious Miltons or village Hampdens. It is certain that our system attempts to keep open the lines of promotion, which the systems of the

Old World generally try to close. Because we keep them open, — certainly so far as we keep them open, — we shall find the real correction and the truly conservative element in our affairs. I believe, gentlemen, that we shall find in our history, and in our present fortune, that

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To justify this thesis will be my effort in this hour.

I. It will probably be found that in all history Mr. Canning's epigram is true, — that the horse drags the cart, and the cart does not push the horse along. After the glamour of the time, — after the smoke and dust have passed away, — history will probably always show that certain men and women, who, as the Book of Proverbs says, no man of their own time has much cared for, have still been they who have saved the city. Even in those complicated arrangements of the Old World, your Napoleon and Cromwell, your Calvin and Luther, your Hildebrand and other Gregories, — men who were not born to thrones, — have a very uncomfortable way of tumbling thrones over, and, if they choose, erecting others in their places. Take such a life as that of Bernard of Clairvaux. Not long after William the Conqueror landed in England, Bernard was born in Burgundy. A young man, he chose a monastic life. A young man, only twenty-five years old, he chose twelve companions, and, with their spades and hoes on their shoulders, they marched into a

wilderness of banditti to found a convent. They separated themselves from all command, you say. They sank into lazy and selfish seclusion. That is because you take the word "king" as being the only word that means "ruler." In fact, Bernard was a born leader. He could not help leading. From the Wormwood valley in which he settled, he called up the "Clara Vallis," — the Clairvaux, — which was, for centuries, the centre of light to Europe. From that centre he sent out like-organized emigration into hundreds of other centres of barbarism and plunder. Before he died, he was the centre of the education of his time; and that meant the government, nay, it seems to have meant even the agriculture and art, of his time. The little kings referred their quarrels to this leader of men. Conclave after conclave asked him to be Pope. But he knew, as he said, that he was more Pope than the Popes he made. Such a man as that changes the social order of Europe, introduces a new civilization, starts crusades on their career whether of darkness or of light, sets up kings, and throws them down. Yet when you have to put him in a class, he is neither emperor, king, duke, nor prince. He is something much more than any one of them: he is a Leader of men. The Leader leads, and the "thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers," meekly and orderly obey.

But it is not my business to show that the Old World offers to all men alike the field and chance

for a noble ambition. The difficulties are legion which have been reared there, to prevent the man of native genius from making his way to the front. And the contrivances are endless, as all the satirists show, by which incompetent men are bolstered up to power, — the lame pigeon, as Paley said, taking the rule of the flock. I am very sorry for them. But my business is not with them. My effort now is to show that, thanks to the system to which we are born, which is so natural that we forget that it exists, these difficulties fall away with us, and these contrivances are futile. With us the lines of promotion are open. In that is the secret of our successes. To keep them open is the first duty of our self-preservation. Because they are open, and as long as they are kept open, with us

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There is a pathetic story of a lad named MacDonald, who was born in Oregon; and who, before he was a man, was shipwrecked on the shore of Japan. According to the cruel custom of the old government of that country, he was caged in the province where his life was saved, and kept there as a prisoner indefinitely. It was while he was so held that an American commodore touched at Nagasaki, and in an interview on the deck of his own ship was struck by a Japanese official. The Japanese Government was alarmed. The rulers wanted to know just what they had done; and they sent for young MacDonald to ask

what was the grade of a commodore, — how many grades of officers were below him. He told them, with precision, of sailors, midshipmen, passed-midshipmen, commanders, lieutenants, captains. Above these in their order, he said, was the commodore. Then they asked how many grades were above a commodore. It was before we had admirals, and young MacDonald told them of the Navy Board, the Secretary of the Navy, and the President.

"'And who is above the President?' I told them," said he, "that the people was above the President. But of that they could make nothing."

"Of that they could make nothing?" No; of that they could make nothing. Men trained under a pure feudal system, of which the late Japanese Government gave the finest illustration to our time, never can make anything of this central principle. I do not remember any writer of note in England, in our time, who has succeeded in grasping this idea.[1] The popular conception given in the English books is, that our system is an elective monarchy with fixed periods of reign. The analogy is constantly sought between the President of the nation and the king of a kingdom. There is no analogy. The President is the servant of a sovereign. The king is a person who, however selected, after he is selected, is the fountain of honor, and at least the arbiter between the leading subjects. The distinction between a citizen and a subject is equally wide. In the feudal or European

[1] Said before Mr. Bryce's book.

systems, no man may do anything unless he is permitted. In the democratic or American system, any man may do anything unless he is forbidden. The difference is as great as that between starlight and noon. In Germany, I may not live in a town twenty-four hours without asking permission of the police; I may not build a carriage unless I have a permit as a carriage-builder; I may not write a recipe unless I am licensed as a physician; I may not tell you that you sung *b* flat instead of *b* natural unless I am licensed as a music-teacher; nay, I may not preach the very gospel of good tidings unless I am licensed as a preacher. But in America I may preach, if you will listen; and if you will not listen, I may preach to the winds. I may build as many coaches as I like, only if the wheels are not round the people will not ride in them. The function of oversight or command with us is in the hands of the people, unorganized and without form; while under those systems of government it belongs to the political authorities.

From this it results that fully nine tenths of the functions of political government in the Old World are retained here by the people, by the sovereign, — in his own hands. Only one tenth, then, of the force, talent, or genius needed for political administration in the Old World is required here in the same service. Whole bureaux or departments of administration in the service of the Old World are unknown in our arrangement, and only one tenth goes there. We need no department of

worship, for the people administers the Church. We need, in most States, no department of the higher education: the people administers the colleges. Generally speaking, we need no department of commerce, or of agriculture. We need but a small military bureau, because the army is not one twentieth part of the army of any other first-rate power. The people builds the railroads, the steamships, and orders the agricultural contests, the rewards, and inventions. Generally speaking, we need no department of fine arts or public amusements. The people builds the Museum, arranges the School of Art, crowns the painter or the sculptor. The people opens the Lyceum, the Theatre, or the Opera, and the people closes them.

What men choose still to call "the Government" or "the Administration" reduces itself to what has a mere handful of attributes, if contrasted with what Government must claim in absolute or in feudal systems. Let us not be deceived by the accident of a name. Let us not suppose that because we call the bureaux of political administration "the Government," it is only they who govern. And let us not make the mistake of the Old World critics, of supposing that it is among them only that our leaders are to be found.

II. In simple society, the Leaders, of course, come to the front, —

"Of native impulse, elemental force."

It will be conceded, I believe, that this happened a hundred years ago, in the Revolutionary times. The land had no lack of leaders then: that is conceded. We are far enough away from those times to see who they were. They appeared when they were wanted; and they did what they had to do. They led; and where they led, men followed. All this is the easier to see, because the pretenders — the men who could not lead — are clean forgotten, as we look back. Time teaches history well. Time shows us the leaders; and we need not distress ourselves in looking for the failures.

And these leaders, whence came their commissions? Samuel Adams, Washington, Franklin, Greene, Morris, and a hundred others who led this land as it needed to be led, — what brought them forward? Ask, rather, what could have kept them back? Is it any vote of an Assembly that directs Samuel Adams to insist, through and through, on independence? Is it any hereditary right which puts him in a position to maintain it? He has that word to speak: he speaks, and men are compelled to hear. So of Washington, so of Greene, the commanders of your armies. No man will pretend that it needed a commission from the Assembly of Virginia, or from that of Rhode Island, to make those men your leaders in successful wars. What changed Henry Knox, the Boston bookseller, into the engineer in command of your artillery? What so taught him that he

"Created all the stores of war"?

Had you to wait till such a man was born in some predestined succession? Or had you to wait till he was trained to that service by a series of red-taped and decorous promotions? Not a bit of it! You needed him, and you found him. Your lines of promotion were open, so that nothing checked him. For that purpose, as the event proved, he was your leader; and the leader led!

This is conceded, I say, for times of exigency, of great trial. "These are the days of miracle," men say. The knot deserves solution, and from the skies some god descends. But then they turn to peaceful times, and they claim that the principle will not apply. For instance (and for this purpose it is a very striking instance), men urge the three administrations of the Virginian dynasty of Presidents; beginning with Jefferson, and running down,

> "Fine by degrees, and miserably less,"

till it ends with James Monroe. Or, if you please to make a point even finer, you may taper it with the reign of John Tyler. And sceptics say to you, "Are these your leaders? Where did they lead you?" Well, it is true that, of the last two persons I have named, most men in this assembly perhaps would say nothing — good, bad, or indifferent — simply because men remember nothing about them and have nothing to say. Nay, it is true, I suppose, that Jefferson himself had made his last gift to the people of this land when he

had well announced the principle I am maintaining, — namely, that to the people as sovereign may well be intrusted, without intermediate delegation, by far the largest share of the people's own affairs. Grant then — what I suppose is true — that for four and twenty years at the beginning of this century, from 1801 to 1825, the so-called heads of this nation led it in no direction. Grant that neither of these three Presidents has proved in fact to be a leader. Grant that no principle for which they struggled has proved to be worth a straw, and that every measure for which they contended has proved to be a vanity. The one great event of Jefferson's reign, the acquisition of Louisiana, is no work of his policy. It was the suggestion and the work of no less a man than Napoleon Bonaparte.

"I have given England a rival," he said to Marbois, when he signed the act of cession.

All this is simply to grant that the chief servants of the people, in those four and twenty years, were not its leaders. Is that so strange? Are wise men often led by their servants? Were not the people led all the same? Why, in those very years, here was Eli Whitney leading them in the development of the new product, cotton, which gave to this little line of seaboard colonies (for they were still such) the great counterpoise in the necessary exchanges of the world. Here were such leaders as Hopkins of Newport, and Emmons of Franklin, at work in their Spartan

studies, leading the speculation of the men of thought and of religion over the land, as they weighed out in their balances the very attributes of the Almighty. Here, again, was Robert Fulton leading it steadily forward, though the land did not know that it was led, by his persistency in his great invention, without which, indeed, that whole purchase of Louisiana was almost valueless, — an invention which, in its application there alone, called into existence half a continent, whose harvests this day feed half a world. Such men as Allston were leading the country to triumphs of art. Such men as Andrew Jackson were leading the Western pioneers, and teaching them the terrible might of this land for war. Such men as Channing were opening a new page before men's eyes as to the relations of man with God, and God with man; were leading men

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

Could a land be better led? And who named these leaders? What commission did they need from this or that Board of returns? What herald's certificate did they need of their hereditary right to command? They led, because they were leaders. And where they led, men followed!

It is the custom of our time — I am sorry to say that it is the custom of occasions like this — to lament that the scholars and men of letters of the country are not placed in places of political administration. Has the history of the country

showed that it needed its first ability at Washington? Were such men as I have named, — such men as Whitney and Fulton, such men as Channing and Hopkins, — wasted because they were not in the Senate or in the Cabinet? Take such a life as that of Francis Wayland, who for a quarter of a century directed the education of thousands of young men in Brown University: will any one seriously say that it would be better for this country to-day, if he had spent those years in the Senate Chamber at Washington? May I not ask, even in this presence, without impropriety, whether such a name as that of Mark Hopkins will not go down to posterity with fresher laurels and with more certainty of fame, because he has been the foster-father of the pupils of this Alma Mater, than it would have earned in any forensic struggles, or in any legislative arena? Or, in one word, is this people short-sighted? Men are apt to say that they are too shrewd. Does not this people know where it most needs service? And if we find that great men, unselfish men, thoughtful men, and men of genius, — men of a pure ambition, and of strong resolve, — do not choose the career of administration for their career, have we not reason to think that they know the field of fame and the field of duty as well as we do?

Let me adduce a single instance of a single detail of administration, which has proved of great importance. The system of the issues of bank-notes in this country requires that their amount

shall be regulated by a deposit of government stocks, not held by the bank officers, but placed in the hands of the public administration. This principle, first tried in New York in 1838, was copied in many other States, and borrowed by Sir Robert Peel in England, in 1844. It is now the basis of the National Bank circulation of America. Who is the author of it? The author was Dr. McVickar of Columbia College, who proposed it in his lectures to his seniors, and demonstrated its fitness. The father of one of those seniors introduced it into the legislation of New York. From the system of New York it passed into the legislation of the world. The improvement was needed, and it came. Can you suggest any possible system for the choice of your rulers, in which it should have come more easily?

III. It will happen, of course, that there come crises of importance when the political administration is the pivot on which all interests turn, and the welfare of the country hinges. Wisdom, and the first wisdom; prudence, and the first prudence; courage, God-born, — is then needed by the officers in that service. Never fear, when that moment comes, but that they will watch the people, and obey the Leaders of the people, whether the Leaders be in this office or in that, or in none; whether they wear this, that, or another crown of honor. What is Abraham Lincoln's great honor, but that he understood the instincts of the Ameri-

can people, knew what it wanted, what it meant, and what it would do? In point of fact, you find pessimism and despair among those persons who see least of the real people of this land. The men who see only the drunken class of foreigners in Boston, in New York and Chicago, may well be in doubt as to our political institutions. But you will notice that that doubt is never shared by the men who meet, whether on the stump or in daily converse, the freeholders of the Western States, — the men who have made their own houses, their own farms, their own schools, their own churches, their own laws. They know that such men will make their own officers, and will unmake them.

Yes, and more than this: those officers, when made, be the name President, Senator, Secretary, chief clerk, or under clerk; be he head of a bureau, or the lowest messenger boy of a porter, — those officers listen obediently, take to heart, digest, and obey the directions of the Leaders of the people, be those Leaders where they may. It is some unknown penman in his closet; it is some Lowell singing a song; it is some Emerson dreaming a dream; it is some Moody moving a multitude; it is some Tom Scott annihilating time; it is some Sampson organizing emigration; it is some Phillips on a rostrum; or it is Mark Hopkins in this pulpit. The officer of the administration sits at the centre where a thousand mirrors reflect, where a thousand telephones repeat the words, and, like the obedient genie when Aladdin rubs

his lamp, the officer of administration starts up, to say, —

"I HEAR, AND I OBEY."

IV: Gentlemen, I will not leave this subject, addressing as I do the chosen representatives of so many of the most favored young men of the Northern States, without offering a word to them of practical suggestion. Take it, in Alpha Delta Phi, as the counsel of an older brother.

In this business of the choice of a career, which occupies you already, you will defer to the last possible moment mere study for your specialty. A specialty there must be at last, but put off as long as you may your special preparation. Distrust all charlatans who tell you that they have a patent process to fit you for any one career in life, — whether they call it a Commercial College, a Normal School, or a double-combination-refined Elective, — without broad Liberal Culture as the basis. Do not listen to the man who advises you to go into the business of making weather-cocks and steeples for churches, without building towers, and walls, and strong crypts, and foundations underground.

Then, when the profession is chosen and prepared for, consecrate yourself to God as his servant in it, that its work shall be done well. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." That is the rule. Whether you open a copper mine in Michigan; whether you plough

and sow and harvest a thousand acres in Illinois; whether you organize labor, and make cosmos out of chaos in Louisiana; whether you preach the gospel of Christ in some lonely village in the mountains; whether you wait for clients who will not come, but prepare, while you are waiting, to unravel the knot of Gordius himself, — whatever you do, do that work well. Do it as a Leader does it. This country has founded these colleges, it has endowed these professorships, it has selected you to be students, that you may be its educated leaders. Gentlemen, do not be false to her! Lead you will, if lead you can. See that you are leaders, by doing well what you have to do.

I do not say that you are to avoid what is called Public Life. I say you are to enter one of its duties or another, as it may happen. For the truth is that you are in it, of course, if you do your duty. Men, trained as you are, speak easily when you have anything to say. God forbid that else you should speak at all! Men, trained as you are, write simply what you have to teach. It is your fault then, so far, if the Press, where you live, falters, or does not say what it might do. A free press, and an open rostrum, is the privilege of course of every educated American gentleman. Whoever else in this world complains that he cannot move men as he should, it is not men to whom are open avenues like these.

Do well what you do. And do it conscious that you ought to be Leaders among men. It is said

to be the privilege of the young American that he may be what Miltiades was, and Alcibiades, — a founder of a State, if he choose. Gentlemen, this founding of a State does not require us to cross the mountains. Wherever our lot is thrown, we may dig deep for the foundations, and build solidly the walls of the institutions which are to stand. And whether our names perish or are remembered, such institutions, in the days that are to come, will be the monuments to those who come after us, that these men builded well!

And, above all, do not blow your own trumpets; nor, which is the same thing, ask other people to blow them. No trumpeter ever rose to be a general. If the power to lead is in you, other men will follow. If it is not in you, nothing will make them follow. It is for you to find the eternal law of this universe, and to put yourself in harmony with that law. Speaking more simply, it is to find God, and to work as fellow-laborer with Him. Do that, and you may afford to be indifferent, who else works with you.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:
These three alone lead men to sovereign power!
Yet not for power: power of itself would come
Uncalled for. But to live by law,
Acting the law we live by, without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right, —
Were wisdom in the spite of consequence."

NOTE IN 1900. — The philologists assure me that Carlyle is all wrong in his derivation of the word "KING." — E. E. H.

DEMOCRACY AND A LIBERAL EDUCATION

[An address delivered at Dudley, Massachusetts, 1887. The occasion was the anniversary of the Dudley High School and Nichols Academy.]

A LIBERAL education is often carelessly spoken of as if it created a separate class of men, — a sort of book-made aristocracy. Especially among writers trained in Europe, where social order consists largely in the arrangement by which classes of men are parted from each other, is this mistake preserved.

Thus I noticed lately a lecture by Dr. McCosh, the President of Princeton College, where he encourages the students of Exeter Academy to supply our lack of a political body of noblemen by an aristocracy founded on letters and learning. Of course we know what he means, and that he makes no claim for such a peerage but what for itself it can earn and maintain. We know that the analogies on which his notion is based are as old as Plato. They are analogies which come most naturally to a man trained among well-defined classes in social order. But they ought not to be long sustained among people who have been trained in the social order of a democratic republic.

On the other hand, a true republic expects, in the end, to give a liberal education to all its people. In a bit of curious foresight of John Adams, in our very early days, he expresses the hope that America shall give a liberal education to all her voters. The rush which has been made upon her from other lands — quickened very naturally by the prizes which such an ideal in itself holds forward — has in part retarded the fulfilment of John Adams's hope. But with a steady progress, — of some of the steps of which I shall speak in some detail, — the country is advancing toward that ideal. Far indeed from the cynical proposal of dainty critics who are not of the people, shall be the great reality. These dainty judges — like the messenger sent to Hotspur in the crash of battle, the gilded and purple dude of his day — who shuddered at the very smell of gunpowder — tell us that "In the end you know, — the country, you know, — will of course, you know, — limit popular education to the three R's: 'Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic.' Popular education, you know, — is just meant, you know, — to increase men's ability to create bread and butter, you know. Liberal education, you know, is for those who can get it, you know; for prosperous and successful people, you know, who will tell the others what to do with the bread and butter they have won."

But these gilt-edged purple popinjays do not speak for the Republic. The Republic looks forward, looks upward, and looks outward. The

Republic founds the noblest libraries the world has seen. It opens new colleges with every year. It creates enormous associations like that of the Chautauqua Course Circles, which make a single college of one hundred thousand pupils. It provides for the highest need — as well as for the lowest greed — of its children. This is because the republic regards a liberal education not as the good fortune of a small governing class, but as the privilege, if you please, the necessity, of all.

Our literature is still made up so largely by European writers — our daily press is fed so largely by persons who have studied in the lowest bureaux of English politics — that on an occasion like this, I like to ask attention to this largeness of the idea of American education. I like to show, even in the simplest illustrations, that we are not seeking to make any class of scholars, but that we really mean that literature at its best, and science at its best, shall be the privilege of all. The men and women of letters, like the graduates whom the Nichols Academy send out to-day, must go out into the community, not seeking or expecting to be separated from other men, but, on the other hand, determined to mingle with all men freely and frankly. They will remember from the very first that if they have had peculiar privileges, the State and their Alma Mater gave them those privileges simply that day by day they shall be less and less peculiar. The training which they have received, and the advantages which they

enjoy, are training and advantages which in an ideal republic shall belong to all sorts and conditions of men.

The simple illustrations which I use, shall show, on the one hand, that true literature and true philosophy need to be fed, in every hour, by the tides of the people's life. They shall show, on the other hand, how the people's life quickens, enlarges, and with new dignity controls history and nature, as it is fed by the daily food which it receives from Science, Literature, and Philosophy.

The great religious reformer of our times, Count Tolstoi, has just now published what he calls his "Confessions," — a book, which is, in fact, his religious autobiography. In this book, more valuable, as I think, than most of his books which are better known in America, he shows how nearly his life came to being a failure, and by what good fortune it was that it has become the successful life it is. He had been an author, and a successful author. As such, he had moved in little separated circles of men and women in St. Petersburg and in other capitals of Europe, in which people of literary tastes fostered each other's vanity, and perhaps privately criticised each other's weaknesses. But it is in no such little coterie as that, that a man learns what is in man or begins to live. Shut up in such a coterie as that, a man starves, — he dies by inches. Count Tolstoi was dying. He found out that he was dying. He asked in despair the question, "What am I for, — why do I live?"

and the answers were less and less satisfactory. Suicide, indeed, seemed to him the only logical outcome of such a life, — until, in one happy vacation experience, he found himself on his own estate among the people. They were his own tenants and the men who worked for them, — men who but just now were serfs. He observed the curious fact that these men were not weary of life. These men did not find suicide the only logical outcome of life. These men found life worth living. Observing this, Count Tolstoi went among them. Nay! he went to work with them. He did not sit upon his horse in the highway and smile superior while they touched their hats, and he conversed with them as they rested on their hoes. He took his hoe and worked at their side. If a widow's garden needed care, he did not send her a purse of roubles; no, he went down to it and dug it over and manured it and planted it. He touched elbows with the people, if I may use the phrase of an infantry man, and then he began to live. He had entered into the common life; and the circulation of the common life, which had been shut off from him, gave color to his blood, and elasticity to his breathing.

He thus learned the lesson which, as he confesses humbly, he might have learned from the New Testament, that he is one member in a great body, and that he dies unless that body gives him life. Try the experiment, where you can see it from the outside. Catch a bee upon your window-

pane and separate him from all danger of calamity, yes! and from all need of work, under a glass upon your table. In your magnificent tenderness and with your learned skill you select for him the sweetest honeysuckle for his food, and you are so careful that there are drops of water that he may drink, and you have a space left under the glass that he may not die of carbonic acid. No! he will not die of carbonic acid. There are diseases worse than those which come from bad air. Poor wretch! He will not touch your honey. He will not touch your water. He only pants and pants at the open crack in the hope of escape, and dies there if you have no pity upon him. Then you recall your science, and are well pleased because you have a long name to describe his death, and say, "Yes! the bee cannot bear isolation, for the bee is a gregarious animal." Precisely so, and man, too, is a "gregarious animal." And as poor Count Tolstoi found, and as many a man and woman finds who dares the same mad experiment, — for any one who separates himself from the race of which he is an organic part, at that moment death begins. "The human race is the individual of which men and women are so many separate cells, or organs."

Apart from the moral or spiritual quickening which a man gains from this intercourse with mankind, and which he cannot gain without it, the experience of the race proves that there are experiments which can only be tried by all the People,

and results which the People only can attain. As dear Garfield, the good President, said, "All the people know more than any one of the people." This is due to the work of what the philosophers call the law of selection. A colony of the people land in Boston Bay. Year by year their legislatures meet. They try their experiments. Each man who has a plan proposes it — urges it. If it seems sensible, it is tried. How if it fail? Why! it fails, and is forgotten. If it succeeds — Ah, then! you count one on the great tally sheet. That little State gains one step, and, in the end, the world gains a step by the great experiment. Because you gave each man a chance to say what was in him, you made this step. Because you highly resolved that you would have no inglorious Miltons nor village Hampdens.

Wrong fails because it is wrong. The wrongs, the untruths, are inconsistent with each other. They clash against each other and confute each other. They neutralize each other and are lost. Only the truths are consistent; they arrange themselves in one system, and under that system the State moves forward as God would have it. Thus it is, that if you give time enough, and a fair opportunity to each and all, in the long run you have a right to say with reverence, and with the confidence bred of reverence, that "The voice of the People is the voice of God."

Such experiments as these in social advancement teach us what as Count Tolstoi says he might have

learned in his New Testament, — that there is no success for a man if he try to live for himself, in himself, and by himself. He must live in the common life, or he dies. He must enjoy with the joys of others; he must sorrow in their sorrow. If he is a student, he must, so far as he can, study with them, and what he has acquired, he must, so far as he can, teach them. In all true literature and science, there are no secret medicines or private paths. Everything is really patent. *Noblesse oblige*, and what a man discovers, he dis-covers: he opens it for the universal good. All this was perfectly stated by Saint Paul when he declared that we must bear each other's burdens, and, in that noble illustration of which he is so fond, declared with very passionate exclamation, that "We are not many members, but one body."[1] It is the great secret cited just now, which the philosopher Fichte stated almost in the same words, when he united the German nation, and bade it live as one, where it had been dying in a thousand isolations. "The human race," he said, "is the individual, of which men and women are only the cells, or organs."

An education so broad as this, with roots so deep, and with a growth so daring, has been, I had almost said, forced upon this country by agencies which were not carefully planned, and which wrought results which were not anticipated. It is,

[1] Saint Paul was conscious, I think, that he cited Menenius Agrippa. — E. E. H.

for instance, hard to trace the steps toward universal suffrage, which no one in the beginning proposed. But now that universal suffrage has come and come to stay, it is clear enough that it is such a stimulus to general and to liberal education as nothing else could be. In the words of Edward Everett: "Were I to attempt to point out the most effective and comprehensive improvement in education, the engine by which the greatest portion of mind could be brought and kept under cultivation, the discipline which would reach furthest, sink deepest, and cause the word in instruction, not to spread on the surface like an artificial hue carefully laid on, but to prescribe to the heart and soul of its subjects, it would be popular education. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the best methods will infallibly be suggested by that instinctive ingenuity of our nature which provides for great and precious ends. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the worn hand of labor will be emptied to the last farthing that its children may enjoy means denied to itself."

Let us look at this. The regular contributions made by the people to secure such education, in one form or another, are made so freely and heartily that they seem to escape attention. Men take them as things of course, like sunshine and air. But look at them more carefully for a moment. We speak as if the cost of education were mainly sustained by the town governments. What they do is more than princely. What we call

imperial magnificence does not reach such expenditure. The gift of Mr. George Peabody to encourage education in the South is justly praised as a noble monument of generosity. But suppose we take that as a standard. The annual income of the Peabody Fund for the ten Southern States is not so much as the city of Lynn pays as a matter of course every year for the education, say, of twenty thousand children. And here is a lavish munificence which knows no limit of geography or of class. The weakest town, most thinly settled, must take this care of the future. It provides for its children; yes, better than its own citizens were provided for. Then, passing from the towns, the State takes up, not simply the superintendence of these schools, but their steady improvement. It provides Normal Schools for the training of teachers, which rise to the dignity of the long established institutions of liberal learning. I had the pleasure last month of visiting the southwestern county of Pennsylvania, the county through whose wilds Washington passed and repassed in those boyish days when he was learning the art of war. He has given to that country his name, by a baptism more fit than we can always claim for counties or towns thus named. The invitation which called me thither was not a historical inquiry, that I might trace the lines of Braddock's advance or retreat. No! I was asked to address the graduating class of one of the State Normal Schools. It was virtually a college of three or

four hundred fine young men and women, eager for advance in liberal study. I beg you to observe that the college is maintained by the State, that its schools may be well taught. It is one of fourteen such institutions carried on by the single State of Pennsylvania. Now, as you know, such care for teachers is not exceptional in that State. I give that instance, rather than home instances here, where I am better acquainted, because no one shall say that our meeting here is for mutual admiration. Such efforts on the part of States are a matter of course in every American State which knows what civil government means. And to such organized plans must be added the provision made in almost every State for public libraries, which continue so efficiently the course of training of the public schools. Then turn to the National Government. From its very birth it gave to each of the new States one sixteenth of the money for which public lands were sold, as a fund for public education. Of this magnificent fund, one sixteenth has to be appropriated to the higher education — for just this liberal education which we are discussing. Talk of princely liberality! Name to me the prince, from the earliest Pharaoh to the autocrats of to-day, who has ever dreamed of such munificence! But this gift is not enough for the nation. You will recall the enormous land grant of twenty years ago, which made the basis for the endowment of our own Agricultural College, of Cornell University, and of so many more of our

younger colleges. There is also an annual provision far larger than these, made so silently by the Nation that it passes without notice. What becomes of the enormous revenue of the Post Office Department, now amounting, say, to fifty million dollars a year? It is collected mostly from the mercantile correspondence of the densely settled States. It is expended, first, for the maintenance of the mails which carry that correspondence; but second — and this expenditure is much more than half the income — for the education of the people. It has been wisely determined, generations ago, that the settler in the humblest cabin of the frontier shall receive his newspaper, his magazine, and his books at a price merely nominal, because these things are necessary for the education of his household. At a rate of expense, then, which the postage only begins to cover, the emigrant to Alaska, if you please, the miner in his cabin in the Rocky Mountains, receives from New York or Philadelphia any book he chooses to buy there; because the Government means to give to him and his that chance for the highest education. And let no man say that this is an accidental or a slight result of a system meant, on the average, to be self-supporting. It is the largest annual contribution which was ever made by a State for the education of its people.

To such arrangements of Government as these I could add, if there were need of time, the state-

ment of what is done by such honored institutions as this Academy, — providing an education at a cost hardly more than nominal, which gives an entrance into the higher walks of science to any young man or young woman in all the country round. Honor to men who established, — honor to the men who maintain these foundations. Of such provisions you see the issues wherever men are called together on occasions of crisis. Abraham Lincoln said, in his first message to Congress, that many a regiment in the first contingent to the Union Army had in its ranks men who would carry on respectably well every branch of the Executive Government of the country. They would fill, respectably well, his own seat and every seat to which he had to make appointments. The statement hardly challenged attention here, it was so completely commonplace. Every one knew it was a matter of course. But on the other side of the water, it was ridiculed as the most absurd "blatherskite" of a ranting demagogue. Intelligent men could not understand that a democratic government, under the law of its being, so trains men, that it has so many men ready on an exigency to assume the duty the State requires, — to fight if need be, in the Administration, if it is there they are wanted; or if to die, to die.

Of which I need not say more. I am urging what I have called the duty of "touching elbows" upon persons who have had the chances which you have in this Academy for beginning upon

a liberal education. Do not separate yourselves as men of books from the workmen whose noble business it is to create new forms of matter and higher. I could well afford to leave any argument on the humdrum physical facts, which show how the man who handles things in his daily business learns qualities and circumstances about them which escape the theorist. It was the boy who had attended the primitive steam-engine who gave the hint for the connection by which the engine opens its own valves and closes them. When Agassiz first visited the Quincy stone quarries he pronounced the granite, so called, to be metamorphic, and asked what fossils had been found there. The amateur geologists who accompanied him explained profusely that there were no fossils and could not be. They supposed the rock to be primitive. But a visit to one of the quarry workmen showed on the mantel of his house a row of "idols," as the men called them, which were the fossils which the real man of science had asked for. The moment a liberal cultivation joined hands with the quarry workman the discovery was made.

Even in methods of work every student has much to learn from those to whom daily work becomes, shall I say, a fine art. Charles Dickens had the littleness to deplore the degradation by which in early life he was set to corking blacking bottles. But it is clear enough to any one who reads his life, that in the drudgery of the cellar where he and his Bill Sykes worked together, he

gained the promptness of habit, the preciseness of execution, and the steadiness of action which are distinct characteristics of his after life, and to which indeed his success is largely due.

But, in saying this, I do not wish to place my argument on any lower plane, by which I might demonstrate a certain mechanical or pecuniary success. The educated man must co-operate, he must work with, the working-man, or his education becomes frivolous, and his life becomes mean. I choose to rest my case entirely on his personal need, — and here I need summon no witnesses. I have only to appeal to your own experience and observation. Give to the man of the people the mastery of language, the associations of history, the wish and power to trace analogies which belong to a well-read mind, which in the past learns the lesson of the future. Give these accomplishments of learning to the man who is in the thick of the fight, in the fierce anguish of difficult duty, who knows what it is to bear the burdens of life, and who has contrived some machine, which, like an obedient giant, shall bear it in his stead. Let him state for you his experience and his success — or bewail his failure — when the world was too much for him, and there you have literature which can be called literature. Witness Bunyan, witness Defoe, witness Dante. But, on the other hand, find a class of men of letters who read books, and with men of letters consort. Find the Athenian sophists, who talk perfectly well about

God, or man, or heaven, or hell, or destiny, or poetry, or music, and who have nothing to say as to any of them. There is such a class of men and women in our cities to-day. You can send to any one of them at ten o'clock to-night, and bid him before two write up for you Bulgaria, or Alaska, or the Supreme Court, or the Sewerage of Dudley. You can bid him write on the curve of base-ball, or the orbit of a comet. You may order an inch or a cubit or a furlong of Chinese metaphysics or Calvinistic theology; and in perfect order, on the nail, the copy shall be delivered. One thousand words, two thousand, ten thousand words, as you have demanded and are willing to pay for. And for any uplifting of mankind, for guiding life, for helping society, what is written has not the worth of the money paid for the ink with which it was done! Take, on the other hand, a child of the people, who has served the people with the people, a man who only thinks of letters as the means of saying what he knows; put the pen in his hand — and though he be racked with agony, he writes to you a book which is to survive centuries. Such a man is Grant, who has written for you a book which is likely to be read when centuries have gone by.

I could take the whole day in illustrating the quickening inspiration by which, under our eyes every day, the manly or popular life enlivens literature — yes, and directs science. But I will not so far trespass on your patience, for really I

should rather have every man, for himself, in the ways of life in which he wins, see what the work can do for men of letters, and what letters can do for men of work. As I said, I am illustrating one of John Adams's intelligent prophecies, made in that early time, when the wisest men in the country even had no idea of the range, well-nigh infinite, of her possibilities. I have here, and I should like to read, the address which Edward Everett delivered at Cambridge, in the presence of Lafayette, more than sixty years ago. I would advise any young man or woman, entering on life, to read it. Let me read here this prophecy of his, as to the improvement of communication, from man to man, brought about by the intelligence of all the people. He was speaking to a nation in the gristle. The country numbered a population of ten millions. And he asked men to consider the possibilities of the nation in the future. "What might be expected," he cried, "if all Europe, from Lisbon to Archangel, had but one mother tongue." Lisbon to Archangel, indeed! The bird which flies from Eastport to San Francisco has travelled twice that distance, and then, panting from its tired flight thither, this poor messenger dove is not on the midday meridian of this nation. And this nation, from St. Croix to Behring's Straits, fulfils his prophecy, and it knows but one language as it knows but one destiny and one social life. "Such a country, with such institutions," he goes on, "puts it in the power of the wise and good and

great to gather while they win of the fruits of their toils. It is by the intellect of the country that the mighty mass is to be inspired, that its parts are to communicate and sympathize with each other, its bright progress to be adorned with becoming refinements, its strong sense uttered, its character reflected, and its feelings interpreted to its own children, to other regions and after ages." And he foresees that such a country will need other and newer communications than such as now satisfied broken tribes of the old life. Observe that what he says of the "electric cord of sympathy," is said purely on the certainty that the people's need will supply the people's necessity. It is not offered as a scientific prophecy. He speaks seven years before Henry suggested the telegraph, and nine years before Morse contrived the alphabet. Because the people is trained to a larger life, this orator proclaims as a certainty that the people's "means of communication" will be enlarged. "There is little doubt," he says, "that the instrument of communication will receive great improvement; that the written and spoken language will acquire new force and power; possibly that forms of address, wholly new, will be struck out to meet the universal demand for new energy. . . . Where great interests are at stake and great concerns are rapidly succeeding each other, depending on almost innumerable wills, and yet requiring to be apprehended at a glance, and explained by one word, when movements are to be given to a vast empire,

not by transmitting orders, but by diffusing opinions, exciting feelings, and touching the *electric cord of sympathy*, their language and expression will become intense, and the old processes of communication will take on a vigor and a directness adapted to the aspect of the times."

If a man is an American, let him remember one thing as he reads. Whether he be reading with a class at school, enjoying its mutual help and stimulus, or whether he has selected his own course, and from step to step in it finds himself indeed advancing from joy to joy, from grace to grace — yes, from faith to faith and even from glory to glory, — he is to remember one thing. This training with which he is privileged, this liberal education, is not a separate piece, such as a man might carve out of white marble and pin with bolts upon the coarser stone of an humbler temple. No! it is all built in with the foundations of a nation's life. It lets in the light; it stains the panes; it paints the frescoes on the walls, while it gives its strength and symmetry to the whole. The man best fitted by his education to do the manly and godly service expected of an American citizen is not, by that fortune, in any jot separated from the people. No! he is bone of their bone, and life of their life. The people can lead him quite as much as his books can teach the people. And it is in the common life, in what the Bible calls the "mutual faith," that he and they grow strong. It is in this common life of us all, in which each lends and borrows,

takes while he gives, and learns while he teaches, that the Republic gains its marvellous victories; earns and secures its matchless treasures, and advances by steps which surprise its wisest. It is because each man may bring forward his experiment. If it fails, why, it fails, and that is the end of it. But if it succeeds, — ah, then! every man and woman and child enjoys a share in the harvest of that success. It is not the mines of America, or its quarries, or its seams of coal, or the fertility of its intervales or of its prairies; not the wells of oil, or these pent-up prison-houses which are just now letting up their stores of light and heat to warm and cheer the grateful children of our infinite God; it is not, in the first instance, these things which made the wealth and power of America. No! in the first instance, it is the men and women whom she trains to use these things wisely and reverently. Children of God they are, and God permits them in his grace to be fellow-workers with him. Children of God they are, and America has learned from his gospel of love not to call one of them high or another low; no, nor to call any common or unclean. He gives to each and all the treasure of those who know him and his Word. She bids each and all seek where he can, and bring his treasure forward for the common service. And thus it is, that this country, since she has been trusted in his providence with the charge of her destiny, has brought forward the men and women who have known how to work

the miracles of his law, as they handled the treasures which he placed within their grasp. And her future depends on the further advance and the upward work of these children of hers, who are children of his, whom he gave to her for their training.

To carry out this behest let the country remember that she has no privileged classes or orders. No order of men, with red coats, or blue coats, or black coats, is to rule the rest or claim any sort of precedence. That thing ended the day the last boat-load of English troops left the battery at New York, and the glad stars and stripes danced up the flag-staff to replace the banner of King George. The men of letters, the men of liberal education, are not to hold themselves in any sort as parted from the other workmen of the country or superior to them. To take the phrases which we used in the infantry, when a million and a half of us marched at the same orders, — all men are to "touch elbows," as they serve the country: the man who works with his pen, and he who works the file, and he who works with the hammer, and he who works with the spade or plough; the man who has his hand on the throttle-valve, or he who with his crucible is parting the country's silver from her gold. Each quickens each, and each by each is quickened. Each teaches each, and each by each is taught. In such mutual education the country learns the true lesson of her own history. Thus does she provide for the right and wise ad-

ministration of her widely separated offices of government. Thus does she secure a future of new prosperity. She does it by her matchless provisions for the education of the American citizen. Especially is this the privilege, as it is the duty, of those of us who have received and are to receive such training as you have received here. Distrust the dainty advice, uttered no matter how gracefully, that you study science for herself, truth for itself, or literature, or philosophy. You study each and all, whatever you learn, for mankind. And, on the other hand, scorn and despise the quack or the demagogue who tries to make science or literature popular, by making either of them superficial, simple, petty, or in any jot small. Put them to shame. The people need the best, and will have the best. It is for you who study, who pass beyond the portals of elementary education, to see that no quack imitations, — but the truth, sovereign and eternal, — that this, and nothing less, ends the infinite thirst and the infinite hunger. And for this you are not to withdraw into any cloistered seclusion. You are to consort with men and women; to ask while you answer; to learn while you lead. In the common life you learn and you make easy the common duty. The infinite Word teaches the lesson of the present necessity. This is it to live, to learn, and to teach, with God, in heaven, for man.

THE PROFESSOR OF AMERICA

[This article appeared in the "New England Magazine" for November, 1890. The substance of it was written for an address delivered in Rochester, before the Phi Beta Kappa, the same year.]

I READ the literary addresses at Commencement with great interest. It is the period of the year when men of letters and philosophy, who have abstained from what is called political life, "take their innings;" and they denounce, with more or less severity, the proceedings of the persons who are in public administration. This gives a certain interest to what they say. There is an additional interest, and it is much greater, which comes from the atmosphere in which they speak. These addresses, on the whole, reflect the collegiate feeling; they show us how far the colleges are in touch with the country, how far they lead the thought of the country; and if in any regard they do not lead that thought, they give us ground for inquiring what the matter is. I have read thousands of these addresses, and of late years have read them with more and more question whether, on the whole, the American colleges really understand the drift of American life, and whether it be true that a student in college is for three or four

years withdrawn from the regular currents of American life. It is constantly charged that there is a certain isolation in college life, — that it savors a little of the monastery. A somewhat distinguished teacher in Ohio once said to me, "The feudal system dies very slowly, Mr. Hale; it lingers longer in the American colleges than anywhere else." I was very much amused at the time, and used to quote it as my standard story with regard to Western iconoclasm. But the longer I live, the more apt I am to think it is true.

I write this paper, then, that I may ask whether it would not be a good thing, in any first-rate university, to maintain regularly a "professorship of America." Would it not be a good thing to have one man in such a university whose business it should be to show to the young men, or the young women, who study there, how it is that their country is utterly unlike all other countries, — how it is that even language which is appropriate to other parts of the "English-speaking world" is inappropriate here? Would it not be worth while, in the midst of studies, conducted, fortunately, largely under the auspices of European and Asiatic thought and sentiment, to have somebody who should make it his business to show to the young people that there is such a reality as American thought, that there are certain principles which belong to the American Government, that there are certain feelings which are experienced by none but an American? Granting, what is perfectly

true, that there is no such thing as American geometry, any more than there is such a thing as Belgian religion or as Spanish chemistry, still, on the other hand, there is such a reality as American government; there are such customs as American customs; there is such a climate as an American climate; there are systems of trade which are American systems; and out of this, as a whole, there has grown up a social order which is distinctly American.

If, at a Commencement dinner, it were your fortune to sit between the valedictorian graduate of the day and his brother, a commercial traveller of four years' experience who had come to the dinner, you would infallibly find that the latter knew far more than the former about the make-up, condition, destiny, and dangers of America. He would probably be by far the more interesting of the two in conversation. Unless you, who sit between them, have had unusual opportunities to study America, he could probably give you points which would be new to you; and it is quite certain that he would have much to teach his brother.

For, in truth, the make-up of a first-rate college staff does not look in the direction which implies wide or profound knowledge of America. The different professors have been selected for fitness in their specialties. Each of them, probably, has eagerly gone to England, France, or Germany to perfect himself in that specialty. He should do so. Travelling in America is a very costly luxury,

— much more so than travelling in Europe, — and very few college professors can indulge in it. In a college which calls students from the Pacific, the Mississippi valley, the Gulf States, and the older parts of the country, the students themselves do a great deal to help each other in this affair. But what is thus done is done without proportion or system. It is at best an accident, and the accidental element in it may lead to confusion or mistake. From such causes, and from many others easily observed, it shall happen that an American student leaves college with no such knowledge of America as a French student has of France, or a German student of Germany.

Now the truth is that the difference between the social order of America and that of Europe is as wide as the difference between sculpture and painting, or the difference between a tree and a house. The social order of Europe still belongs to the feudal system, where different ranks depend on one head. The social order of America is organized on the democratic or co-operative system, where each member helps each other member, and from the whole the station or place of the individual is established.

A fair enough instance of the difference was given in the Civil War. The national forces sustained a severe defeat, and immediately the public stocks rose in the market. A great German banker who was here said, "This is the strangest of nations. In any other country such a defeat

would have knocked the stocks down. Here, not merely in the face of it, but because of it, they rise." Now that story shows, in a single detail, what is the difference between Europe and America. In a European war, such a defeat would have meant that the ruling family — say of Italy, of Prussia, of Austria, or of Spain — was worsted. Would the spirit of that family decline? Not at all; the family would be more eager to go on than ever. But those princes of the exchange who lend them money, how would they feel? There is the exact difference. They see in the defeat the incompetence of the ruling family; they hesitate about throwing good money after bad; and the stocks decline.

In the American defeat it is still the ruling family which has been defeated. But this ruling family is the People. The People sees that its preparation was insufficient. The People — really sovereign, for this is no matter of rhetoric — rises to the occasion. And just as every young prince in the ruling families of Brunswick and Prussia went of course into the army when Napoleon was ravaging their realms, so the People, because the People is sovereign, rouses itself with new vigor, the more critical the emergency. The men with money enter into the cause precisely as all the rest do, understanding by instinct that the People does not mean to have its throne shaken nor its sceptre wrenched away.

I cite this as an illustration — but it is by no

means the most important — of the absolute distinction between the methods of a pure democracy like ours, and those of any system built on the wrecks of the feudal system, as are most of the European systems, or trying the autocratic, as Russia and Turkey are trying it. This ought to be considered as a matter of course; but it is to be considered that many of our writers for the press were educated in Europe, and have not yet learned our language. I saw a leading journal of New York call Mr. Harrison "the ruler of this nation" twice, in its issues of last May. Now, Mr. Harrison never called himself so; he knows better. He is the chief magistrate of this nation, which is a very different thing. And no man not badly mistrained by foreign education would ever have called him the "ruler" of America. General Harrison has very large powers, as foreign nations on occasion might find; and, in a little way, he can direct the movements from garrison to garrison of an army of some thirty thousand men, and from port to port of a navy of some ten or twelve cruisers. But this does not make him the ruler of any individual outside the army or navy. He is in no sense the ruler of America as Alexander is the ruler of Russia to-day. Yet you see these intelligent people speak of him in this fashion, merely from a certain analogy which results from his living in what is called the capital, and from his sending a message to Congress, as Victoria makes a speech from the throne.

Now let us confess it: in the ordinary American college there is no person whose business it is to explain to the pupil the causes for such distinctions. Indeed, so far as gentlemen have received their education in England, in France, or in Germany, no person has explained the causes of such distinctions to them. And if the professors in a college have been educated abroad, they have a certain difficulty in appreciating these causes themselves. But the truth, at bottom, is that the United States of America is a nation different from any other nation in the world. In affairs of government it is as different from other nations as Japan used to be from the world from which she had separated herself. For there must be an absolute social distinction between a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," as compared against governments of feudal make-up or origin.

These distinctions are greatly confused, because the noble language which is our own is a language formed by Englishmen who had been trained under feudal institutions. It will therefore happen that the same word means one thing here and another in England. For instance, the central word of all, "The People," meant, to the poet Cowley, the vulgar and mean, in contrast with the good and great. With Shakespeare it meant what we still call the *populace*, the greater body of citizens, as contrasted with the smaller body of their rulers, just as in Roman law "senatus populusque Romanus" are contrasted against each other.

But with us the word "People" means quite another thing. It is "we, the People of the United States," who ordain the government and administer it. It is not a class; it is the whole, and this whole is sovereign. The People is the fountain of honor; this People is the origin of law, and maintains it. And with us any language which speaks contemptuously of this People is treason against the sovereign. This is a single illustration of the danger to be remembered all the time as we handle even the English language in which we are speaking of these central themes. Indeed, the word "government" in itself is misleading, if it carry with it the idea of a Governor who, from above, imposes directions on a crowd below, as a Persian satrap might do, or a Roman proconsul. The American idea of "government" presupposes the prophetic announcement that "Your governors shall be from yourselves, and your rulers from the midst of you."[1] The magnificent term, "The Common Law," expresses it with great precision; it is the union of all for all, — not the direction of one who knows better than the rest, or is stronger. It takes it for granted, as President Lincoln said so well, that you cannot fool all the people all the time. It is from an utter failure to appreciate the distinction between government in the

[1] Cooper chose these words for the text of the first "Election Sermon" after the Constitution of Massachusetts went into effect. Franklin had the sermon translated into French, and it had a wide European circulation.

feudal sense and government in the sense of a Common Law, that there spring all the trenchant satires upon democracy of writers like Carlyle, — and I might, alas! say of almost all the European schools. Not of all, happily; for Tennyson understands how —

"The common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe."

In such a pure democracy every man's work is tested, and every one will be compelled to contribute. Thus the roads must be made. The roadmaster summons all, — not any "laboring class," but all; every man must appear, and with his pick, shovel, ox, or cart, as the need requires. Woe to any poor dog of a cheating steward who says, "I cannot dig." The roadmaster, who represents the people, will try him, or will tax him enough for a fair compensation. A great deal follows on this absolute demand. First, a man is tested, fairly and squarely, before his fellows. All the men of his district see how well he can bear himself. And observe, this is not the unwilling service they render to a feudal lord, which comes out, in the end, in such a band as Falstaff's ragamuffins. This is service in presence of the sovereign who needs the work done. What is the good to me of cheating in the bridge, when it is my own horse or my own cart which will suffer when the bridge gives way? A man is tested, and his powers of lead, of command, and of obedi-

ence are shown. More than this follows from the absolute demand which such a state makes for personal service from every one. The leaders of the State may think very badly of the members. They may know they are ignorant; they may believe they are totally depraved, — may say perhaps that nine tenths of them will surely be damned. But the State, as such, has no opinion on individuals. The State sees that whether they are capable of good or no, they are all capable of working on the roads, and she compels them. She sees they are capable of carrying a musket, and she compels them all to do so. When the time comes, she bids them march against Howe and Clinton, and they have to go. Cornwallis's turn comes, and they have to go again. Now, it is impossible for the State to assume all these rights without granting certain privileges. These men are incapable of good, you say, but it proves they are capable of fighting. They do not know their right hands from their left, you say; but they know how to die for their country. What follows inevitably is universal suffrage. It comes on this country unpredicted, not expected, not desired, by the leaders among the fathers. But it comes, because it must come. The People could not compel the presence of the soldier in the field, and refuse his presence in the council hall.

Here we should stop a moment to say what universal suffrage is, and what it pretends. The European writers, like Carlyle, are all wrong about

this, and so are their pupils here. No one pretends that, in universal suffrage, the vote of the majority brings the absolute truth or the absolute right. That must come according as teachers teach well, as preachers preach well, as poets sing well, as persuaders persuade well, as leaders lead well. Ridicule is flung away, — like that in "Knickerbocker," repeated by every pessimist, which asks if you will give the charge of the State to a man to whom you would not trust the charge of your watch. Universal suffrage has never pretended in America to secure the perfect or ideal way. But it does pretend to gain the Peaceful Way. For it does show what the majority of those who express themselves prefer. It makes it certain, therefore, that they will not express their preferences by the use of clubs and paving-stones and barricades, — as, without this system, they are always wanting to. Simply, you secure Peace. The government may be wise or foolish, a government of liquor lords or of saints; but it will be acquiesced in. There will be no House of York fighting a House of Lancaster, if you have fairly counted heads and hands, and are going to give another chance to count in another year. It gives you Peace. It therefore gives you the chance to govern yourselves. The people who own a church will govern that church. The Athenæum will govern the Athenæum. The Knights of Malta will govern the Knights of Malta. And every home will be an example of Home

Government, as far as the father and mother of that home have drunk at the divine fountain. All these lines of government are impossible if you must march off every young man into your army, if you must have a garrison in every city, if you need — as you do in Germany or France — to keep one man in eight in arms, so that the other seven eighths may not be upsetting your government.

Above all, in this empire of internal peace, you gain that self-government in which every man is his own master, directs his own life, and for himself looks to God. He comes from Europe a member of a clan, — he is a Sullivan or an O'Grady; he is used to be ordered by the Boss of some Club, or the Head Centre of some Chapter. But this dies out in a generation of America, if with an honest democracy you show him that the State, and the State only, can command his service, and that that service is perfect freedom. Universal suffrage gives internal peace. No Jack Cade, no barricades, no *coup d'état.* For administrators, and for a policy, it promises not the ideal and absolute best, but the average impression of the community, improved by the eternal law that Right is stronger than Wrong, and that Truth is mightier than Falsehood. Because its administrators are selected by the average vote of the community, the community does its very best to keep that average high. It extends education; it addresses itself to the cure of disease; it screens out

criminals and paupers. For the rest, it bids the teachers teach, the prophets prophesy, and the leaders lead.

These necessities, therefore, apply in the methods of universal education, and in its justification. Even the feudal governments have come so far as to say they believe in it. They give some sort of schooling to every one. But this is because they find that it is convenient for the upper class that the lower class shall know something. Thus, it is a convenience for me at the station that the porter can read the label on my trunk. And so you shall hear dainty people in America, who ought to know better, assume that the business of the State is ended when the boy or the girl has been taught the three R's; for the rest, let them take their chances, according to the fortunes of their birth.

But it is in no such half-hearted way that America looks upon education. The State must have the average high. She wants, therefore, the best she can get, — the best music, the best books, the best laws, the best architecture, the best preaching, the best poetry, the best men, and the best women. Having this need, the State does not choose to limit her selection to any separate class, from which to take musician, author, jurist, architect, preacher, or poet. If Abraham Lincoln happens to be born in a log-cabin, all the same the State will have Abraham Lincoln. If Jenny Lind were born here in the fifteenth story of a tenement house, it is our business to find Jenny Lind, and to

gain all the good God gives us by her means. We will offer to every one, therefore, the best. The beggar brat in the slums of New York shall have his chance of an education at Columbia College or at Ithaca.

A great deal is said in our time of industrial education. A great deal is done about it. But all the industrial schools of Europe are planned for the education of the managers of industries, — foremen of shops, builders of engines, or directors of factories. It is still taken for granted that the "laborer," as they say, — by which they mean the practical workman, — shall pick up his skill as he can. Our business in America is to start our systems in just the other line. Mr. Auchmuty, in New York, gives us a very noble example. We are to teach the plumber how to cut, how to solder, how to bend a pipe, what are the laws of pressure, and all the rest. We will so teach him that he shall know the why and the wherefore of what he does. His work shall be good work because he knows the principle. Then when we want a master of practical hydraulics some day, we shall have him. We shall have a man of theory who understands the practice.

Give such chances to all, and we shall not lie awake with terror every night, shivering, as we ought to shiver, with dread, from the fear that somewhere in our domain is imprisoned in some wretched cabin he who

"The rod of empire might have swayed."

We shall never fear that by the fatuity of our partiality in education we have wasted somewhere an inglorious Milton or a village Hampden.

This law of Open Promotion is interwoven with all the successes of the State. A lieutenant, of no high grade in our navy,[1] observed that the longitudes of the charts could be made perfect so soon as we had the ocean telegraph. He sent his card to the chief of the bureau and explained the plan. The next day the Secretary of the Navy sent for him and asked him how many men the experiment required. Before a day had passed he was assigned to the duty; before a month was over he was at work; and now all the hydrographic bureaux of the world have to correct their charts of the Atlantic and the Pacific from the American longitudes. That young officer, engaged in his work on a distant island, once had a visit from a sympathetic officer in a foreign service. "Why do not some of you take up this work?" said the American; "there is more than enough for all." And he explained how he began. "My dear friend," said the other, "had I gone to our central office, before I had talked with them thus far I should have been kicked downstairs for interference with other people's affairs."

Open Promotion is the American law; and every man must serve his country. Anything which arrests such open promotion is un-American. A trades-union says that only so many boys shall learn

[1] Lieutenant Greene, he was then.

how to make glass, — not American. Or no man shall cut a file who has not been seven years learning, — not American. Or no man shall make his personal contract for as many hours as he chooses to work, — not American. Or a theological school will admit no student who does not believe that this is thus and so, — not American. Open promotion for each and all, — that is the rule. "Go as you please," as they say in the walking-matches; and be sure that then the great law of natural selection will bring out for you your Francis Wayland, your Daniel Webster, your James Garfield, or your Waldo Emerson.

Educate everybody as well as you can, and as far as he will go. Let him make the limit; this is the rule. And promote steadily, without fear or question. If the boy or girl leave school too early, that is hardly your fault, though all your efforts at compulsory education are wise. But be sure that in after years there shall be no fair chance for jealousy. Dennis shall have no right to say, "Oh, if I had had Benjamin's chances, I would have gone ahead of Benjamin." Every one shall have the offer. Then, in any great resort to arms, like that which thrilled this country a quarter of a century ago, you have an instant and unanimous answer, "We are all here, Father Abraham."

Such illustrations in the rough must suffice for the present to show what one means when he says that the law of the instrument is different in America from what it is in Europe. We run great

risks when we hunt for superficial analogies. The President is not a king without a crown; the Senate is not a House of Lords, and resembles one only in outside form; Congress is not Parliament, and its decrees are world-wide different from those of Parliament. The Episcopal Church of America, or the Presbyterian, or the Methodist, are not like the established church of England, and their functions are as different as their longitudes. As Indian corn differs from wheat, as a dry American summer differs from a wet English summer, as the Gulf of Mexico differs from the Mediterranean, as a gigantic mining engine differs from Niagara Falls, so does the American people differ from any nation of Europe. What they call a "government," we ought to call an "administration." What they call a "ruler," we call a "servant." What they call "servants," we call "help." An American elm is not an English elm; an American quail is not an English quail; an American locomotive is not an English locomotive; an American railroad is not an English railway; American preaching is not English preaching; an American monthly is not an English monthly; American workshops are not English workshops. And the differences, when you come to social order, are based on the difference of principle. We have one plan; they have another. We have one object; they have another. We educate all the people with one motive; they educate a part of their people with another. And an English gardener, under the

rigid winter and tropical summer of our Atlantic coast, might as well attempt to make ivy or fuchsias or sweet-brier grow as he had made them grow in Devonshire, as an economist from Berlin, or a moralist from Paris, come here to apply to us the details of the theories of the one city or of the other.

Yet, as I said, we are all the time reading books which are based on the older and more limited systems. Our young people read novels, and we older men read leading articles, written by men and women who have no dream of the purpose or the sweep of a democracy. I have known an American woman of high position, herself the friend of dukes and of duchesses, who asked me the difference between a senator in Congress and a representative. And one of the leaders of our Massachusetts politics said to me last summer that, until that campaign, he had never heard that the tariff was a question of education. Now the truth is, that the educational side of it is the only side worth the thought of an hour. Because the training thus forced upon our young men and women, from English newspapers, French novels, German philosophy, and, lately, Prussian religion, is in its essence and plan absolutely ignorant of the American system, I venture to propose one correction for the dangers which they imply.

Might we not have, in every first-class college in the land, one special professorship which should be the professorship of America? Might there not be one accomplished man in each college,

whose business it should be to show young men and women that the Fathers of a century ago had the greatest genius for government which has ever been seen at one time, in one company of men? Could he not show that the morals of Zola, and the dreams of Tolstoi and of Turgenef, do not fit in with American character and surroundings? Could he not make young men and women understand and practise the American code of manners, in which I recognize each man as my equal, and defer to superiority, not of garment or genealogy, but of age or of honor? Could he not make them see that the sermon, in which I, a King and Priest, address from the pulpit other Kings and Priests, is a different address from that in which I, as a magistrate of the people, condescend to tell them what is their duty to the State? Could he not make young men and women know that the People of America — that People which ordains the Constitution of America — has demands to make upon each one of them? The People has prepared this matchless system of free education; the People builds such universities, and endows such libraries, as the world has nowhere else; the People has called every son and every daughter to partake of these gifts and to feed on these bounties. And then, to each one of these young men and young women the People says, "I have done this for you, and what are you doing for me?" Could not such a man so lead his pupils that they should highly resolve not to live simply for to-day's

food, but to do their best and be their best, for this brotherhood and sisterhood of which they are, — their best for America? He would have to go back to the historic walk from Galilee to Jerusalem. He would make these young men and maidens know the secret of our national life. It has been the secret of the life of no other nation: "Whosoever would be chiefest among you shall be servant of all."

I do not know the man, — but such a man there is, who will be proud and glad to endow our professorship of America. I do not know him, — but I have been proud and happy to know many like him. He was born, — fortunate boy, — the son of parents who had to earn their daily bread. He does not remember the time when he was not a partner in the affair. He rode the horse to water, or mounted him when he drew the cultivator through the cornfield. By a pine knot, perhaps, he learned to read, — but he learned. His school-books, and the books which gave him joy, were not wish-wash of milk-and-water; they were the books by reading which strong men thrive. When his father went to the town meeting and saw how freemen debate, he went also. When the day for the election came, he heard the discussions led by the candidates. When the bells rang on Sunday, he learned his lesson of the foundation of morals and the origin of law. When the time came, he was not afraid to make himself a fellow-workman with his Father, God. He was

not ashamed to put on his overalls and his square paper cap, and go, as the youngest boy, into the machine-shop. The interest of the shop was his pride; its success was his success; its failure was his sorrow. He keeps his body pure; so he sees his God. He is peaceable, courteous, and gentle; so he wins the rate and rank of gentleman. He is quick to observe, quick to remember, quick to combine. So is it that, one day, when his country needs to take a new step forward, he is its ready guide. He has invented the new machine, or devised the new process, or has disciplined the force that was needed. He is a leader of men. He learned how to obey when he was a boy; so he knows how to command now he is a man. The men who work for him respect him; the country he serves honors him.

Such a man as that knows, as he reads his favorite authors, as he listens to the music he prefers, — as, best of all, he sets the world forward somewhere where it lagged, — such a man knows the secret of his success. He knows that it comes to him because he is an American. He has risen to what he is, from being what he was, — because America believes in open promotion. He was fit for promotion, able to use every opportunity, and enter at every opening, because America believes in universal education. It is such a man, watching some of the dangers of his people, and pondering many of their prospects, who will endow for us, in some favored university, our Professor of America.

WHAT IS THE AMERICAN PEOPLE?

[An address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa of Brown University, July, 1885.]

BRETHREN of the Phi Beta Kappa, I shall ask you to consider the question, "What is the American people?"

For the Society of Phi Beta Kappa was, in its origin, as much political as literary.

Born in Virginia, when Marshall and Short were students, it proposed to young Parmelee, an invalid from Massachusetts, who was residing at William and Mary, partly as pupil, partly as teacher, that, on his return to the North, he should carry this unseen tie of friendship, and knit together as one the men of letters of the three republics. With a prescience worthy of the time, the youthful founders looked forward to the planting of other "scyons" in States which were to be colonies no longer. The branch fortunately grafted in Brown University was the fifth, I think, of these scions which matured; and if we are to continue this favorite figure of the founders, I may well say that, in the great orchard of Phi Beta Kappa, whose blossoms give glory

at this hour to the whole land, no tree has been more beautiful or fruitful than yours.

Naturally, then, the government of the people, for the people, by the people, has been from the beginning the favorite subject of our anniversaries. It has come to be considered probable that some view of this government as it presents itself to the calmer thought of scholars, surveying from a vantage the dusty battlefield, will be the subject of our anniversary consideration. Let me borrow another figure from that arena of mimic war in which the younger scholars prepare for life's larger contests. As the winter of America passes, the Congress and the legislatures are at work registering in form the decrees of public opinion. Their speakers speak, their resolvers resolve, and their executives prepare to execute. But spring comes, and one by one, unwillingly, perhaps, the legislators leave their capitols. They return to the ranks. It is then that their innings are ended, and ours begin. They must take the outside place; while we, the people, who have been watching them, may take the bat in our turn. It is ours now, at the anniversaries of the colleges, at the gatherings of the philanthropic and scientific societies, at the reunions of old comrades, whether of war or of peace, at the happy greetings of farmers when the harvest is in, — it is the place of us, the people, to say what we want and what we mean: to pass judgment, if we choose, on what we have heard and seen; or, better and

more certain, to rise to the vision of the future, and to determine regarding future endeavor and success.

At such a time, with such a vantage, it is, perhaps, a matter of some delicacy to remind these gentlemen of the administration, who are resting for a moment, that they are only the Administration, and that we are the Sovereign. This is the government of the people, for the people, by the people. These presidents and governors, these senators, representatives, postmasters, and collectors, who, as I say, have had their innings since December, are the clerks and messengers, they are the lieutenants and adjutants, they are the deputies and delegates, to whom the Sovereign has intrusted his affairs. In America this statement is no matter of fustian or rhetoric. No man knows this better than do the best officers in administration. The great contribution which Andrew Jackson made to our constitutional law was his enunciation of the truth that the President represents the people, and that, if he speaks, he carries a certain authority which the people only can give. Of Abraham Lincoln the best thing that can be said is, that he knew the people, and that he went only so fast and so far as the people went. And the people has never been what the books call a do-nothing sovereign, a Fainéant, of the school before Charlemagne. The remarkable thing in the history of the first sixty years of this century is, that though the Administration was

generally so very bad, the people advanced the nation as far and as fast as they did. Thus, the people chose to fill the West by emigration. The Administration hindered, protested, and discouraged as long as it could. "I have told them," said Robert Livingston in 1803, "that we shall not send an emigrant west of the Mississippi in one hundred years." "Let the English understand," said Gallatin in 1814, "that we attach no value to the forty-ninth parallel. The lands they concede are of so little value to us that we were willing the boundary should be left without arrangement." The land thus spoken of included the present States of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

Again: the whims and crudities of the Virginian dynasty and their successors kept the country without a decent national currency full half the time from 1801 to 1861. The People came into power, and invented the national currency of to-day. The same whims and absurdities blocked internal improvement as far as the Administration could do it. The People took the matter in hand, and built four railways to the Pacific. It is indeed instructive to take the official journal of any great European State, say, France, and to compare the regular routine of the Executive or the Chambers against the slight fraction of such matters which come upon the national Executive and Congress in America. The national government in Paris has to see to the regulation of schools, to the discipline of fine arts, to the order

of the church, to the burial of a poet, to the uses of an empty church, to the proper honor to a novelist, to the route of a railway, to the safety of a miner, to the distribution of such degrees as President Robinson is to distribute here to-morrow. These are all matters which here the people attends to, and which it does not intrust to the Administration at Washington.

What is this People which is the Sovereign of this nation?

This is the inquiry to which I ask your attention to-day. A mistake in the answer affects all the European judgment of America. It affects, to a less degree, the political action of intelligent men at home. The answer varies from year to year, and it would be different to-day from what it would have been in Hamilton's time; but the material exists from which the answer can be made quite intelligently.

The popular simile by which the European writers speak of the people of a nation is the description of a pyramid. The "lower classes" are the basis, and this basis in most European States is very large. On this basis are laid the several courses of the different classes of society. And, as you know, these classes are very delicately divided. I found, at the Workingmen's College in London, that the division between the social rank of a post-office clerk and that of a maker of the most delicate philosophical instruments was

so well defined that it was only with a struggle that such men met each other as if, in any sense, they were on equal terms. These classes grow smaller and smaller, till at the apex the Sovereign sits, who is the fountain of honor. It is hardly a figure of speech by which the men who labor with their hands are spoken of as being at the bottom. It is like what you sometimes see in the performances of acrobats: a cluster of them sustain a few of lighter build, who in their turn sustain two slighter yet, on whom totters one, to whose head runs up some child, who smiles grimly, makes a bow, and then leaps to the ground to conceal his fall. Read the European writers, and you see that such a pyramid is their notion of a State: a multitude of the very poor and ignorant at the bottom, richer and better-trained classes higher up, and a sovereign at the top. "It must be so, you know," they would say to us. And the impression that it must be so, deranges all their studies of suffrage, of government, and of democracy, which is the carrying out of the people's will.

I am quite willing to acknowledge that the American writers have often fallen into this notion of social order; and they have, alas! often attempted to refute, by mere fustian and protest, the evident argument drawn from it against universal suffrage. To dwell on the rights of men as they were learned by theory, and to pose as the defenders of those rights, was the special vice of that Virginian dynasty which misgoverned America

so wretchedly, because it never knew the American people. I will not fall into this error. I will ask you, rather, to look at the figures, and the facts they cover, which the century of the United States has set in order. You will see that with us the comparison of the pyramid must be set aside. We have long tried to explain to the De Tocquevilles and other travellers that Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Tyler, Andrew Johnson, General Grant, Mr. Arthur, or Mr. Cleveland, are in no sort occupying the place which the Emperor William occupies, or even President Grévy. Some of them have understood this, and some of them have not. What it is harder to teach them is, that we have no such bottom class, outnumbering all others, as their favorite figure of a pyramid requires. We have to show them that Boulton and Watt and Corliss and Nightingale have not lived in vain. Where, even fifty years ago, a rank of dull, stupid, untrained men stood drilling, at the edge of a quarry, from the end of one year to the end of another, a chatty little movable steam-engine stands today, with a good-natured, lazy-looking fireman attending to it, and another good-natured, easy-going workman who is attending to the drills. The "laborers" have gone, who then were worn down, as in etymology they should have been, by the *labor* of their duty. Two intelligent "workmen" are in their places, — men who, by the supremacy of mind, are ruling matter. And that same miracle is going on everywhere. I am speaking to

gentlemen who remember that within twenty-five years they employed in their mills one hundred hands to do the same work which thirty-five hands do to-day. The rest of the work is done by mind controlling matter, and the sixty-five laborers or workmen are in another range of duty.

It is a pleasure, indeed, to discuss such a question in presence of the people, in presence of the men who take wool and cotton and iron ore and crude silver, and, from the protoplasm of what they take, create something better and nobler. As our Nestor, Mr. Hazard, says, such men are a creative force. The child of God in such work shows he is of God's nature. Discuss such a matter in Congress, and one third of your hearers know, in practice, but little of what you say. They have been trained to the costly processes of slave labor,— labor which of its very nature was simply the unintelligent effort of the brute. Mind was not asked to enter, and it did not enter. Such men, from the nature of their training, misunderstand you when you speak of work, and what work should be. They do not know the American people. They know a good deal of the customs of an African people, and they are trained to the politics of an oligarchy. From the very limitations of their training, they are forever running back to the experiments of some mediæval system.

In discussing the results of a hundred years, I have no theories of human nature to advance which are not amply sustained by the statistics. You will

pardon me if I take the figures I cite from the bureaux of my own State, Massachusetts, though what I say might be just as well illustrated in any State where the people rules. On my own ground I shall be sure of the local color, and of the broken lights of my foreground.

I will begin with this business of farming, in which I suppose the pyramid theory was born. I have myself ridden with a small English proprietor over his estates. He owned nine farms, of which he carried on one himself, I think, as a home farm. He rented the others to eight tenants, whom in our ride we met, and to whom we talked with due affability on our side, and due appreciation of our courtesy on theirs. They employed a sufficient number of foremen, and they in turn employed laboring men, — the hinds of English poetry, — who did the work of the farm. With some of these men, as they ate the bacon and brown bread which was their dinner, we spoke, superior, as we inspected the farm. There is, in brief, the little pyramid of an estate. Of a few thousand such pyramids England is builded. On this estate there were, perhaps, two hundred laborers, twenty foremen, eight tenants, and a landlord.

Compare this with the arrangements for farming in New England. Of sixty-five thousand persons in Massachusetts engaged in farming, forty thousand in round numbers are the owners of their farms, only twenty-three thousand are farm labor-

ers, and the rest are dairymen, florists, gardeners, or overseers; that is, on the average, two farms scarcely hire one laborer the year through. The farmer himself, his sons, his horses and oxen, and his machines, do the work that is done. The oats are to be harvested in such a precinct. The farmer rides round the field on his reaper; his sons ride round with the horse-rakes. On the foreordained day it is arranged, by a happy Christian communism, that Will Goodchild shall appear in that precinct with the thrashing-machine. At each great stack on each little farm he unlimbers; and while he and the others talk æsthetics, or religion, or politics, or scandal, the grain is thrashed by the horses, and then is wheeled into the bins. The separate class of farm laborers has almost disappeared from your social order. The men who are in it to-day do not mean to be in it to-morrow, and have merely taken it as a step on the line of promotion. Nor is this a New England peculiarity. Those great wheat bonanzas of Dakota are not so much farms as they are manufactories. The region is a desert till the summer comes. One or two lonely families of keepers have spent the winter there to look after the property. With summer the owner arrives, and the foremen, and the working teams; then the laborers, if you choose to call them so, come, and are hired. If you have not machines enough, you telegraph to Springfield or to Auburn, and in three days the reaper is delivered to you.

When the good God has the crop ready for you, you reap it, day and night, too, if you choose.

"All through the heated summer day the Kansas maidens slept;
All through the night, with laughter light, their moonlight vigil kept.
From set of sun the kindly moon, until the break of day,
Watched o'er their lightsome harvest work, and cheered them on their way.
They drive their handsome horses down, they drive them up again,
While 'click, click, click,' the rattling knives cut off the heavy grain.
Before it falls, around the straw the waiting wires wind,
And the well-ordered sheaves are left in still array behind.
So laughing girls the harvest reap, all chattering the while,
While 'click, click, click,' the shears keep their chorus mile by mile;
And lazy Morning blushes when she sees the harvest stands
In ordered files, those miles on miles, to feed the hungry lands."

Or, if you do not leave such harvesting to laughing girls, who are the men who have driven these reapers, and made your sheaves? Are they a class of mud-sill laborers? Some of them are; some of them are not. In either case they are to seek other occupation for nine months out of the year. In those nine months thousands of them will be students in colleges, thousands will be herding cattle, thousands will be on sugar plantations in Louisiana. Some of them will struggle back to New England; they will be hauling in mackerel

on the banks, or they will be tending speeders in Pawtucket. When, in your old-world conceit, you look for this great lowest stratum of your old-world social pyramid in those States which have made the system of America, there is no such stratum to be found.

I made my first statement thus regarding farmers because in their pursuit the changes of modern life have been most slow. In every other important calling in life it is admitted that in our time spirit has the whip-hand in the control of matter; and this dead drudge, the laboring man, who brought to the world's work only his dead weight as he made the treadmill wheel go round, is steadily disappearing from the world's calendar and pay-roll. I cited just now the figures of the cotton manufacture, which does not to-day require thirty-five hands to weave for us the number of yards which in 1860 required one hundred hands. That is one illustration, where you gentlemen who hear me could give me a hundred, of the change which has been going on for a century, since James Watt spoke the word, and the shackles of the drudge were forever broken. I may say in passing, what is a convenient aid to memory, that Watt's English patents bear the same date as the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill; for in 1775 the freedom of mankind was in the air. We are to observe that the thirty-five hands who take the place of our hundred hands are not dead drudges; they are not the stupid hinds of English

poetry and of the English political writers; that is, they are not men who bring nothing but their weight and their muscle into their conflict with dead matter. Almost all of them rank among the skilled workmen, though that skill show itself only in the patching of a thread or the throwing of a shuttle. They are, therefore, in the line of promotion. I am very likely speaking to men who have passed through this admirable school for the training of the hand and eye into the higher, into the highest, ranks of social order. Such men come out as artists handling the chisel; they have been generals leading armies; they have been statesmen saving States. It was of a regiment of such men that Abraham Lincoln said, in his first message, that a single regiment had men in it who were competent to fill every post in the national administration. The statement was perfectly true. It scarcely attracted notice here, because it was commonplace. On the other side of the ocean it was ridiculed as absurd; but such ridicule only showed that the writers on the other side cannot be trusted for a minute where a knowledge of our social order is involved.

Let us now pass to the larger review, asking, not in regard to one occupation, but to all united, using for convenience again the statistics of Massachusetts. The statistics of Rhode Island, were I personally as much at home with their details, would show the same thing, only "more so;" that is to say, Rhode Island led the way in the

manufacturing system. She had a larger proportion of available water-power and of arable land than has Massachusetts; she has a denser population, and that population increases more rapidly. Making similar requisite changes for locality, we should find that what I am about to say is substantially true of all those American States which know what the words "social order" mean. Of the whole population, nearly half are bread-winners or producers. The precise ratio in Massachusetts is forty-one per cent. Of the remaining fifty-nine per cent, about one quarter are children under the school age, about one third are in schools and colleges, and the larger part of the rest are in the noblest work of all,—the duty of mothers of families.

It is with this forty-one per cent of workmen and work-women with whom we have to do. It is this section of men, of which all the foreign writers speak as if the great majority were clowns and clodhoppers, borrowing from the soil they dig that inertness and death which the old philosophers referred to matter. I do not accept their statement, even for the toil-worn man who strikes his spade into this ground, and turns it up to God's sunshine and oxygen, to air and light and life. But without stopping for that contention, for our present purpose it is enough to say that the number of these farm laborers in our social order is scarcely three per cent of the working men and women. They are not nearly equal in number to the class of government officers and professional

men, of the dainty men of letters who talk about higher classes and lower classes so glibly, and really think a soldier is distinguished because he trains in a small company. This class, the body of men connected with the government and the professions, make about four and a half per cent of the working population. The body of merchants, not including their clerks and other persons to whom they pay wages, is about ten per cent of the whole body. The proportion of men engaged in transportation is somewhat larger. And, as you will imagine, in a New England State half the working force is engaged in manufactures and mechanical industry. I know how dull figures are. I wish I could show you this in the more attractive forms of art. I would show you that if we were to hold to those old forms of language, which I doubt; if we were to speak of the man who earns the lowest wages as being the foundation of our social order, on which the rest of it stands; if we were to speak of the better-paid industries as the higher classes, and so the old writers do speak, — I should show you on the blackboard or on canvas that, even in that faulty language, our social order is represented by the outline of a vase not large at the bottom, rising in a graceful curve till the area of its circle is four times as large as it was where it began, and then growing smaller again to a second circle at the top. It is no longer a pyramid, with its broad foundation in the mud and a solitary apex in the sky.

I do not forget that in a manufacturing State, by the side of the farm laborer of whom the European writers speak with such scorn, there is to be rated another large body of men who cannot be called skilled craftsmen, of men who have nothing but their muscle and their weight to sell. They are the men who open your streets to lay a gas-pipe; they are the men who shovel in the coal beneath your furnaces. I shall be told I must count all of these as belonging to that dangerous class to whom we ought not to give the suffrage, — the butts of Shakespeare's satire, the facile mob, led this way or that way by any Mark Antony. I do not disregard this advice. I meet it in every charitable society. I hear of it in every such meeting as this. It debauches our study of education. Every fourth year brings these drudges into importance, as the politicians bid for their petty vote in a wavering canvass. But the truth remains that, counting all together, — farm laborers, street laborers, stevedores on the wharves, every man and woman of untrained skill, — and they make, in numbers, only eleven per cent of the working force.

In passing from a manufacturing State to an agricultural State, the thing manufactured changes. Illinois and Minnesota manufacture wheat and flour, while we manufacture calico and shoes. But this change involves no change in social order. The flux and reflux between State and State, with never a dam between, with no sluices or custom-houses, makes that sure. We should find the

proportion of mere men of muscle as small in those States as we find it here.

The substance of the whole is this: the ignorant class, the unskilled laborer, is not the largest class. He does not even hold a balance of power. The professional class, the merchants and their clerks, the class engaged in transportation, the manufacturers, and the landlord farmer, outnumber him nine to one. Call the unskilled laborers the lowest class, — if you choose to think they are the foundation of our social order because their pay is the lowest; if you choose to speak in the language of England, and not in that of America, — but you shall not say they are the largest class, you shall not say they are a leading class or a controlling class, whenever the workman of skill, whenever the manufacturer, whenever the merchant, chooses to take in his own hands the control of his own affairs.

You may look at the same social conditions from the other end. We are familiarly told by the critics that our Constitutions worked very well when our suffrage was in the hands of land-holders, but that all will go to ruin now, because that condition has ceased to be. But it could probably be shown that the proportion of land-owners to-day is quite as large as it ever was, for the subdivisions of our suburban property and of our small cities more than make good the loss of land-owners in these factory towns where men hire their homes. The

number of separate houses in Massachusetts in 1880 was two hundred and eighty-one thousand. This counted as one house each of the great tenement-houses and hotels which are owned by many persons and inhabited by hundreds. The number of householders in the State must be almost as large. The regular increase to 1884 would make them three hundred and six thousand, which was probably the number in that year. In the autumn of that year only three hundred and three thousand men voted in a presidential election, after a canvass of intense keenness. Not so many men came to the polls as there were separate houses in the Commonwealth. I think it very doubtful whether anything analogous to that could be said of the elections of a hundred years ago.

A residence in large cities deceives those who see such cities most, and see the country but little. It specially deceives the journalists in large cities. Such cities have been, since Sallust's time, the points where unskilled labor congregates, where criminals and paupers, "dead-beats" of every class, naturally make their homes. Under our systems they are the favorite haunts of the dealer in liquors, and those follow who give to them their custom. But the cities of America, were they all filled with the dregs which Sallust satirizes, make only twenty-two per cent of the population of America. Even the large cities do not state the law for the smaller ones. In the city of Worcester, the third city of Massachusetts, there is one real-

estate holder for every ten men, women, and children of the population. There are more than seven thousand real-estate holders in that city which did not cast ten thousand votes in the presidential election. The proportion was no better than that in what men call the palmy days of the Republic.

It is at this point that, on occasions like this, the other heresy, also born in Europe, comes trailing in. The last great public address of Mr. Wendell Phillips, for instance, — his Phi Beta address at Cambridge in the year 1881, — arraigned the scholars of the country because they did not help in its government. He implied that the country is badly governed because they let its affairs alone. Such a theory — which is, perhaps, the too familiar theory of Commencement days — implies that Francis Wayland would have done better service in the United States Senate than he did in thirty years of service in Brown University; that Dr. Hopkins should have had Henry Wilson's seat, and that he was wasted at the head of Williams College; that William Ellery Channing was thrown away when he was imprisoned in the pulpit; that Dr. Woolsey was lost in the charge of Yale College; and that Mr. Bancroft did better service as Secretary of the Navy than as historian of America. There lurks under the statement all the vanity — and vanity is folly — of all the *dilettante*, of all sophists, of almost all men whose trade is words, since literature

began. It is the vanity which supposes that that man does the best work who can tell the best story of the way in which the work is done. It supposes that Thiers is the best administrator because Thiers writes the best history. Now, the writers on the other side of the water may determine this as they choose. We should remember here that in our affairs, where government is divided into a thousand bureaux, and never centralized, the people, and no one class of the people, have shown in a thousand exigencies that they know what they are about, and how their business will be best done. As Mr. Garfield puts it, all the people is wiser than is any single man.

The great mistakes in our government have all been the mistakes of theorists. The great successes have been wrought when the people took their own affair in hand, and pushed it through.

Thus, there was never a greater mistake than that effort to check Western emigration. It was never the mistake of the people; it was the mistake of statesmen who thought they knew more than the people. There never was a greater mistake than the coyness of the Virginian school — all theorists — as to internal improvement with the government's assistance. The people at last took this in hand, and drove it through. The greatest drawback on national prosperity for sixty years was the variable and uncertain currency. The theorists would not give us a national currency. But the people took it in hand one day. A college

professor in New York City blocked out an ideal plan in his lecture-room. A little after, the father of one of his Seniors, a member of the New York Legislature, proposed it there; and it was tried. It worked so well that Sir Robert Peel built on those lines the present system of England; and in the fulness of time, when the theorists had retired for a season, and the people were administering the government of the United States, the people made the national currency of the United States on this plan. The secret is here: When you intrust government to everybody, everybody makes his suggestion. The man who knows where the shoe pinches makes the last, and instructs the workman. The magnificent system of land-surveys and the grant of land to actual settlers are such instances. France cannot do the same thing in Algiers, because in France the Administration governs, and the people do not. We do it here, because the people govern, the people contrive, the people direct, and the Administration obeys. Yet it would be hard, indeed, to write the history of the successive steps of our matchless land system, and to tell by whose wit and wisdom these successive steps were taken.

The whole history of government in America from 1620 to this time is one illustration of the people's success in doing what no statesman or theorist, though he were John Locke or John Adams, could do single-handed. You start with the charter of a trading company. You come out

at the end of a hundred and thirty years with organized constitutional government. In that one hundred and thirty years you have not one Numa, or Solon, or Lycurgus; but you have the people. One experiment is tried, and fails. Another experiment is tried, and succeeds. Failure produces nothing, but success produces success. And the end comes, better than the beginning, because you relied on this simple law.

I had better take one simple instance. Here is our modern system of associated work, organized in our several States under what we call the general corporation acts, what is called in England the limited liability act. Now that the thing is in easy running order, every one says that it is a perfectly simple contrivance. It gives you almost all the advantages claimed for socialism, and you pay none of the penalties. Three men, six, ten, or a hundred men, who want to work together, can combine as much as they want to, no more than they want to, and their corporation moves as one person, with ease and freedom. Who invented this system? Did Robert Owen? or Charles Fourier? or the Count St. Simon? Not they. They did not know enough. They tried, and they failed. Look in the books for its history. You will have better success than I have had if you find it there. For we gentlemen scholars who write the books are a little apt to pass such trifles by. It came to life; it uttered its first cry in the State of Connecticut in 1837. If it lived — well! If it died — no matter.

It chose to live. It lived and grew strong. It came to stay. "I attribute to it," says one of the first authorities in that State, "much of our manufacturing success. It has always been a most useful law." It lived. It did not die. So it was copied here. It was copied there. It is now in force in some form or other in almost every State of the Union. It is in force, as I said, in principle, in the English limited liability law of 1855, which is confessedly taken from it. Now, what scholar or statesman invented it? Did you find it in Adam Smith? Did you learn it from Say or from William Cobbett? "I never heard who got it up," — this is the answer made to me by the same accomplished writer in Connecticut when I asked him, — "or anything about its origin." I had the same answer from one of the veteran statesmen of that day, who was in public life the year in which it was passed, and lives in an honored old age. This is what happened: A pure democracy like the State of Connecticut needed such an arrangement. This pure democracy was intelligent enough to know what it needed, and it had the power in its hand to fill the need. Your grand questions about the history and genesis of such a statute are answered as Topsy answered Miss Ophelia's theological question, — "I 'specks it growed." [1]

[1] Since the delivery of this address in Providence, a very interesting letter from Mr. Abijah Catlin, a member of the Connecticut Legislature of 1837, gives the full detail of the origin of the act: "Theodore Hinsdale, a representative from the town of Winches-

We are here trained to scholarship. Our business is to know what the past has done and has said, and to teach that to the present and the future. It is the noblest mission of man. But that mission does not entitle us to speak coldly, doubtfully, or with contempt, of the men of action. Let us abandon once and forever that notion of the sophists, that the man who best uses language best understands life. The man who describes battles best is not of necessity the man to win them. The man who expounds the origin of sin best is not of necessity the man to tread down temptation. The man who writes the prettiest

ter, introduced and advocated the bill, and, so far as I know, was the author thereof. Mr. Hinsdale was a graduate of Yale, as I believe, and was in the business of manufacturing scythes in Winsted in Connecticut, with his father-in-law, Solomon Rockwell.

"The manufactory still exists, under the name of the Beardsley Scythe Company. Mr. Hinsdale was a gentleman of fine appearance, of pleasing manners, and of fluent speech. He was an ardent advocate of manufactures and of their encouragement. In advocating the bill, he had no personal interest, as he and his father-in-law were able to carry on their manufactory without the aid of additional capital.

"In 1837 the dominant political party was strongly opposed to the chartering of corporations unless a provision was made for the liability of individual stockholders for the debts of the corporation. The joint stock law of 1837 was intended to enable men of small means to combine together for the efficient execution of their project, and has been, as you know, acted upon very extensively in this State."

This letter shows that to Mr. Theodore Hinsdale the thanks of half the workingmen of the world are due for an act of great simplicity, which sooner or later is a help to so many of them.

sonnet to the rose did not win the prize of the Horticultural Society. Let us remember that great axiom of Paul which has been accepted as the eleventh commandment of practical religion, — that every man shall be quiet, and mind his own business. The writers shall write, the speakers shall speak, the teachers shall teach, the soldiers shall fight, the painters shall paint, the sculptors shall carve, and the People shall govern. The people shall find what it wants, the people shall find the source of supply for that want, and the people shall be trusted to teach the supply how to meet the demand. To do this we must distrust all the analogies of war. The people is not an army, with privates led by a captain called a boss, brigaded into clusters of regiments called rings, and commanded by a general who is called a governor, who obeys a field marshal who is called a president. We must distrust, also, all the false analogies of the feudal system. No man in America ever held his land in any homage to any superior. The State, the Commonwealth, holds the whole, and exacts precisely equal service, as she renders exactly equal privileges. Again, we must distrust the sceptical saws of other lands, where government has been the instrument of oppression. Let freemen there tie the hands of despots, if they will and can. Our government is ourselves united. We have no need to tie our own hands. We, the people, establish our own Constitutions. We, the people, must see that the people

does not decline in its worth, in its intelligence, in its public spirit. We, the people, shall distrust any sophist or *dilettante* who tells us that a higher education is good for certain higher classes, but that the people can be satisfied with an average supply of some familiar staples. And when any man tells us that the people of America at large can be led by the nose, or fooled, as the mob of Rome was led and fooled by Mark Antony, each of us will say to him, "I belong to the people. What you say to me, you say to one of them. And, in saying it, you prove neither your sense, nor your good breeding, nor your information."

The truth is, that we have no separate class of scholars to be set aside, as in China. Eli Whitney could not tell you if he were a scholar or a machinist; nor can Mr. Edison to-day, or gentlemen whom I see before me. For the future our duty is clear, and, if we do it — our destiny. We are to keep open the lines of promotion. The drudge is to pass from his drudgery if he will, and to become a "creative force," — yes, a fellow-workman with his Father, God. We will never congratulate the laborer, nor talk of the dignity of labor. It is work that dignifies. Labor wears, kills, destroys; that is the meaning of the word. We will show the laborer how to cease from his labors, as he comes up on that other level where his works shall be sure to follow him, where mind controls matter, and the spirit rules the thing. Our laurels and our medals shall be for those who

help us in this enterprise, for the men who create power out of fire and water, acid and metal, who bid the stormy wind fulfil the infinite Word. And we who can write and speak will say what we can say, will teach what we can teach, of the glory and happiness of man, of all men, as thus they draw nearer to the work of the God from whom they are born. We will never say to the people, "Stand by, for we are holier than you." We are blood of their blood, bone of their bone. Their life is our life; their success is our victory. As they step forward and upward with the weight which they are carrying, philosophy is more wise, and literature is more vital. If, from any discouragement of the sophist or the prattler, they faltered or lost courage, all the higher cultivation of the land would be blighted by that frost. Their life is our life; our life is theirs. They know it, and we know it. Men of work or men of letters, our duty is the same, — to lift up what has fallen down, to build higher the courses of the national life, to see to-morrow better, happier, stronger, than to-day.

[I am greatly indebted to Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the superintendent of the United States Census, for suggestions in the use of that census, and of the census of Massachusetts in this year, 1885. — E. E. H.]

THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE

[Oration delivered before the C. L. S. C. Class of 1894 on Recognition Day, at Chautauqua, N. Y., August 22, 1894.]

IN all the work of education there is nothing more interesting than the education of a sovereign. The old writers — nay, the writers of our time — delight in considering it. When the Prince of Wales was born we had poems and essays, even romances, devoted to it. Fénelon wrote his half epic, half novel, "Telemachus," for the good of the young prince under his care, who died too soon, it seemed, before the world knew whether Fénelon could train a benevolent autocrat.[1] No wonder! We all know what has been done for the world — for good or for evil — by its selfish Louises, its stupid Georges, its God-fearing Oliver, its intense Napoleon, or its wise Cæsar. And, knowing this, we cannot look on any innocent baby born to a throne without the eager hope and prayer that those who train him may know how great is their work, and how eternal its consequences.

[1] They asked Rousseau if he would like to educate a prince. He said that when he had educated him the young man would refuse to go into the line of business of the kings of that time.

We know of the training of a man of wealth, that the best training is given to him when he does not know that such is to be his fortune. In that remarkable Providence which guides America, nothing is more remarkable than the training of Washington to be the chief magistrate of a new-born State, and, many men say, the director of its destiny. He was to be the richest man in America. But he did not know that when he was a boy, nor did his mother know it. His father died in the boy's early childhood, and George Washington was then educated, indeed, until he was a man grown, as one who would have to fight his own way in the world. He was to be the commander of armies unused to discipline. And in youth he prepared for this, he gained that noblest power, — that he could command himself. He needed vigor and clearness of expression, that he might deal with Congresses, State governments, and watchful enemies. And he gained — by a training quite unlike that of the colleges — a strong and easy style of writing. He often had to address men by the living voice. And he gained this great faculty in those critical years of his life which are least studied, — those ten years when he was leader of the House of Burgesses in Virginia. He had no knowledge of any language but his own, unless you rate as such the use of a few words of the Delawares or Shawnees, whom he met on the frontier. But from the well of English he had drunk deep. He had been taught to use it by

Fairfax, the friend and literary companion of Addison and Steele.

In those governments, like Germany and Russia and Austria, where the throne rests on bayonets, it is interesting to see that the boys born in the royal families are put into military uniforms as soon as they take off their baby swaddling clothes. You read of a colonel of a regiment who is but ten years old. It is, as you see in the old museums, the plate armor which was made for princes who were not four feet high. Here is a hint, given in practice, as to what the reigning houses there think important in the education of their princes. A prince there is to keep his people under; he is to do this by handling an army. Therefore he is to be trained to war.

Of course they would tell you he must be trained to every accomplishment. I met, once and again, in 1873, when I was at the great International Exhibition at Vienna, the Prince Imperial of Austria, a boy of fifteen, as he studied the exhibition with his tutors. That bright-looking lad had been already trained, I was told, to speak nine of the fourteen different languages of the Austrian Empire. When the poor fellow killed himself, a few years ago, I did not wonder. The mania for cramming young people with facts, as they cram a goose with walnuts at Strassburg, the mania which calls this cramming "education," seems to be at its worst in the training of European princes. And they, most of all men, perhaps, suffer from that

superstition which gives half of young life to the learning of vocabularies, dignified by the false name, the study of language.

It is clear that the young sovereign must be trained to purity, courage, honor, truth. These are the essentials, the foundations in all education. Useless and mad is any training of the intellect, or any gymnastics of the body, any physical or mental accomplishments, which are not enlivened by the infinite life, and inspired by the Holy Spirit.

And what for his intellectual training?

1. Clearly, he must know the history of the country he is to rule. She must not, while he reigns, repeat her old errors. He must know what are her dangers and where are her friends.

2. Clearly, also, he must know the science, and the history of her government and administration. In the reign of an English prince "the South Sea madness" must not repeat itself, nor that of the Gunpowder Plot, nor the murder of Becket.

3. Clearly, and for the same reason, he must know what his people are, what are their passions and hopes, where they have succeeded and where they have failed. An English prince must have by heart the ballads of the Armada, the stories of Wolfe at Quebec, of Wellington at Waterloo, of Nelson at Trafalgar.

4. It does not follow that he must be able to calculate an eclipse or to analyze a tear-drop. But he must know who can work such marvels. He must know how Watt called the giant from the

sealed casket and set him at work for mankind, that he may know how to look for other Watts, for new Edisons, who shall work, for his time, like miracles.

5. He must, therefore, learn the great lessons of mutual help and of tolerance. He must learn that God makes tall men and short men, bright men and dull men, poets, and men of affairs, and men of research, each to do his own duty. The prince must learn how to respect each of them, how to call each out from his separate cell, and make him serve the nation, as Michael fought for the kingdom of God, or Uriel waited for it.

Here are five points where we are sure what we will do. On the other hand, we are sure that we will not try to make him merely a student of languages or indeed of any one science. There will be philologists enough, and men of science enough. We shall not crowd him, as a prince, with Latin, Greek, or Sanskrit, with quaternions or ultimate analysis.

Least of all shall we be satisfied with the education he receives as a boy. From sixteen to twenty-five will be the most important years in which to train him.

And that man would be stoned by all the people, or ought to be, who should hint that it was enough for our prince if he had learned when a boy to read, to write, and to cipher. We should say, "This is enough for a slave — but not for a master." The sovereign of this land must know its people, its history, its poetry. He must know

the history of mankind and its literature. He must know MEN.

He must be ready to be his own chancellor of the exchequer, his own foreign secretary, his own secretary of agriculture, his own postmaster-general. For this he need not be a banker, a linguist, a farmer, or a post-office clerk. But he shall know how to judge of bankers, linguists, farmers, and clerks. He shall know men. He will have to choose them.

I HAVE given you for an object lesson this little study of an imagined Duke of Burgundy, taught by an imagined Fénelon in the real America.

Let us apply our object lesson in our own time, in August, 1894, in the end of the nineteenth century in America.

We have our Sovereign to educate.

And who is our Sovereign?

He appoints the President and the Cabinet.

He chooses the Senate and the House of Representatives.

He selects the foreign ministers who represent us in Europe and Asia.

He names the governors of States, their judges, and their legislatures.

He determines and prescribes the policy of this nation. And from the President in the White House to the boy who carries a special delivery letter, hundreds of thousands of men meekly obey this Sovereign.

We have this Sovereign to educate. To educate; not to cram with facts merely. Not to flatter or pet with sugar-plums; but to educate him, to teach him how to rule America.

The Sovereign of America is the People of America.

"We, the people of America," ordained the Constitution of America, and if ever that Constitution is threatened, "We, the people of America," take the field, as a true prince mounts his horse, seizes his arms, and goes forth to battle against his enemies.

And, in the happy centuries when the Constitution is not endangered, "we, the people of America," choose our chief magistrate and give him our orders. And he obeys.

We appoint our Congresses and our Legislatures. And if they do not obey, we change the men appointed. That Congress never meets again.

An English traveller, blind with the mists of feudalism, said to me that he had been honored at Washington by an interview with the "ruler of America." I said to him in my wrath, "General Harrison never told you that he was the ruler of America. He knows better. The people of the United States is the ruler of America. It has chosen him to be the chief of its magistrates. And of all men he knows this best."

Now let us apply our object lesson to the education of the Sovereign of America, — of the

people of America. This Sovereign has the great duty which, as Cromwell said to his son, is "that to which a man is born." He is to rule the nation. We have to do this with the more care because so many careless persons do not know what the great word "people" means.

As late as the time of Shakespeare, the "People" were spoken of as we speak of the "slums" or the "unwashed," — as the drudges or drones, who lived in cities on the pauper "bread and games" which their betters provided for them. It is just as the Pharisees at Jerusalem said, "This people which knoweth not the law is cursed."

Those persons who suppose that knowledge is more essential than virtue in government make their fundamental mistake here.

They say, as the Dutch governor said, in "Knickerbocker," "Will you intrust your State to the man who cannot mend your watch?" Will you give to this dirty, ragged drudge who lays your sewer pipes, who wheels coal to your furnace, the same power in the State as you give to George William Curtis, or to Mr. Edison, or to Dr. Vincent?

"No," I reply; "and Curtis or Edison or Vincent has ten thousand times the power in America which that man has who can only lift and dig with brute muscles, the man who can do nothing with other power than an ox has or a mule."

I may say in passing, however, that we do not find this drudge to be the worst citizen. He may

toil only with his muscle and nerve, without intelligence, without spirit, to direct him. He may give us only the service an ox gives us. But such a drudge may be true to God and true to man. He may live a life of purity, honor, and truth. If he do, he is a better citizen, and a voter more reliable than the dainty dude who does not soil his hands with a ballot, or the well-read assembly man who sells his vote to a syndicate. The drudge who does not know how to work and is compelled therefore to labor is not the best of citizens. But he is a better citizen — as the heavens are high above the earth — he is a better citizen than either of the other two.

But I pass that by. I had rather meet our feudal critics, the people who believe in government by caste, on their own ground. We are following the distinction between labor and work. *Labor* is of the brute. God *works* and man *works*. *Labor* wears us down. *Work* is labor inspirited by the Holy Spirit. Let us see to it first that we make the laborer to be a workman. Child of God, he shall "cease from his labors," but he shall be a fellow-workman with God through eternity.

While we are thus engaged we will remind our dainty critics that in all the civilized States of America,[1] the proportion of the working force,

[1] I use the term "civilized States" when I make this comparison, with no invidious distinction. I mean those States which have civilization enough to care to inform us on these matters. — E. E. H.

which has only its muscle and nerve to bring to the common weal, is but eleven in a hundred of the whole working force. Count them all, hewers and diggers, stevedores on the wharves, street laborers in the cities, count them all, make the number of what Shakespeare calls groundlings as large as you can, and it is only eleven in a hundred of the whole.

The rest — and it is this ninety per cent which governs America — use the intelligence which shows that man is child of God.

It is to this ninety per cent, or, to be accurate, eighty-nine per cent, that our second effort, and it is by far our largest effort, is directed. Here is the sovereignty of America.

Here Chautauqua is prepared with the answer. We will educate our Sovereign as princes should be educated. We will give to him all that belongs to a liberal education.

1. He shall be trained to purity, honor, justice, truth.

2. He shall enjoy the whole range of history, especially the history of America, his own land.

3. In this he shall have the key of the treasures of literature, that till he die he may enter that treasure-house when he will.

4. He shall have the key as well to the treasures of Nature. Not that we teach him all her secrets. God alone knows them. But we do teach him how to learn. It is not the business of a liberal education to teach men their specialties. Its busi-

ness is to teach them the language of their time. This Chautauqua proposes to do, as I said.

It teaches how to learn. When the Sovereign needs to learn of plants and their growth, he shall understand the botanist whom he summons. When he needs a detail of history, — in the annals of the past, — he shall know what cabinet to open.

This is a Liberal Education. This is not the knowledge of ancient languages. It is the training which teaches man to understand the language of his time. This education involves his training in courtesy — in the manners of the court. And the courtesy of a republic is larger and nobler than that of any empire. He who goes and comes in a republic has not two étiquettes, or ten, as he meets a beggar, or a workman, or a judge, or men of ten different classes. His courtesy has the same forms, and those of the simplest and noblest and purest of all, for each and all his brothers and sisters, for each and all of the children of his God. It is the noble étiquette of the Golden Rule.

He speaks as he would be spoken to.

He welcomes as he would be welcomed.

He meets his brother just beyond half-way.

If I may use a colloquial expression, he who undertakes this work "takes a large contract." I am not speaking of reading, writing, and arithmetic. I leave them to the State and nation, who attend to them sufficiently well. I speak rather of the twenty million people between sixteen years old and forty-six who rule this nation. These

twenty million people are to receive a liberal education. The annual class of new students will be approximately one thirtieth of that number, — three hundred and thirty thousand people.

I asked just now how many persons had attended the different summer schools of Chautauqua this year, to be told it was more than seventy-five thousand. The average number of students whom Chautauqua has enrolled in the last fifteen years is almost fifteen thousand a year. And I suppose it is fair to say that besides every such enrolled member, her books and lectures and classes call into the ranks of learning at least as many more.

Chautauqua has fellow-workers in the great field; we do not say rivals, for we welcome them all. There are at least three hundred colleges in America, with an average number of fifty graduates a year. Not to count smaller schools, here are fifteen thousand men and women a year bearing diplomas, and with a solid training pledging them to continue in the work of a liberal education, — almost as many as the new class which we hope to enroll this autumn.

We shall rejoice most heartily if our Roman Catholic friends of the Columbia Reading Circle and all the other reading circles enroll as many students in the courses of a truly liberal education. And let us hope that our friends and allies of the university extension system may see their way clear to complement their admirable system of lectures by a system of regular reading where

each shall help each, in a course covering a series of years. Let them enroll as large classes as ours, as the universities and colleges, as the different reading societies. Let there be a system which can be fairly spoken of as offering the methods of a liberal education to our sovereign; as from his school-days he steps out in his manhood and begins life.

But these are our least allies. We have again the great underlying determination of the people expressed in its great motto, "Get the best."

It is illustrated in the steady advance of our unsubsidized allies, the leaders of the eight-hour movement, who seek to rescue every day two hours from craft and mammon and dedicate them to faith, hope, and love.

Most of all is it illustrated in the readiness of the national government to help in higher education.

For in its mail service, in the Smithsonian Institution, in museums, in government surveys, and in its other contributions to science and literature, the United States to-day devotes more money every year to the higher education of America than is spent by one hundred colleges.

If the four agencies of which I have spoken should each come up to the standard I have suggested — the standard of fifteen thousand new students every year — we could show, on their rolls only, sixty thousand of the men and women of America, every year joining the army of those

who seek a liberal education. Here are sixty thousand out of the three hundred and thirty thousand men and women for whom we seek this prize. And we all know how many thousands — how many hundreds of thousands — there are, seeking the same higher life, without requiring this machinery.

This is not the whole. It is not one half the whole. But for our sixteenth anniversary it is not a bad showing of what is. When I had the honor to prophesy some such successes, speaking here seven years since, the prophecy was laughed at by those who heard it, as a good-humored exaggeration.

But I meant what I said then. I mean it now. There shall be no upper class in the possibilities of education, and no lower. God and his world are for everybody. What John Adams said of Massachusetts shall be true for all the United States. It is not enough that every boy and girl shall be taught to read, to write, and to cipher. Every man and woman, the land through, shall be tempted, shall be helped, to secure the joy and daily new delight of a liberal education.

Here is the larger life. It is a necessary part of the "life more abundant" which the Saviour of men promised to mankind.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." This is not the life of the oyster which sleeps, of the ox which eats and ruminates, it is the life of man, the

child of God, who can be fellow-worker with him, can enter into his joy, can penetrate his nature.

How shall we train our Prince?
— To love his land,
Love Justice and love Honor. For them both
He girds himself to serve her, nothing loath,
Although in arms against a world he stand.
Ruling himself the world he can command,
Taught to serve her in honor and in truth,
Baby and boy, and in his lusty youth
He finds archangels' strength on either hand.

The best the world can teach him, he shall know,
The best his land can show him, he shall see,
Tread in the footsteps where his fathers trod;
See all of beauty that the world can show,
Learn how it is that Freedom makes men free,
And how such Freemen learn to serve their God.

NOTE. — I am well aware that the computations, on page 124, differ from those, made at another period, on page 6. The received statistics at each of these periods estimate the annual number of graduates differently. The population had increased fifteen million between the dates of the two addresses. — E. E. H.

ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

THE RESULTS OF COLUMBUS'S DISCOVERY

[Read to the American Antiquarian Society at the annual meeting, at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 21, 1892.]

FOR the eightieth time our Society celebrates to-day the discovery of America as made by Columbus in 1492. Four centuries ago, on this morning, he landed on one of the most insignificant islands on the coast of this continent. So insignificant is the island that it cannot now be identified with certainty. But the event was too important for doubt or mistake, and is rightly taken as the date for the celebration of the discovery of this Hemisphere to Europe.

The enthusiasm with which the people of the United States are commemorating this event makes us look with a certain curiosity to see what interest attached to it in other times, — and also to ask again what real or substantial advantage the discovery of Columbus has brought to the world. It is to be observed that to-day, the real interest in the event appears chiefly in America, perhaps in the United States, and in Spain. The attention paid to it, in other places or regions, seems quite artificial. And it is worth note, I think, that a

hundred years ago, any general interest which the centennial anniversary brought with it was wholly American.

I can find mention of only two celebrations of the anniversary in 1792. One was on the twelfth of October, in the city of New York, by our sister Society of Tammany, or the "Columbian Order." A monumental obelisk was exhibited by the Society at their great wigwam, and an animated oration on the "great nautical hero" was delivered by Mr. John B. Johnson. He was an orator who seems to have been a favorite member of that Society. His name is not so much as mentioned by the faithful Allibone. But in our own library we have his "Eulogy on Washington," delivered at Albany in 1800. The Library of the Historical Society has his oration on "Union," delivered on the anniversary of the Tammany Society, May 12, 1794.[1]

On the 23d of October, 1792, by a mistaken allowance of twelve days for the difference of style, the Massachusetts Historical Society celebrated the anniversary in Boston. Dr. Belknap delivered a scholarly and interesting address at Brattle-street Meeting-house[2]; Dr. Thacher, the minister of the Brattle-street Church, led the assembly in prayer, in language of which it is said that it was "peculiarly adapted to the occasion." An ode was sung,

[1] Also Mitchell's oration, 1795.

[2] It appears from the Belknap correspondence that the "Century Sermon," as he calls it, was printed and published the last week in November. The edition seems to have been 1500 copies. They cost 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

by a choir of men led by Mr. Rea, to music composed by him. As a Boston composer, Mr. George W. Chadwick, is at this moment leading the musical performances at Chicago, we Boston people are pleased with the coincidence, in which a Boston composer a hundred years ago was appointed, by the law of selection, to voice in music the enthusiasm of the world. Our associate, Dr. Samuel A. Green, has suggested almost with certainty that the author of the ode was Hon. James Sullivan, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, who was a member of the Society and of the committee for this celebration.[1]

The ode is so good, that it is worth recurring to to-day. The method is the stately method of the time, but one often sees worse poetry.

ODE

When formed by GOD'S creating hand,
  This beauteous fabric first appeared;
Eternal Wisdom gave command,
  All Nature with attention heard.

"Here, *Ocean*, roll thy swelling tide;
  Here spread thy vast Atlantic main;
From European eyes to hide
  That Western World, which bounds thy reign."

While *Ocean* kept his sacred charge,
  And fair COLUMBIA lay concealed;
Through Europe, *Discord* roam'd at large,
  Till *War* had crimson'd every field.

[1] The descendants of Gov. Sullivan share the opinion of Dr. Green. — E. E. H.

Black *Superstition's* dismal night
Extinguished *Reason's* golden ray;
And *Science*, driven from the light,
Beneath Monastic rubbish lay.

The *Crown* and *Mitre*, close ally'd,
Trampled whole nations to the dust;
While FREEDOM, wandering far and wide,
And pure RELIGION, quite were lost.

Then, guided by th' Almighty Hand,
COLUMBUS spread his daring sail;
Ocean receiv'd a new command,
And *Zephyrs* breath'd a gentle gale.

The Western World appear'd to view,
Her friendly arms extended wide;
Then FREEDOM o'er th' Atlantic flew,
With pure RELIGION by her side.

Tyrants with mortal hate pursued;
In vain their forces they employ;
In vain the Serpent pours his flood,[1]
Those heaven-born Exiles to destroy.

"No weapon form'd against my flock
Shall prosper," saith th' Almighty Lord;
"Their proudest threatenings thou shalt mock,
For I will be thy shield and sword.

"Sweet peace and heavenly truth shall shine
On fair COLUMBIA's happy ground;
There FREEDOM and RELIGION join,
And spread their influence all around."

[1] Rev. xii. 15.

CHORUS.

Hail GREAT COLUMBIA! favor'd soil;
Thy fields with plenty crown thy toil;
Thy shore, the seat of growing wealth;
Thy clime the source of balmy health.

From thee proceeds the virtuous plan
To vindicate the *Rights of Man*.
Thy fame shall spread from pole to pole,
While everlasting ages roll.

There is never any need for apology for work of Dr. Belknap. He had the genuine historic interest, and brings careful good sense to bear wherever he is concerned.

Dr. Belknap calls the address his Century Sermon. It is, perhaps, an indication of the habit of the time that he should have done so, and should have selected a text for it; he may have been induced to do so by the simple circumstance that the discourse was delivered in a church. The title is: "A Discourse intended to commemorate the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; delivered at the request of the Historical Society in Massachusetts, on the 23d day of October, 1792, being the completion of the third century since that memorable event. To which are added four dissertations connected with various parts of the discourse, viz.: 1. On the circumnavigation of Africa by the ancients. 2. An examination of the pretensions of Martin Behaim to a discovery of America prior to that of Columbus, with a chrono-

logical detail of all the discoveries made in the 15th century. 3. On the question whether the honey-bee is a native of America? 4. On the colour of the native Americans and the *recent* population of this continent. By Jeremy Belknap, D.D. Printed at the Apollo Press in Boston, by Belknap and Hall, State Street, MDCCXCII." And as a motto he gives the familiar passage from Seneca's "Medea" with regard to the Ultima Thule. The text of the sermon is from Daniel: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

After an opening on the effect of the evangelical mission of the time of the apostles, he says, There was no remarkable event which might be called another instance of the prophecy until the middle of the fifteenth century. He supposes Columbus to have been born in 1447, taking the date from Ferdinand's life, — a later date than most of us now assign to it. He follows the narrative of Columbus's life with care, and not without illustrations from his own wide reading. Of the first voyage he gives quite a full account; he abridges the others in the following words: "After this he made three other voyages to America, in one of which he discovered the continent, and in a succeeding voyage he endeavored to find a passage through it to India, but in vain; that desirable country he never saw." With an allusion to the misfortunes of Columbus's closing days, and to endeavors "not wanting, both formerly and lately, to rob him of the merit of originating this capital

discovery," he says: "In the pages of impartial history he will always be celebrated as a man of genius and science; as a prudent, skilful, intrepid navigator, as having first reasoned out the probability, and then demonstrated the certainty of the existence of this continent."

More than half of the address is this personal reference to Columbus. He then takes a view of the connection of the discovery of America with the advancement of science. This view covers the science of geography, the science of navigation, the science of natural history, and comes out at much greater length on the contribution made by the discovery of America when it opens "an important page in the history of man." "It is both amusing and instructive to see what imperfect ideas we had on these subjects, derived by tradition from our European ancestors. Like them we boasted of English liberty, as if Englishmen had some exclusive rights beyond any other people on the face of the earth"; and he goes on, in a broad and truly noble statement of what the American idea of liberty is. He closes in the spirit of these words: "From our example of a government founded on the principle of representation, excluding all family pretensions and titles of nobility, other nations are beginning to look into their natural and original rights as men, and to assert and maintain them against the claims of despotism." And after this very interesting statement of the value which the world may derive

from the political principles of which even then he understood that America was the origin, Dr. Belknap goes on to the question, which interested men in his time so much, Whence was America peopled? He passes then to a bold invective against the commerce in slaves, which, as the Society will remember, he steadily and always opposed.

Another question which does not so much interest the student to-day is the question why the gospel was not brought by the apostles to America, as well as propagated in the several regions on the old continent. This gives him an opportunity to close his address in forms more analogous to those of the sermon of his time, in a view, — regarded at the time, apparently, as broad beyond what people expected of the pulpit, — as to what religion is, and what its propagation is. Of this admirable dissertation the pith may be stated in the following epigram: "If the truths of our holy religion are to be propagated among the savages, it will become us to consider whether we had not better first agree among ourselves what these truths are?" He is not hopeless as to this; he thinks that the time will come when "speculative truth will be reduced to practice, and men will be led to a devout enjoyment of the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, evidenced by a careful obedience to the laws of virtue and righteousness. Then will 'the earth be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'"

As an appendix to the discourse, Dr. Belknap prints his careful dissertation, not yet forgotten, on the circumnavigation of Africa by the ancients, and he thinks he proves the reality of the voyage of Necho. Modern critics are not so confident. But it is due to Belknap to say that, from the materials in his hand, the dissertation is thoroughly well wrought out. A second dissertation is on the pretensions of Martin Behaim, as a discoverer of America; in an appendix he publishes Toscanelli's letters to Columbus, showing that he saw the value of those critical documents. He then discusses, in opposition to Mr. Jefferson, the question whether the honey-bee is a native of America. A fourth dissertation is on the color of the native American, and recent emigration to this country. As a whole, the little volume was well worthy of the Massachusetts Historical Society and its distinguished president.

So far as I can find, these two celebrations — one in New York on the 11th of October, and one at Boston on the 23d — make up the sum total of the formal recognition which the world of 1792 chose to make of the great discovery. Spain was in no position to exult about anything, or to celebrate anything. France had just dethroned her king, and was waiting before she cut off his head. England was in no mood to thank God or any one else for the discovery of America. Only the people of the new-born nation of the United States had reason for thankfulness. In the mod-

est way I have described, they expressed their gratitude.

I was in England this last summer, when they were celebrating the centennial of the poet Shelley's birth. He was born on the 4th of August, 1792, exactly three centuries after Columbus sailed from Palos. The celebrations of his birthday this year, and of Columbus's sailing, were held on the same day. Now Shelley was pre-eminently a poet of New Worlds. Hardly a lyric in the language is finer than his description of what a Puritan would call the Kingdom of Heaven.

> "We will name it for the plan
> Of the New World of Man."

But I cannot find, in Shelley's rather free correspondence, that he ever knew, or in any way cared, that he was born on the centennial birthday of a continent.

But, though the world did not celebrate the anniversary of the discovery, it need not be said that it took a great interest in America at that very time. The great European wars of the century had been fought, in many instances, in disputes which grew out of colonial questions. The finances of Europe were in chronic disturbance since Cortez and Pizarro began to send home gold and silver. The slave-trade of Europe was a trade which had an American market. And the recent independence of this nation had especially stimulated the interest in America which was felt in England,

France, Spain, and Holland. In France, more perhaps than in England, this interest extended within the lines of philosophical research. The Economists of the Turgot and Dupont school were interested in the study of virgin fields and forests. Brissot de Warville's journey of 1788 was prompted by a wish to find a place here fit for a colony of enthusiasts of his stamp. And he is but one such explorer among a hundred. The Encyclopedists and their friends, who liked to study the theories of government, were eagerly drawn to inquiry about a nation where the *Contrat Social* could be seen almost visibly. The early constitutions of our States were translated and read with eager enthusiasm, and commented on with care and in detail, which such papers would not now expect, I might say, anywhere. The best society of France heard the travellers' stories of officers who had served in the allied army under Rochambeau. Such men as Rochambeau himself, Chastellux, and St. Simon, contributed anecdote or suggestion for the change of feudal institutions, such as they borrowed from experiences in a land which was curiously un-feudal. For all these reasons, French literature, fashion, speculation, and real philosophy had a great deal to say about America, and upon its influence on Europe.

There are three books in the wide range of such speculation and suggestion, which are specially devoted to the question whether America were of any use to mankind at large, and how the injuries

it had inflicted were to be remedied. These are Raynal's Philosophical History, and Chastellux's and Genty's essays on the subject of America, for which Raynal had offered a prize.

The Abbé Raynal[1] had in theory devoted his

[1] The following memoranda from different dictionaries may be of service to other inquirers. — E. E. H.

William Frederick Thomas Raynal was born in St. Geniez, Guienne, March, 1711; died in Paris, March 6, 1796. Educated in a Jesuit College, in 1747 he went to Paris, as assistant in the service of St. Sulpice. His provincial accent was an insuperable obstacle to his success. Disappointed, he became the director of the *Mercure de France*. The first edition of the "Philosophical History" was in seven volumes, nominally at Amsterdam, but really at Paris also, in 1770 and 1771. It circulated freely for ten years without being noticed as objectionable. It is in the second and larger edition, that the attacks on religion and government are so open that the work was interdicted, on the 19th of December, 1779, when the Geneva edition appeared under his name, ten volumes octavo and five volumes quarto. In 1780 a warrant was issued for his arrest, and the Parliament ordered his book to be burned by the hand of the executioner, May, 1781. He had, however, in the same period, been cordially welcomed by Frederick the Great and in England. His nephew was a prisoner of war in England, and was released, as an act of courtesy to the philosopher. In 1781 he published "*Tableau et Révolutions des Colonies Anglaises dans l'Amérique septentrionale*," which was immediately translated into English. Its errors were pointed out in a pamphlet by Paine. For several years Raynal wandered in foreign countries, but was finally permitted to return home. He was elected a deputy to the States General by the city of Marseilles, but declined on account of his age. His friend Malouet, who was chosen in his place, succeeded in having the sentence against the history reversed the next year. Raynal addressed to the president of the Assembly an eloquent letter, recanting his former opinions, and insisting upon the necessity of investing the king with more ample powers. There is a French edition of his book in eleven volumes, Paris, Kempt, 1783, and another dated 1798.

cumbrous and many-authored treatise to this subject. Its first publication dates back to 1770. Various enlargements in new editions made it eventually a book of sixteen volumes. The latest edition seems to have been published in 1798. In the year 1781, the Parliament of Paris had ordered that it should be burned. The last volume professes to be wholly devoted to the inquiry whether America had been of more good or harm to mankind. It is, really, a rambling criticism on government as it existed in various lands. It seems to have been understood at the time that the book was a hotch-potch of twenty authors, and that any one who chose to be audacious might contribute. Diderot has the credit of large parts of it. Grimm says that Diderot gave two years to it, and wrote nearly one third of it all. The New Biographical Dictionary names nine other authors as important, besides Diderot, and says that Raynal had only to arrange their contributions. But this is an over-statement. Raynal was exiled for writing the book, and remained in Switzerland, Germany, England, and Holland, until 1787, when his friends procured his recall.

It was then that he suggested to the Academy of Lyons a prize on the questions:

"Has the discovery of America been injurious or useful to mankind?"

"If injurious, how can the disadvantages be remedied?"

"If useful, how can the advantages be increased?"

In point of fact, the Academy of Lyons never gave the prize to any one. I have even doubted whether Raynal ever gave them the money for it, for he was an impecunious person, and died in a few years without any money at all. But the announcement of the subject excited great interest in America, in England, and in France, and by one or another writer of the time it is spoken of as if the real award had been made. Chastellux published an essay which he pretended was written in competition for the prize; and much more important was the essay of Abbé Genty, who says, however, specifically that he did not present his in competition.[1]

Chastellux, with the affectation of preserving an

[1] Our associate, Mr. Charles C. Smith, calls my attention to two notes in the Belknap correspondence, as to Mr. Mather's essay, and what he hoped from it.

1. A letter from John Eliot to Jeremy Belknap, Feb. 1, 1782. — "Have you seen the late work of the Abbé Raynal? I will send it by the first opportunity. There is a question which I desire may employ your *cogitabundity*. Whether it has been an advantage or otherwise that the continent of America was discovered? A prize of 50 Louis d'ors for the best piece written upon the subject is offered by the Academy of Lyons. I know of no American so deserving of it as yourself. Dr. Mather tells me that he shall employ his pen upon the subject. He seems to be so assured of the reward that he has desired the Academy to give the guineas to five poor scholars. The prize will be adjudged in 1783."

2. Letter from Eliot to Belknap, June 17. — "I am much pleased with the MS. you put into my hands. It is very different from the disquisition of the learned Dr. M. which he has forwarded to the Academy of Lyons, styled "*An Detectio Regionum Americanarum sit noxia humano generi!*"

Both letters are in 6 Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. IV.

anonymous character for an essay, says that it is by M. P., vice-consul at E., and pretends that E. is in America. But his name was at once made known. In the Grimm-Diderot correspondence he is announced as the author, as soon as the address is published. It is simply a rhetorical harangue on the advantages of commerce, and adds hardly anything to our knowledge of the real relations between the continents at that time. Commerce is in itself a good thing. America has created a great deal of commerce. Therefore America has been an advantage to the world. This is the simple argument.

More to the point than these two books is the study of the Abbé Genty, on the same subject. The title of his book is *L'Influence de la Découverte de l'Amérique sur le Bonheur du Genre-Humain.* The name of this poor Abbé seems to be now entirely forgotten. I find it in no biographical dictionary of our time, nor have I succeeded in making any list of his other works. He was, however, in 1788, when he wrote this book, at the head of the French censorship, and this would seem to imply a distinct recognition of literary ability. He had, some years before, taken a prize for an essay on the influence of commerce, where the prize was awarded by one of the provincial academies of France. This book contains one or two scraps of rather curious information, which would be of value if he ever gave any authority.

The Abbé Genty thinks he establishes six points:

first, that the discovery might have been a great advantage to the natives of America; second, that it was a great disadvantage; third, that it might have been a great advantage to the Spaniards; fourth, that it was a great disadvantage to them; fifth, that it might have been a great advantage to the world; sixth, that it was a great disadvantage. Here is one of his pessimistic pieces of eloquence in the conclusion of his essay: —

"Such were the principal effects of the conquest of the New World on Europe in general. It was an inexhaustible source of calamity; it influenced more or less directly all the plagues which ravaged this part of the world. It prolonged the empire of destructive prejudices, and held back, for two centuries perhaps, knowledge which was truly useful to mankind. It should have softened the manners of Europeans and led them to beneficence. It did make them more cruel and pitiless. It should have raised the dignity of mankind, and taught him the grandeur of his origin. All that it did was to inflame the hearts of a few despots, and furnish them with new means for oppressing and degrading the human species. It should have enriched Europe. It did cover her with mourning, and in a deeper way made her a desert and wretched."

It is interesting, however, and pathetic, to see that all the hope which he had came from us and our affairs. At the very end of his gloomy picture, in two or three pages, which come in like a ray of evening sunset under the dark clouds of a thunder-

storm, he says that the hope of the world is in the thirteen States just made independent: —

"The independence of the Anglo-Americans is the event most likely to accelerate the revolution which is to renew the happiness of the world. In the bosom of the New World are the true treasures which are to enrich the world. America will become the asylum of the persecuted European, the oppressed Indian, the fugitive Negro. After the population of the United States has covered her own immense domains, she will give a new population to the plains which have been made desert by avarice. She will quicken by rivalry the other colonies of the New World. Her virtues will revive in the new hemisphere the laws of nature which have been for centuries forgotten. The Anglo-Americans may not conquer by arms as the Incas of Peru did, but they will be the rulers of all America, at least by their example, by the ascendency of wisdom and its benefits, and they will lead the other States of America to prosperity by the most powerful and most durable control."

He goes on to prophesy the end of gold and silver mining, because the Indians will refuse to work in the mines, the emancipation of the blacks and the end of the slave-trade, the end of European thirst for conquest, the true dignity of commerce, the end of war, and the conversion of the world to Christianity. All this is to spring from the virtues of three millions of Anglo-Americans, and he finds nothing else in America for it to spring from.

As to the Abbé Raynal's book, which eventually

grew to be sixteen volumes, it is as useless a pile as anything can now be. As has been said, he permitted anybody to furnish a chapter or a paragraph, and put them in print, as they came to him, and nearly twenty authors are now named as sharing with him the credit or discredit of the volumes. There are statements, interesting and curious, hidden in with the mass. But they are wholly without historical value, because no authority is ever given for any statement. And as for Raynal himself, all he cared for was a certain smartness which might make the book entertaining or amusing.

You never know, on any page, whether you are going to read a piece of statistics, or the *motif* for an opera. He does not seem himself much to care whether the information which he prints is drawn from the reports of statesmen, or whether he has picked it up in conversation at a dinner party, or perhaps has evolved it from his own interior consciousness. In a very extravagant passage in the first volume, he says: "Oh holy Truth, thou hast been the sole object of my search. If in after years this work should still be read, it is my wish that, while my readers perceive how much I am divested of passion and prejudice, they should be ignorant of the kingdom which gave me birth, of the government under which I lived, of the profession I followed, and of the religious faith I professed. It is my wish that they should only consider me as their fellow-citizen and their

friend." Raynal need not have troubled himself much about posterity's reading his book. I am disposed to think that I am the only person who has read it in the last ten years. As to men's ignorance of him, time has done what he wished. It is but fair to say, however, that this garrulous book, and the personal characteristics of Raynal did much to interest men of letters in America. Mr. Morley has called attention to this result of its publication.

I have taken more time in speaking of these three books than they would be worth, but that they illustrate what was probably the general feeling of intelligent persons in Europe at the end of the last century. In considering that general opinion, we are to remember that to France and the rest of the Continent in those days, America meant chiefly the silver and gold, or in general, the trade of Mexico, the West Indies, and South America. From the new-born United States they had their masts, their fish, their furs, and their tobacco, articles of commerce hardly alluded to as these writers balance their accounts. We must remember also, that their colonies had involved these nations in exhausting wars. Nootka Sound, Falkland Islands, Canada, and the English colonies were responsible for the wars of a century. There was, besides, the black and hateful history of the slave-trade, which was beginning to disclose its horrors. Beginning with such an awful catalogue

as the conquests of Cortez and the Pizarros gave, there was a history of blood, of cruelty and injustice, and in most regards of failure, for three hundred years. The compensation had been gold and silver.

But whom do gold and silver help? To you or me, to whom some one pays a gold eagle or a silver dollar, it is the sign of value with which we can buy what we want. But for that use, its value depends wholly on the supposition that there is about so much of these metals in the world, and that the miners will supply just what is lost in daily use. Find an immense new supply, however, such as Cortez and Pizarro found, and as poor Columbus did not find, and you simply lower the value of what you had before. For you can neither eat your silver and gold, nor drink them. You cannot make clothes nor houses of them. Their use in the arts does not approach that of iron or lead, or zinc, or of the more common metals. All this was beginning to be known a hundred years ago. People saw that the galleons of Spain, bringing every year the millions on millions of the precious metals, merely lowered the value of the gold and silver which they had. Good for Spain, perhaps? That would have to be proved. To all the rest of the world of commerce this steady dilution of the currency of the world was an unmixed evil.

And for Spain, be the cause what it might, this was sure, that from the Emperor Charles the Fifth's

period of glory, when Cortez gave him a new Spain, down to the reign of King Charles the Fourth, who did not know how he could build a ship, or buy a musket, and had not energy to do either, for three hundred years there had been one history of decline. Spain had been the first power in Europe; she was now the last. And all she had to show was America.

Given such observations as these, one does not wonder that such writers as I name came to their conclusions. To say the truth, such conclusions had nothing to do with us or our affairs. For the future they have different hopes and prophecies. But as to the past, of three hundred years up to 1790, the verdict of all three is that, with only the most petty exceptions, the continent, and its people, and its history, and its productions, had steadily worked ill to mankind.[1] America furnished little or no cotton to Europe; at that time they did not care for our coffee; they say that they could have got their sugar elsewhere, and that the wars of the century for the sugar islands far outweighed all their sweetness and all other value. Of tobacco, oddly enough, no one of these three speaks, as having much to do with commerce or life. Indeed, there is one passage where the vanilla bean seems to be more important than indigo, tobacco, cotton, or sugar. The ignorance of all

[1] The chief of the exceptions is Jesuit's bark, as they then called cinchona, from which we make quinine. All three refer to the benefits of this drug.

the writers as to the real commercial relations of the two worlds is perhaps the most extraordinary feature of all the books.[1]

Much is heard in all these discussions about the large population which had been drawn from Europe into America. America is spoken of as if she had, to a certain extent, drained Europe. This impression is entirely fictitious. As is well known to those who hear me, the emigration to New England before 1643 did not exceed 21,200.[2] At no time afterwards was there any immigration so considerable as to amount to an appreciable fraction of one per cent of the population of Europe.

[1] I would gladly avoid reference to a very disagreeable subject, to which all of these writers refer, as if it were of considerable importance. They all suppose that the disease of Syphilis was an American disease, imported into Europe from the West Indies, and not known before. On this heavy charge, I am permitted by high medical authority to say, that the disease certainly belonged to the very earliest times, and is possibly of an origin among the apes, before the appearance of men upon the planet. "All ancient history is full of it. The Leprosy of the Bible represented four diseases, one of which was Syphilis. Owing to circumstances, it has been as it is now, epidemic at certain periods of history, and nations have always been ready to saddle it upon their neighbors. But increasing knowledge shows that these stories have been born of ignorance. The *fons et origo mali* is entirely unknown. The disease dates back to the Serpent in Eden, or it may have been Lilith. The oldest collections of bones show signs of probable Syphilis." I copy these words from a note from Dr. Edward Wigglesworth, who is so kind as to answer my inquiries on the subject.

[2] These are Johnson's figures in the "Wonder-Working Providence." After that time, he said more returned to England than came from England.

To this moment, the population of Mexico, Peru, Chili, Brazil, or the Argentine Republic does not consist in any large proportion of persons of Spanish or Portuguese blood. All that line of remark may be fairly set out of the way, in any consideration of the advantages or disadvantages of America in the civilization of the world.

The writer of this paper is glad to leave to our distinguished associate Mr. Weeden, the historian of the economic arts of New England, a full study of the commercial relations between the two hemispheres, as they followed on the discovery of Columbus. It is enough for our present purpose to observe that the French writers, misled, as all careless observers are, by the glamour of precious metals, do not at all apprehend the worth, to the world or to the owners, of shiploads of masts, barrel staves, tobacco, salt fish, furs, whale oil, and potash, and similar unsavory and unsentimental articles. But the annual value of these, to those who handled them at the time when our revolution broke out, was far greater than that of the annual Spanish fleet of galleons, loaded with gold and silver. The export of tobacco alone made a trade in which North and South America, the West Indies and Mexico all shared, varying for each region according to the particular colonial policy of the mother-country, or what was called such. It is curious now to observe the comparative indifference with which the three Frenchmen whom I have cited pass it by. But men of more practice in affairs

than they, were more observant. There is a very instructive and interesting correspondence which Lafayette and Jefferson, on one side, maintained with the French foreign ministers on the other, between 1783 and 1789, as to the tobacco trade between America and France. People who have fallen into the habit of speaking contemptuously of Lafayette, ought to read the masterly state papers in which he addresses himself to the business of promoting direct trade between America, which he is so fond of calling his own country, and France. The burden of the proposals which Lafayette and Jefferson make to the government of France is that tobacco shall no longer be a royal monopoly, but shall be purchasable by any merchant, and the government shall itself charge and collect an import duty upon it. They show how, under such regulations, the tobacco of almost all Europe could and would pass through the ports of France. They seem to show that the French revenue would be very largely increased by such a plan, if the government itself received the revenue, without the intervention of the Farmers General.

In some of the last of Mr. Jefferson's letters, he points out that the very deficiency of revenue, which compelled the King to call together the States General in 1787, would be met by the duties which he suggested on American tobacco. But, alas for Louis XVI., the Treasury was at that time humbled before the Farmers General. The government was too much in need of their convenient

advances at certain times, to be able to break up their monopoly, and to dispense with their intervention. The States General were summoned and the Revolution followed.

The export of ships had been for a great part of the century an important factor in New England commerce, and from the beginning of the eighteenth century, the export of naval stores and spars. Lord Bellomont, writing home in 1699 and 1700, expresses his surprise that so little American timber is used in the English dock-yards, and, not long after, the systematic trade took large proportions. I could wish that this subject might be carefully studied by an expert. I think it will prove, that in all the naval battles between England on the one side, and France, Spain, and the United States on the other, from 1777 to 1783, the masts and spars of all the vessels, of all the nations, were in large measure the growth of New Hampshire, of Vermont, then unnamed, and of the province of Maine. The ship of the line, "America," which Congress gave to Louis XVI. in 1782, was not the first war-ship of that name built in New Hampshire. The frigate "America" had been built in New Hampshire for the English navy, nearly fifty years before. Her name remained in the English service, so that when, at Toulon, this ship of the line "L'Amérique" was captured by the English, they changed her name to "L'Impétueux." With this name she became the favorite flagship of Lord Exmouth.

So far as the world of politics, or the study of

the history of two hundred years went, the speculative writers could urge and they did urge the evils of the wars between the European powers, which either started from American complications, like the war for the valley of the Ohio, or were embittered and perhaps prolonged by contests in American waters, or sometimes on American soil. The speculative writers do not very frankly acknowledge that the European nations would have been at war all the same, had there never been any Columbus or any America. But they pass to the disadvantage of the new hemisphere, all the bloodshed, and, much more, all the debt which sprang from conquests or defeats which bore an American name.

If then, a hundred years ago, some of the shrewdest people in Europe considered it as an open question whether America had or had not brought more of evil than good to civilization, they had good grounds for their indecision. This, at least, is certain; that the great physical advantages which America now contributes to the world were then nearly unknown.

The American colonies occasionally sent cargoes of wheat or other breadstuffs to Europe, but these supplies were insignificant compared with the immense supplies which we forward now with every year. So little cotton was grown in the United States that, as is well known, at the time of Jay's Treaty, neither he nor the English negotiators knew that any cotton could be exported from the

Southern States to England. That cotton was raised for home use is well known, and Brissot, in his travels in 1788, speaks of seeing it as far north as Maryland and even Pennsylvania. So little cotton was manufactured, in any part of the world, except India, that cotton was in no sort a matter of importance in the world's commerce.

We, who are assembled here, read such speculations with special interest and curiosity, because they show that the immense advantages which the world now is willing to admit that it receives from the great discovery, are advantages which began with the birth of the nation called the United States. Each one of the three writers, more or less vaguely, and with a certain optimistic habit which belonged to the *philosophe* of France, refers as to a possibility to the use which the United States may serve. The passage from Genty, which I have cited, is indeed the most remarkable of these timid prophecies. In point of fact, the United States has been the teacher of Europe, which has borrowed from her even the methods of constitutional government. She has received from Europe, and is receiving, immense numbers of people, for whom Europe seems to have no use at home, who sooner or later become useful citizens, or the fathers and mothers of useful citizens. The United States supplies Europe with almost all the material for her cotton mills, which have now so much to do with the clothing of Europe and of the world. It is perhaps fair to say that the United States is more

and more a factor in international government, not so much by interference in the affairs of Europe, as because she is a constant object lesson suggesting what might be.

America was also to teach to Europe the great lesson, not yet wholly learned, that land is as worthless as water, unless it have men upon it. To a beggarly adventurer in Europe, the idea that he could have as much land as a baron or landgrave had was very attractive, and, for centuries, sovereigns supposed they gave something when to court favorites they gave land. It was reserved for America to invent the word "Land-poor," and to teach the world what it meant.[1]

Such States as Massachusetts Bay, such proprietors as Penn, soon found out that if they could induce men to live on the land they held by whatever grant, those lands assumed a value. "If not, not." And the value was greater according to the grade of the men and women. If the men brought their women with them, and burned their ships behind them, and knew every morning that they must do something before night for the glory of God; given such settlers as these, and your land is valuable. Given on the other hand the lazy sweep-

[1] When I was acting as President of the New England Aid Company in 1866, we had occasion to send a few thousand emigrants into Florida. Hearing of this, the parties who owned a considerable part of that State offered it to us at a very low price, so low that I observed it was less than De Soto in fact paid to obtain from the Emperor Charles the grant of the same property. — E. E. H.

ings of the streets of Seville, looking for gold wherever the earth is turned, and your land is not worth the parchment on which your title is written. In the course of history it has proved that America was to bless mankind by teaching the world new lessons as to the worth of men; shall I say as to the manufacture of men and women? She has had to show the value of a system of open promotion. She had to show how a nation can offer the best education to every child born within its borders. She had to show what is the physical product of a nation, which permits without restriction every form of industry not actually injurious to the common weal.

For these lessons it does not appear that the empire of the Montezumas or of the Incas has furnished more than some curious illustrations. That these lessons might be truly taught, it was necessary rather that there should be an empty land, than a land struggling in the shackles of any half-civilization. This empty land was found in North America. At the time when the Pilgrims landed, there were not so many people in New England as live in one ward of the city which is my own home. When La Salle sailed down the Mississippi River, weeks passed without his seeing a single Indian, and the desolateness of the land filled his companions with terror. When Coronado left the Seven Cities in 1541, he and his troop of brave cavaliers rode east for months, till they struck either the Missouri or the Mississippi — we do not

know which — and they returned to the point from which they started without having seen a single human being except themselves. The desolation of those empty plains and prairies was a terror to them. At that period, as I suppose, the whole population of what we now call the United States was not 300,000 persons, not so many as were living in the city of London at that time. This part of America was therefore an empty land.[1]

Here was the opportunity, then, for trying the experiments of the new Christian order, which was so soon to break upon the world; trying experiments which had been impossible, and were impossible in Europe, nay, which have been impossible in Europe to this hour. The geologists say that this continent itself contains the oldest ridge of land which looked up through hissing waters to clouded sky, when the earth rose above the sea. But all the same, to this old hemisphere was it given to try the religious, political, and social experiment of a new order, of a New World.

Europe now owes to America every day no small portion of her daily bread. She owes to America much of the material of her clothing, much of the silver and gold which are the basis of her currency. She does her best to find a substitute for the sugar of America, but cannot keep it from her markets. She no longer waits, as in

[1] An etymology of the name of Canada, not generally approved, refers it to some Spanish explorer, who cried: "*Aca nada!*" "Nothing here."

Gosnold's time, for cargoes of sassafras, but her financiers would be aghast, and her men of leisure and of work would be wretched, without their American tobacco. In the arts of destruction, she finds she can use no copper but that of America in her cartridges used in weapons of precision. In her fevers she still seeks the respite given by cinchona. And for her mackintoshes she relies on Para and Pernambuco for her India-rubber.

But these are not the gifts for which Europe has to be truly grateful to America. The experiments of freedom which have wakened every nation of Europe were impossible there but for their success in America. Constitutional government, as we understand it to-day, secured by written constitutions, is an American invention. So is freedom of religion. And such is the invention, greatest of all, which the United States of Europe have yet to try, which the United States of America has wrought out successfully. It is the establishment of a Permanent Tribunal, of dignity and power sufficient to adjust the differences of States and of nations, and to silence their war-cries.

"Give me white paper!
This which you use is black and rough with smears
Of sweat and grime and fraud and blood and tears,
Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
Of battle and of famine all these years
When all God's children have forgot their birth,
And drudged and fought and died like beasts of earth.
Give me white paper!

One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;
What no man saw he saw; he heard what no man heard;
In answer he compelled the sea
To eager man to tell
The secret she had kept so well.
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind,
Sailing still west the hidden shore to find;
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,
Where God might write anew the story of the World."

PURITAN POLITICS IN ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND

[A lecture delivered in a course before the Lowell Institute in Boston, by the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on Subjects relating to the Early History of Massachusetts, 1869.]

I AM to treat in an hour, as I can, a subject which could be scarcely entered upon had the whole of this course of lectures been devoted to it. It is a subject, as I believe, for which we are now but beginning to collect the materials. For the religious and political prejudices of England did a great deal, in two centuries, to shroud in England the motives and even the acts of the men to whom is due the English liberty of to-day. And on our side of the water the complete change of time and circumstance has swept away most of the traditions, and all the prejudices, of the politics of the fathers. It is not seventy years, I think, since Oliver Cromwell's portrait still hung as a tavern sign in Boston; and quite up to our own times such names as Newbury Street and Worcester Street ought to remind the children what kings fled before their fathers in the fights of Newbury and Worcester. But in fact I am afraid such memorials

have availed but little. For most of us who are men and women, while we were taught in our childhood to weep over the sorrows of the exiles in the "Mayflower," drank in at the same time, from fountains fed by David Hume and Walter Scott, the notion that King Charles was a martyr and that his judges were crazy men. I should say it was only within the last twenty years that there had been fair chance for an honest verdict as to Puritan politics, whether in this country or in England. In that time, the service for King Charles the Martyr has been omitted by authority from the English prayer-book. The opening of the English State papers has given us more light than we had before. Not that we have even yet the complete materials for history, but the graves are giving up their dead; and from hour to hour the lies of Clarendon and the rest are exposed.

I can only attempt the outline of the political movements of the founders of Massachusetts, and the Puritans of New England, — the great men who have been wisely called "the greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause."

I shall be guided all along by the studies and by the philosophy of our own great historian Dr. Palfrey, from whose crowded chapters, I find, I took unconsciously even the title which the lecture bears. I have been indebted to his thoughtful kindness or to his counsel, from the first moment of my life; and it is no new experience to me that

in my enterprise of this evening I find him my constant guide. And I have also the constant advantage of the exquisite care, the range of observation, and the profound discrimination, of Mr. Haven, who, as the members of the Historical Society well know, is far better fitted than I to enter on this theme.

I think the key to the whole story may be found in the ominous words which King James's first House of Commons addressed to the House of Lords immediately after he had been lecturing them on his own prerogative, and on his intolerance to the Puritans: "There may be a people without a king, but there can be no king without a people." This was comfortable doctrine for a monarch who, in his escape from Scotland, had promised himself the privileges of unrestricted tyranny. Fortunately for civil liberty in England and America, in all countries and in all times, none of the Stuarts ever learned in time what this ominous sentence means — not James I., the most foolish of them; nor Charles I., the most false; nor Charles II., the most worthless; nor James II., the most obstinate. For eighty-six years, however, it was the business of the Puritans of England, counselled and led in large measure by the Puritans of New England, to teach the Stuarts, and to teach the world, that lesson. And they taught it — that the people is stronger than the king, and can tie the king's hands. The state-craft jugglery of the closet shall not undo the knots; the trenchant

sword of battle shall not cut the cords. If the king will learn the lesson in no other way, he shall learn it when he sees the headsman's axe flashing before his eyes. The people is stronger than the sovereign; and from the people's power his power comes. That is the lesson. There may be a people without a king; there can be no king without a people.

I must not enter on the history of Elizabeth's reign, though the name of Puritan in English history belongs as far back as the year 1550.

King James, at the age of thirty-five, came to the crown in 1603. On his journey from Scotland to London, just halfway from the frontier to the city, he passed through Sherwood Forest, and entertained the day, under good conduct, in hunting there, — the last huntsman mentioned, I think, in the series where Robin Hood is first. In that day's sport, he passed the manor-house of Scrooby, where William Brewster lived, — afterwards our old Plymouth elder. At that very time our Pilgrim Fathers met privately to worship in that house every Sunday. James took, very likely, a mug of ale from William Brewster's hands, he lunched in the open air on the bank of a stream a little farther on, and in such sylvan amusement came on to Worsop, where he slept. The manor of Scrooby, Brewster's home, belonged to the Archbishop of York. It attracted the king's attention, so that he thought he would like it for a royal residence, whenever he might hunt again in

Sherwood Forest. It is a little curious now to see that the first letter written by the Presbyterian king to the Archbishop of York after his arrival at the capital was not a discussion of theology, but a proposal to the archbishop to sell to him the manor-house in which the Pilgrim Fathers were then secretly meeting, on the Lord's Day, for their weekly worship; and in which they continued to meet till this same Presbyterian king "harried them out of the kingdom." The incident, trifling in itself, illustrates very perfectly the relation between the three parties then in England. The extreme Puritans, represented by no man better than William Brewster, were meeting in private houses for their worship. They were expecting grace and help from a Presbyterian monarch. The bishops and archbishops were doubting and dreading what might come to them and theirs from a king who had been nursed in the school of John Knox and Jane Geddes. And this king, who was to arbitrate between the parties, and meet the hopes of the one and the fears of the other, was thinking more of himself and his own comfort than of the consciences of either. All this, I say, is typified when James I. asks Archbishop Hutton to turn William Brewster out of his home, that he may have a convenient hunting-lodge.

In five years more Brewster and the fathers who met to worship in the archbishop's manor-house were harried out of England. James and the

Church, of which the archbishop was the second officer, were in absolute accord, hunting the same game!

The first incident of his reign, around which the politics of the time took form, was the conference of the clergy at Hampton Court, for the revision of the liturgy, in which the Puritan and the High-Church party were both represented. The king showed at once that he meant to throw himself into the arms of the party which would give him most power in the state, and could do most to place him in the position of the absolute monarchs of the continent of Europe. All pretensions of his Scottish reign were swept away like other pettinesses and inconveniences of his northern home. He silenced the Puritan doctors by entering himself into the arena.

"If you aim at a Scottish presbytery, it agrees as well with monarchy as God and the devil." These words show the spirit of the king's contributions to the discussion, of which Archbishop Whitgift was pleased to say that "undoubtedly his Majesty spake by the special assistance of God's Spirit." It was in this conference that his favorite axiom, "No bishop, no king," first appears on the royal lips. Perhaps it suggested the more ominous axiom, which I have quoted from his first Parliament, — "There can be no king without a people."

That Parliament was not summoned till the king had been on the throne more than a year; a

pestilence in London delaying its assembly. The celebrated gunpowder plot — in which twenty resolute men, who kept a secret for a year and a half, expected to destroy the king, his family, the Lords, and the Commons, and in which they came so near success — was detected just as the session began. The reaction from that plot might have given to James that hold on the people which, I think, he never gained. But he did not enter into the rage against the Roman Church, to whose church the conspirators belonged; and the terrible experience prolonged only a little the "inevitable conflict" between him and his subjects.

If we trace the history of the court, the chapters of this reign are the histories of favorites, Carr and Villiers; of the death of Prince Henry; of the matches proposed for Prince Charles; and of the fortunes of the Princess Elizabeth, at one moment the object of Protestant idolatry. The episodes in that court history are such as closed poor Raleigh's life. If we trace the history of the people, we find the steady growth of resistance to other authority than the authority of the law. We find the luxury of wide and wider study of the Scripture, passing sometimes into the fanaticism and folly of a novelty. We trace the growth to manhood of Eliot and Hampden, Winthrop and Vane and Cromwell. Shakespeare died in 1615, midway in the king's reign. The Colony of Virginia was planted under the old system of colonization, 1607; and, in the same year, the

Pilgrim Fathers were driven out of England, little knowing that they were to be the great exemplars of the success of the new system of colonization. The received version of the English Scriptures was made by a commission appointed by the king, and came into common use in England. The two things in history which preserve the reign of James from contempt are the translation of the Bible and the settlement of America. And I can give no better illustration of the way in which history has been written in the past, than by saying that in the two great English histories of this reign, by Hume and by Lingard, the translation of the Bible is not so much as mentioned, and that Lingard does not give a word to the planting of America. Hume only squeezes out for it a wretched page in the midst of chapters devoted to the disgusting intrigues of Rochester and the Countess of Essex and Buckingham and the rest, none of whom are of any worth but for this, — that they were busily destroying the last relics of the regard which men had for the institutions of feudal times.

The intrigues of the court and the deep determination of the people of England can be put face to face, however, by dragging out from history the contemporary revelations. William Brewster, telling of old times around his pine-knot fire in Plymouth, filled his stage with such actors as Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, King James, Raleigh, Essex, Southampton, all of whom

he must have seen, as I suppose he must have seen William Shakespeare. On that Christmas season of 1620, at the moment when John Carver and Edward Winslow were cutting the timber for the first storehouse of Plymouth, building better than they knew indeed, King James was entertaining at his palace the embassy which first proposed the ill-fated marriage between Charles I. and Henrietta of France. Of the masque prepared for that royal entertainment, all that is known is that the humor consisted in the ridicule of a Puritan. From the building of the storehouse grew the old Colony, the richer Colony of Massachusetts, the New England confederation, the union of the United States and the republican government and the civil liberty of America. From the policy which united Charles and Henrietta, grew the English rebellion and the English revolution; from that marriage came Charles II., James II., and Queen Mary. The two lines of history which are thus suggested lead out from the contrast between the history of the court and the history of the people in the reign of King James.

But in King Charles's time, people and king come closer, and the history of the politics of the people is the history of the politics of the king. Charles quarrelled with his first Parliament; and if he could have had his way, he would never have had another. Our associate, Mr. Sabine, reminds us that the very first question on which king and

Commons broke was an American question, — a question of the fisheries. For eleven years Charles reigned as absolutely as Philip II. ever reigned in Spain. He and his would have been glad to reign so until now, and might have done so, but that there was an English church and an English people. Nay, do not let me, even in the accident of expression, imply that between the church and the people there was any distinction, if you speak of the real church and the real people. Of that great crisis of English history, the secret is this, — that the real people of England were religious men and women to the very bottom of their hearts; that what they did in matters politic they did as matter of religious duty; not as what poor James called a piece of statecraft, but as a part of their religious allegiance to the King of kings. I believe this profound conviction of religious duty has been the secret of all the successful politics of the men of that race from that day to this day. But it was a divine mystery which it was not given to politicians like Wentworth, or formalists like Laud, or liars like King Charles, to understand. None the less was there a fire beneath the whole, of which the tokens were sometimes fearful and sometimes awful. Its presence there gives to the study of the politics to which it lent the heat, an interest, which to the intrigues of courtiers like those of Louis, or even to the rivalries of statesmen like those of Elizabeth, is all unknown.

It is, of course, impossible to measure by any statistics the extent or the depth of this religious feeling or of any religious feeling. It is to be observed, however, that a long series of nonconformity on the one hand, and of what the English Church calls pluralism on the other, left but two thousand clergymen in the service of the ten thousand livings of England, in Queen Elizabeth's time. Of these two thousand clergymen, nearly one thousand marked themselves as Puritan by joining in the petition which, at James's accession, begged him to amend the rubrics in favor of Puritan consciences. These figures show that, while there were ten thousand congregations of churches in England, but little more than one thousand of her clergy gave even a silent acquiescence to such extravagant pretensions as those of Whitgift and Bancroft, who, in such matters, were the predecessors of Laud. In Charles's time, the fact is incidentally stated that, in the dead-weight of property, the Puritan House of Commons was three times as rich as was the House of Lords, a very considerable part held with the people as against the king. Be it always remembered, too, that on the side of the king also, as soon as you leave the rank of mere soldiers and mere courtiers, you are surrounded by men and women of the purest conscience. You meet such men as George Herbert and Owen Feltham. When they came to the arbitrament of arms, the misfortune to the king was that five sixths of England were

against him. And, as I said, that which gives the terrible reality to the history is the truth which I think no man will question, that, on both sides, a large portion of the combatants were actuated by profound religious conviction. And what saved England and America in that crisis was that the monarchs who wished to play the tyrant there found the English Church and the English people on the other side.

The first years of Charles's reign gave no hope to the people of England. I speak of the people in contrast to the men and women of the court, who were trying to hold to the methods of feudal rule. The marriage of the king with a Roman Catholic princess had offended and affronted the Protestantism of England. When he made war with France under the pretext of coming to the defence of the hard-pressed Huguenots, he conducted the war under such lead as Buckingham's; collected his revenue under such systems as Louis and Philip would have used; and, by the method, disgusted the English people, who might have been interested in the cause of the war. Two years after his reign began, Charles wanted the help of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop was in disgrace already, because he had refused the aid of the Church in the disgusting intrigue — with which I will insult no man's ears — in which Somerset and the Lady Essex were the actors. Now, in his retirement, he refused to license the printing

of a sermon, in which a court chaplain, Sibthorpe, had laid down the doctrine that a king might do what he pleased; and no man might say, "What dost thou?" For this refusal, King Charles suspended him, — the highest officer of the Church beneath himself. The act at this day would disgust the most ardent lover of the Episcopacy as much as it then disgusted the most eager Puritan. Buckingham's disgrace on the coast of France soon followed. The king's third Parliament was summoned, and Charles strove to govern it by buying Wentworth, — afterwards known as Lord Strafford, — "the first Englishman," says Macaulay boldly, "disgraced by a peerage." Laud was placed at the head of the High Commission Court. Parliament defied the king, and the king defied them. He dissolved them; and, as I said, began to reign for years as an absolute monarch. The Star Chamber was in its glory, and such men as Eliot and Hollis were in the Tower.

Such were the first five years of this young king's reign, — one steady insult to the best feeling of his people. In those five years Rev. John White, minister of Dorchester, the founder of Massachusetts, was in his way encouraging this man who had heard of New England, and teaching that to whom the name had never come before. "There was a land of refuge," White was saying to all men. And a larger and larger company of the merchants of London, of the mer-

chants of the other cities, and gradually of the country gentlemen of England, were learning that, if their battle were lost at home, it might be won in a land where there was no bishop and no king. I make no question that White, and those who acted with him, appealed to every motive that was honest, that would swell the number of those who would engage in the colonization movement. I have myself, in my poor way, in later times acted with those who were promoting emigration to the west of the Missouri River, when we thought that on that emigration great principles for all time depended. And I think, therefore, that unless men are very different now from what they were then, men entered into the great emigration from which we have grown with a large variety of motive. Only I am sure no man came here because he loved King Charles, or because he believed in Laud's Court of High Commission. And I am sure that John White and Matthew Cradock and Isaac Johnson and Richard Saltonstall and our great leader Winthrop meant that the enterprise should be controlled by men who would never give in to the tyrannies of Charles or to the pretensions of Laud. How well those intentions were carried out, I have next to show.

England "grows weary of her inhabitants; so as man, who is the most precious of all creatures, is here more vile and base than the earth we tread upon." These are the words which

Winthrop uses, in the "Nine Reasons" which justify the new plantation. These reasons are passed from hand to hand among the men most saddened by the oppressions of the Star Chamber, and most determined to find freedom somewhere. As soon as Mr. Forster published his larger life of Sir John Eliot, our President, Mr. Winthrop, in correspondence with him, discovered that the paper on Emigration there spoken of, sent by Eliot in the Tower to Hampden in his house, was a copy of Winthrop's "Nine Reasons." Eliot had transcribed Winthrop's Paper, and sent it to Hampden for his study. These men, the great leaders of the English Puritans, were thus personally interested in the enterprise here. We knew already that it had the support of Lords Brooke and Warwick and Say and Sele. They say John Hampden is not the Hampden who spent a winter at our Plymouth;[1] but it is equally certain that he and Eliot were interesting themselves in our Massachusetts Colony when it sailed, and were among those who saw how essential was this beginning to the success of their great cause. Under such auspices, the government and charter were transferred from England to New England, — the boldest change of base in history. In its success, as I believe, the history of constitutional liberty begins. That change was made by men who meant that their new-born State should not be dependent, if they

[1] Since I wrote this Mr. Mead has given Hampden back to us.

could help it, on the powers which were ruling England to her ruin.

On their arrival here, they settled the great question of bishop or no bishop, which was one of the elements of strife at home. They settled it by an arrangement of their churches, in the face of all that had been asserted by Whitgift and Bancroft and Laud. So far as the forms of government went, they swore their magistrates, their freemen, and their people to be faithful to the government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay; but they alluded no more in that oath to their allegiance to King Charles than to allegiance to King Louis or to the Pope of Rome. The governor and assistants only, for the first twelve years, were sworn to be faithful to King Charles; but so soon as he took up arms against the Parliament, his name disappears from the oath, long before it was disused by any one in England. Four years only after the foundation of Boston, a rumor came from England that a governor-general was to be appointed by the king. The magistrates took counsel with the ministers; and the ministers advised that if a governor-general were sent, "we ought not accept him; but defend our lawful possessions if we were able; otherwise, to avoid and protract." Two years later, some English ship captains in our harbor intimated that they should be glad to see the royal colors displayed on the fort in the harbor. They were answered that we had

not the king's colors to show. The shipmasters offered to lend them, but it cost a day's discussion, and evident heart-burnings, before they could be displayed there; and this was done only on a nicely drawn distinction on the king's authority in the fort, and the king's authority in the Colony. Early in the history, Endicott cut the cross out of the colors; and from that moment till the Restoration, I think, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had a flag of its own. On a new rumor, that the king or the Star Chamber proposed to extend their authority thus far, the chronicler, who had left his home to establish his tabernacle, undoubtedly expresses the determination of all the leaders when he says, they would rather remove again, and establish themselves in a "vacuum domicilium," — a home which no sovereign claimed, — this side the King of kings. To the valley of the Mohawk, perhaps, or, if God guided, farther west, to some Salt Lake Valley, if it were needed! They meant that men should know whether Charles's authority could go farther in America than the shores which the guns of his ships could command.

But there was no danger for Massachusetts. The bow had been bent too far, and it broke. The little history which had thus been rehearsed by a handful of zealous men, on the little stage of Massachusetts, was to be acted out by a larger company, to whom they sent many teachers, in the England which they feared. William Vas-

sall, one of the Massachusetts Company, Lord Say and Sele and John Hampden, both patentees of Connecticut, determined to bring the question of ship-money to trial. Once more, as Mr. Sabine reminds us, the turning question is a question of the fisheries. The ship-money built the fleet which drove off Dutch intrusion of the English fishing privileges. Sir John Eliot, meanwhile, Hampden's friend and ours, had died in the Tower. Laud had tried his hand on the reformation of Scotland. Charles had followed up the experiment with an army; and Alexander Leslie, with his other army of ministers, — an army which was within itself a church, of which every corps possessed a presbytery, — drove Charles and his army back to England. So passed the ten years, while Winthrop and Dudley and the rest were organizing New England into an independent State. The king had no choice left. By his own folly, he had wriggled himself to the corner of his board. He called, at last, a Parliament, and dissolved it. Then he was forced to call the Long Parliament; and then, though he did not know it, the game was done. "*Shah-mat*," says the Persian, as he finishes on the chessboard the game of simulated war, and the words have passed into all languages. Sometimes you take the bit of crowned ivory from the board, sometimes you leave it there. That is nothing. The game is ended. Shah-mat, — checkmate. The king is dead!

In Charles's case, the king, with his knights and bishops, hopped from square to square on their little board, for eight short years, hoping to avoid the inevitable. But the people of England had the power in their hands. The Great Remonstrance, at the end of 1641, showed that the Long Parliament understood its duty, and could do it. "If the vote had been lost," said Cromwell, as they left the House that night, "I would have sold all I had to-morrow, and would never have seen England more." He meant he would have come to New England.

> "O'er the deep
> Fly, and one current to the ocean add;
> One spirit to the souls our fathers had;
> One freeman more, America, to thee."

This was not the time when Charles stopped the ships on the Thames, when, it is said, Hampden was on board ready to emigrate. It is fairly doubted, whether Cromwell had joined that earlier emigration. This was four years later, — at the end of 1641. Had Cromwell come, he would have arrived here just before the first Commencement of Harvard College; he would have arrived just as the General Court was striking the name of King Charles out of the oath; he would have arrived just as the short-lived standing council was disarmed; he would have arrived just as the position of the Lower House first came into discussion; he would have arrived just as the four colonies were arranging their confederation. At

the election day of that year, John Winthrop was chosen governor for the first year of his third term. Would he perhaps have yielded his seat the next year to Oliver Cromwell? Would Oliver Cromwell have been the sixth governor of Massachusetts? or would he have led a company to Strawberry Bank, to the Connecticut, or to the Mohawk, and become himself the Protector of an infant Commonwealth?

It was not so written. The king tried war, — under the impression that has more than once deceived the cavaliers of a waning chivalry, that people who believe in precedents and principles, who trust in prayer because they trust in God, will not prove quick at fighting. At the stronghold of Nottingham, in the Sherwood Forest, where James had hunted, Charles displayed his banner. Two years of skirmishing advanced the final settlement but little; and the death of Hampden and Pym took from the Parliament the men who seemed their ablest guides. These two leaders were almost American except in name, both early friends of Massachusetts, both grantees of the charter of Connecticut. If Lord Nugent is to be believed, Hampden was actually on shipboard once on his way hither. Meanwhile our Earl of Warwick, who had really secured for us the Massachusetts charter, showed that his training for maritime adventures stood him well in stead, in his command of the Parliament fleet, which cut off from the king any foreign resources.

At this point, the Independents of England began more distinctly to study the methods of Massachusetts. Unterrified by the shock of arms, Parliament attempted the difficult question of church administration. The celebrated Westminster Assembly was convened, — hated, with good reason, by most children of recent generations, — but, for the first years of its existence, second only to the Long Parliament itself in its influence in England. To this assembly, Cotton, Hooker, and Davenport, the ministers of the first churches of Boston, Hartford, and New Haven, were earnestly invited by leading men in England, who dreaded the Presbyterian influence of that body. They were strongly tempted, I suppose, but they did not go. Hooker, for one, felt sure that he could arrange the church system of America. He believed in the independence of America too thoroughly, to compromise our system by any failure in England. And, as it proved, the plans of Cotton have worked well here to this hour.

On the question of Presbyterian Church Government, or Independency, or Congregationalism, as Cotton preferred to call our form of it, a great deal seemed to depend. Among other things, the alliance with Presbyterian Scotland seemed to depend upon it. At the outset of the civil war, there seemed no doubt that the Presbyterian influence prevailed both in the Parliament and the Westminster Assembly. We are to remem-

ber all along, as Lord Nugent says, that nothing has more tended to cloud this history than the use of the one word "Puritan" to represent Presbyterians and Independents. When we speak of the Puritans as proclaiming religious liberty in the trumpet tones of Milton, we mean not the Presbyterians, but the Independents. Looking back upon history, we can see that the Presbyterians were tempted to hold that midway position of compromise, which seldom triumphs in revolutions which involve a principle, — the position which the Girondists held in France in the first revolution, and which the Parliamentary opposition in the French Chambers held in the last. The little company of Independents steadily gained force in Parliament and in the Assembly, which their numbers at the outset did not seem to promise. What is of vast importance at such a crisis, it proved that, with such leaders as Cromwell, they were gaining the sway of the army, while the simplicity and democracy of their system gained, for the moment at least, the confidence of the great body of the people. In all their argument, they had always the great advantage of showing our working example of their theory. A working example is what the Englishman of American, of Saxon lineage, always respects as he respects no untried theory. The New England churches were Independent Churches; and Cromwell and Vane and Fiennes and St. John used the tracts of Cotton and Hooker

and Norton, and the other New England ministers, as being for a thousand reasons the best weapons in their arsenal.

In the arrangement of the churches of England, the theory of the New England Independents triumphed over the theory of the Presbyterians. I do not claim that it triumphed because of their advocacy. I think it more safe to say, that it triumphed because it was an extreme opinion, and those were extreme times. It triumphed without any formal vote. On the other hand, the formal votes of the Westminster Assembly arranged the Presbyterian order, and the Presbyterian machinery was established in London and in Lancashire. But no enactment of Parliament carried it out through England; and the more simple statement, which made each congregation an independent church, was the statement which, for the period of the English Commonwealth, prevailed in practice.

But the times had swept men beyond any mere question of ecclesiastical arrangement. It was now a question between halfway men and men who, in President Lincoln's phrase, would "put it through." Cromwell and his friends among the Independents had found out what I suppose the leaders of the people find out in the beginning of all civil wars. They found out that, in their own army, the Essexes and the Manchesters were afraid of beating the king too well. The question of Independent versus Presbyterian,

which was at first a question of church discipline, became a question of strategy in the field, of diplomacy in negotiation, of stern practice in Parliament, and at last in the Palace Yard. It became at last the question between the army and the Parliament. And, in that question, the Independents, — who ruled the army, — as we know, prevailed. The army purged the Parliament. The purged Parliament created the High Court of Justice for the trying and judging of Charles Stuart. The High Court of Justice found him guilty of treason and beheaded him. There may be a people without a king, — there cannot be a king without a people.

I should like to discuss the question, whether their success were the success of might, or of right, or of both together. I believe the right conquered when the might conquered. The Fathers of New England thought so: I think with them. I must not discuss that question now. I must leave it where Cromwell left it in his letter to Hammond. Two lawful powers in England disagree as to the disposition to be made of the king. One is the army, lawfully called, and consisting of thousands of Christian men, who have risked, and still risk, their lives, as witness for their sincerity. The other is Parliament, chosen eight years since by the clumsy borough system of England; of which a majority believes that the king's word may still be taken.

These two are at issue. Cromwell says that the army is the truer representation of the people of England. I think he is right. As to the question decided, whether Charles could be believed for an instant, when his interest required him to be false, all men know now that the decision of the army was the true one.

If I know myself, I can speak without prejudice here. Personally, I am proud to run back the lines of my own ancestry to Adrian Scrope, who voted for the king's death, and afterwards, trusting in Charles's II.'s amnesty, lost his own head for trusting it. By another line, I am proud to trace my ancestry to Mary Dyer, the Quaker, who, at nearly the same time, was hanged by the Massachusetts Puritans here on Boston Common, because she, too, thought she ought to obey God rather than man. I am proud of both these ancestors. I am as proud of one of them as I am of the other. They teach me very distinctly the lesson of the narrowness of Puritan presumption. But while I learn that lesson, I learn also the lesson of the Puritan's unfaltering loyalty to the King of kings. I think no man studies history fairly who does not learn one of those lessons, while he learns the other; and, speaking for myself, if I had been called upon to make the great decision between the people of England and him who had a fair chance to prove himself their king, — I hope I should not have been

daunted by the terrors which then surrounded the mere name of Royalty. I hope I should have meted to him justice for his every act of falsehood and of treason. I hope I should have treated him as fairly as I would have treated the meanest soldier in his army. So tried, I have no doubt that Charles the First deserved death, if it were ever deserved by man from the hand of man.

That work was the work of the English Independents. The same men who established the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in this act established the Commonwealth of England. Not that the Independents voted, without distinction, for the execution of the king; but they did mean, without distinction, to give to the people the rule of the Commonwealth. I have no desire to overstate the share which New Englanders who had recrossed to England had in the great issue. I say simply that New England did, on a small scale, what England then did on a large scale; and that the same men directed there as had sympathized here. Here, were but ten thousand men, all told; there, were at least a million. The population of England was at least five millions, of whom one fifth, I suppose, were men. To the assistance of England the ten thousand here lent such men as Stephen Winthrop, Edward Winslow, John Leverett, and Robert Sedgwick, who took the highest military rank; such men as

Desborough, Peters, Downing, and Hopkins, who took high civil rank. And you remember it is said that of the first graduates of Harvard College, the abler part always returned to England to give there the service of their lives.

The words "Independence" and "Independent" are now favorite words in America. I have observed in later days that they have found especial favor in connection with the word "Sovereignty" in those States of this Union which fancy they are descended from the cavaliers of England. "Independent and Sovereign States," they say. Favorite words in America since a Continental Congress of the United States, led by the children of Roundheads, proclaimed the United States to be "free and independent." It is well, therefore, to remember how those words came into the English language. They are not in the English Bible. They are not in Shakespeare's plays. You read there of Dependence. Yes. But not yet of Independency. The word "Independency" was born when the hated Brownists separated themselves from the Church of England. The word "Independent" was borrowed from their vocabulary, to designate the men who triumphed with Cromwell; and from that dictionary of the Church the word was borrowed again in 1776, when the United States of America became an Independent nation.

I must not attempt any further details of the

triumphs of the Commonwealths of England and of New England. I have attempted to show that their politics were at heart the same. The leaders of the Commonwealth of England were the friends of New England. The leaders in New England came here with omens which seemed unpromising, to win a success which was denied at home. I know no self-sacrifice in history more loyal and gallant than that of our great governor when he was asked to go back to England to take a place of honor and command, in their hopeful beginnings; and when he held to the little State in the wilderness rather than return to the delights of home and the certainty of distinction. It was that little State, of perhaps thirty thousand people, which treated almost as an equal with the Parliament of England. In speaking of that State, the Long Parliament speaks of commerce between "the kingdom of England" and "the kingdom of New England." To that independent State the Parliament yielded the privilege of universal commerce, which to all *colonies* of England was denied. And that independent State, in the next session of the General Court of Massachusetts, returned the international civility, and, by the first reciprocal treaty, gave to the kingdom of England like privileges to those which to "the kingdom of New England" had thus been granted. To the navigation laws of that Parliament, and of Cromwell, England

owes this day the commerce which whitens every sea. To that first reciprocal treaty New England owed the early maritime development which has sent her ships to every ocean.

As time has passed by, the Parliament of England has learned that Oliver Cromwell was never sovereign in that island. In the line of statues of English sovereigns in Parliament House, the eye first rests upon the vacant space between the images of Charles I. and Charles II. There is no Cromwell there! Yet if he were not sovereign of England for the ten years after the royal traitor died, it would be hard to say who was. He was not the sovereign of New England in those years. In those years New England knew no sovereign but her people. But he was the friend of New England and the friend of her rulers. They loved him, they believed in him, they honored him. He represented the policy which for ten years triumphed in Old England, and which has triumphed in New England till this time. Massachusetts is about to acknowledge her debt to Winthrop, which she can never pay, by erecting his statue in the National Capitol. There it is to stand first among the founders of America; first, where Virginia Dare and John Smith and George Calvert, and even Roger Williams and William Penn, are second. When that obligation is thus acknowledged, Massachusetts may well erect in her own capitol, face to face with

Chantrey's statue of George Washington, the statue which England has not reared of Oliver Cromwell. It may bear this inscription:—

OLIVER CROMWELL.

This man believed in Independency.
He was the sovereign of England for ten years.
He was the friend of New England through his life.

This statue stands here till the England which we love,
and from which we were born, shall know who
her true heroes were.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

[A dinner speech at the New York Forefathers' Society Celebration.]

MR. HALE said: The interest of our meeting, Mr. President, undoubtedly belongs to the severity of the season. At the moment when the days are at the very shortest, we would gladly commemorate the ardor and pluck with which these men — and these women, too, let us remember that — established themselves at Plymouth, and laid the foundations of an empire. Their more prosperous companions in Massachusetts Bay, whose descendants unite with theirs for this great celebration, were more fortunate in their voyage, in their landing, and in some of their outward circumstances. But this is to be remembered, that between Plymouth and the Bay, from that moment to this moment, there has not been the slightest jar or conflict. Not even on that matter where men are so apt to quarrel, not even on the forms of the religion, which is, at bottom, one for all mankind, was there ever any dissension. In the Bay there were men who had received the ordination of the Church of England, proclaiming the gospel which

they loved to the congregations which had come over that they might enjoy it. And in Plymouth there gathered in their common house for worship the little assembly of the Pilgrims, to listen to the same gospel as it was proclaimed by William Brewster, the godly printer, who had received no call to the ministry but the call of the Holy Spirit, and had no ordination but the ordination of the living God. Let me stop to say that we do not forget to-night the misfortune which has just now befallen the fourth temple which has been built on that spot for this same worship. It is scarcely a month since, by a conflagration, that church was burned down, and the successors of Brewster and his followers are to rebuild it, — the first church built in New England "for the greater glory of God." Let us highly resolve, before we leave this hall this evening, that we, speaking for the other representatives of the Pilgrim Fathers in all parts of the country, will see to it that the church which is to arise on that place shall stand, for a thousand years to come, a monument of the energy and simplicity of their faith, and of the love and admiration of their children.[1]

The subject of a New England festival is always the same. It is always old; it is always new. It is always old, because the foundation of

[1] To the liberality and energy of the New England Society we owe very liberal contributions to the beautiful and permanent church lately dedicated. — E. E. H.

the success of New England is that her history is founded, I will not say on Plymouth Rock, but on the Rock of Ages. It is always new, because we are getting every day at some new hint which helps us in the details of our picture, — something from some Scrooby or some Leyden, or even from our own back country, — a detail which we had not before, as to the eventful year now beginning. And there is no part of the world, as we have a right here to say, where some one does not find a sequel, does not strike the stream which flowed from this little fountain. As I said, nothing is more interesting than the way in which at once, from the very beginning, the men of the Old Colony — as we still fondly say in Massachusetts — and the men of the Bay joined hands with each other. They were not the same men; their history was not the same; their industries were not the same; their ancient customs were not the same. Here at Plymouth was this little group of English artisans — men who knew how to judge wool, how to spin it, and weave it and dye it; makers of yarn and stockings, of clocks and looking-glasses — as if it pleased God that the dignity of the mechanical arts should be shown in the very planting of an empire. And here in the Bay were grouped men whom in England they would have called another class; people who had been in universities, people who had been in the courts, people who had friends at court. And perhaps not one man of them of

the one colony, in the Old World, had seen one man of the other colony.[1] But this difference of the men is simply external. When they come to their new homes, they have one life, because they have one duty.

On these shortest days of the year, we gather to testify our honor for the brave men and women who, on the very day of the beginning of winter, planted the foundations of an empire. And our prosperous Massachusetts Colony, on the other hand, made the shore and landed on the next day, on the 21st of June, in the glow of summer — "What is so rare as a day in June?" — had landed in the midst of strawberries and flowers and all the native luxuries of the Beverly shore. These two days of landing are a fit type of what the little struggling foothold on a desert was, as compared with the dignified arrangements of those who came in a fleet, fortified by the charter of a king, to carry on a government in a way predetermined in London.

And yet, with all this contrast of men and of circumstances, the two coalesced from the very beginning. The Pilgrim at Plymouth sends his doctor to heal the sick in the Bay. The Governor of Massachusetts goes down and joins in a prayer-meeting with the people at Plymouth. From that hour to this, there has not been the

[1] But I think William Brewster must have met some of the older of the Bay Men. Had he and some of them, perhaps, gone to the Globe Theatre on the sly? — E. E. H.

first shade of difference between the two. From that hour to this hour the two States have been one State, their leaders have been friends, their destiny has been the same, and their dignity has been the same. How do you account for this? Why is it that the States lying side by side are not quarrelling together, as they always do in feudal institutions or in European history? The difference is, that the feudal institutions die within fifteen minutes after the immigrant lands in America. The word "feudal" is a good one because it describes the eternal feuds which exist between the men who are educated in that complicated social system of top, bottom, and middle. And the feudal system perishes as soon as every man understands that he is his brother's keeper and in the company of men who know that they live together "for the greater glory of God."

Mr. President and gentlemen, it is in those great words that we find the real secret history of the success of New England. I do not claim it for New England alone. I am willing to admit the claim of my friends on the right and left of me here, who point out so well what the older republics have done, men who are trained in the same school of religion, of liberty and civilization. But I do "CLAIM," as they say in the Patent Office, that the great discovery was the discovery of success for the State, where all men act as if they believed in that central statement, that the chief end of man is the glory of God. What is

the chief end of man? Some of you were asked the question in your catechism, and however you blundered in the rest of the catechism, you were able to say in reply: "The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." There is a statement on which Dr. Briggs and his prosecutors will agree; there is the statement which thousands of men and women — hundreds of thousands of men and women — have received and believed. Massachusetts is Massachusetts, and New England is New England, because these people have lived to the glory of God. It is one thing for a man to awake in the morning, meaning to live for his own comfort, for his own palate, for his own wants, for his own house, for his own bank account, for his own fame; and it is quite another thing for a man to wake in the morning, and come to the consciousness that that day he is to live for the glory of God.

Somehow or other, these simple men and women, trained, if you please, in a school of what you call ignorance, trained in a life which you now call bigoted, woke in the morning with that divine feeling: "This world is to be a better world to-night because I am in it; this world is to be more God's world because I am in it; God's kingdom is to come to-day, and it is to come because I am in it." The man with such a conviction goes out to split shingles, and he splits shingles to the glory of God; he goes to break through a snowdrift, and breaks through the

snowdrift to the glory of God. If he goes to capture Louisburg, he captures Louisburg to the glory of God; and when he goes to defy George III., and the greatest empire of the world, it is for the glory of God that he defies him, because he understands that he is at work with God. Because he knows that he has an Almighty ally, this man succeeds.

Take another man, who rises with a different motive. Ask him, what are you for to-day? "Why, if I am down town early, I can arrange to sell more liquor to-day than I sold yesterday; if we have a successful day, there shall be more men going home cross to their wives at night; there shall be more men carried home, because they cannot find their way there, and I shall have more money in the bank; I shall have a chance to take in another room into our shop to-morrow; at the end of a year I shall have $1000 more than I earned last year." Now, such a man as this does not help much for the advancement of your State; such a story as this is not much gained when you balance your books in the eternal account.

There is exactly this distinction of motive, which you may see all along at any moment, between that date when these men laid the foundations of their house on a Christmas morning, or this day which has closed just now. As I look on the men who are around me in life, I see just the same contrast. I can remember, myself, the men who introduced this great railroad system in

America. I can remember the hard struggles of the beginning. I can remember the toy railway in my father's parlor, in which he used to show to men what was meant by a flange and a car-wheel. I can remember how sadly and incredulously they looked upon him, regretting that so clever a man should be so crazy; and so I remember how he and the men who were with him were at work for the greater glory of God, so that His world might be better fed, so that homes might be happier, so that life might be easier. I can envy my friends who sit on my right hand and on my left hand here, who are engaged in this high vocation. I can envy the honorable directors of the internal traffic of this nation, as they reflect that by the work which they have done in the last thirty years, the loaf of the poorest man in New York costs him half what it would have cost him thirty years ago. I should think such men would go to bed at night happy, to know that they have created as God creates, that they have been fellow-workmen with God in one of His great efforts.

Now, compare such a man as that with a man who, not caring for the prosperity of the country, not caring for the purposes of God, has set himself at work for this day, or for a year, merely to clothe his own body, to soothe his own palate, or, as I said, to build up his own bank account in one of these transactions. Why, I read the other day, in a poor novel which my publisher sent

me,[1] one chapter which struck me as having in it something terrible. It described a man — and perhaps there are such men — who from day to day in his life was simply attempting to care for "myself," for "me," what I have, what I owe, my stocks, my bonds, and my company. This man, as he was described in this story, was willing to get possession of a railway line merely that he might ruin it, was willing to crush out of existence the owners merely that, in the competition of affairs, he might be the stronger. Swedenborg says that men carry their hell about with them. I cannot conceive any hell more terrible than the hell of such a man as I find described in this story, who, when he saw some poor beggar on the sidewalk, should say to himself: "Perhaps I am he who reduced this man to that penury;" who, whenever some poor widow came to him, asking for some miserable pittance, had to reflect that perhaps he to whom she spoke had been the cause of the starvation of her children. The novelist was too skilful to make this man die in his sins. Death is too good for such a hound. The novelist had the tact to take him into a foreign country, that he might live there in exile from his kind, and that, hour by hour, as he tickled his palate with their Burgundies, or as he fed his hunger at their feasts, he should

[1] The "poor novel" was "Sybil Knox," — by Edward E. Hale. The chapter on wrecking the Cattaraugus Railroad is by my son Arthur. — E. E. H.

have the gnawing recollection at his heart that he had done his best to set back the purposes of Almighty God, and to injure the prosperity of the country in which he lived.

It is really because from the day those men landed at Plymouth — from the day when Winthrop sighted the Beverly shore — they and their companions were trying to advance this world, to make it a better one, or, as they said themselves, to live to God's glory, — it is because of this that Massachusetts and New England can claim any success which they have achieved in four or five continents, or on the ocean. It was this that sent their whaling fleets into "both the oceans," as Burke said, — Burke, who knew little of the oceans of to-day.[1] It was because of this — I do not say that they planted schools and colleges, but that they planted civil government; that they built up States; that they united those States when the time for union came; it is because of this that America is the first nation in the world.

Guizot, when he was in exile, asked Mr. Lowell, when he was our Minister in London, how long the American Union would exist, and Lowell said to him: "It will exist so long as the men of America hold to the fundamental principles of their fathers." The fundamental principles of the fathers! Central in these fundamental principles is the determination of fathers and of children that in each day of life the world shall be a

[1] Burke meant the North Atlantic and the South Atlantic.

better world; that is, in each day of life a man shall live to the glory of God.

These gentlemen who are around me, representing other republics and older republics than ours, representing other religions than ours, and States of another origin than ours, must not think that it is I who am describing the morals or the prosperity of New England. I hold in my hand a little slip from the "London Times," which I carry around with me in my vest pocket, lest I should meet an Englishman. The "London Times" is a hard hitter, a hard censor. It does not easily praise, but sometimes it is obliged to praise, compelled by the majesty of truth. Let me read you what the "Thunderer" says of us, under such compulsion: —

"The sympathy of the people of Massachusetts is a title to the consideration of the world. No community of which we have any knowledge approaches in enlightenment or morality to the inhabitants of this part of the Union." [1]

We Massachusetts men are modest, and so we do not ask for language more marked than this, which is extorted from the lips of the most consistent enemy of liberal institutions.

And it is to the destiny which awaits such a race that we are willing to commit the future. What that future will be, we do not know, and we do not ask to know; but we are firm in the faith that, as long as the children will "hold to

[1] In a leader on John Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry.

the fundamental principles of the fathers," the same success will crown their endeavors which has crowned those of the fathers. If we live "to the greater glory of God." If each man of us every day resolves to set this world one stage forward, we are sure of Infinite Alliance, and he who has the infinite alliance is not apt to fail.

We meet together here at the season of the year when there is least light. Yes, but more light is coming! It is the season which the Church appointed for the celebration of the birth of Christ, because the Church meant to say that at the very moment when the world was darkest, there was the greatest certainty of sunlight. This is the month when, by one of those curious coincidences which compel us to believe that history is written by universal law, it happened, as we reverently say, that fifty weavers and spinners and fullers, with their delicate wives and wondering children, laid the foundation of an empire, laid the foundations of democracy, which is to say, of our empire.

"The lengthening days shall longer grow,
Till summer rules the land;
From Pilgrim rills great rivers flow,
Grow stronger and more grand.
So may He grant that, year by year,
The Sun of Righteousness more clear
May to our awaiting hearts appear.
And from His doubtful East arise
The noon-day Monarch of the skies,
Till darkness from the nations flies;
Till all know Him as they are known
And all the world be all His own."

THE PEOPLE'S BATTLE

[An address delivered in Boston on the 17th of June, 1893.]

"Ere long on Bunker Hill Democracy, announcing in rifle-volleys, death-winged, under her star banner, to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle Doo' that she is born, and, whirlwind-like, will envelop the whole world." — *Carlyle in his "French Revolution."*

I NEVER pass through Staniford Street without remembering a story of Bunker Hill. An old lady, who was a girl on that fatal day, told me that she never forgot how, late in the afternoon, the carts from the wharves brought up the wounded English soldiers as they had been taken from the field. The child saw, shuddering, the gouts of blood from wounds unbandaged yet, as it dropped from the carts upon the roadway. So close are we to that critical action, from which, as Carlyle has taught us, modern democracy took its birth, that such an anecdote as this can be repeated, as I repeat it, from the narrator. So short a period, after all, is comprised in the passage of one hundred and eighteen years.

On the other hand, that arc of the great curve of history is already so long that we can calculate from it the curve and its law. Our fathers were enraged at the issue of the fight. Washington was engaged, for weeks after his arrival, in pushing out of the way the useless court-martials

which had been called to decide who had misbehaved. Even Abigail Adams says, writing the next day, "I would not have gone through such torture for the possession of a hundred hills." This is what men and women thought at the time. Yet now, on the other hand, we know that by that battle the result of the American Revolution was decided and all that has flowed from it. Carlyle's phrase, which I cited just now, is precisely true. In the century which has passed, Democracy, starting from Bunker Hill, has encompassed the world.

In Colonel Creasy's valuable book on "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of History," he selects as the one American battle among them the action or series of actions at Saratoga. Colonel Creasy is undoubtedly right in supposing that that battle, and the loss of Burgoyne's whole army, immediately changed the diplomacy of Europe. It brought France and Spain into alliance with the United States, and gave to the United States the sympathy and good wishes of all the world. England was left, as she is so often, without a friend in diplomacy. But the United States had won its real victory two years before. Our Charlestown battle had taught the lesson which neither Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, nor Cornwallis ever forgot. From that time forth, these men and those who served under them respected the American soldier, and dared not attack him except in the open field. For

the six years of fighting, there is no important instance, after Bunker Hill, in which English troops were led to storm American works, with the one exception of Groton Heights. In that exception, the attacking force was five times the number of the little company of militia, who did not pretend to man their works, so few they were. At Red Bank, they were Hessians who were murdered by the madness of a German commander. For the rest, the attacks on our positions were made by regular approaches, or were decided by fighting in the open field.

Naturally enough, this caution on the part of the commanders was never publicly made known at home; and as late as 1780, you will find Cowper, who was a stanch Tory in his politics, complaining that "our generals and troops are drugged" in the Capua of New York. All the same was it true that, from that moment till the war ended, the English army of the north was virtually held besieged in garrisons. When Dr. Franklin was told that Howe had taken Philadelphia, he said with his own insight and humor, "or rather Philadelphia has taken him." It was just so. And the march from Philadelphia to New York, in which Clinton led back the force which has been taken to Philadelphia mostly by sea, is the longest march which was ever made by any enemy in the free States of America. That march, after Monmouth, was virtually a flight. Washington's army was close behind,

and in those hot summer days Clinton gave his men no pause till they were safe under his fortifications. From the safety thus earned, they never emerged as one army till they sailed for England on Evacuation Day.

All this immunity from the desolation of war was due to the hour and a half of a summer afternoon which we call the Battle of Bunker Hill, and which we celebrate to-day.

I have no intention of attempting again the story of the short battle. An hour and a half of that summer afternoon, and all was over. For our men, doubt, hope, victory, doubt again, victory again, the final conflict and retreat, all crowded into those ninety minutes. The story has been told marvellously well, again and again. I remember no passage in history which has been so graphically described. At the moment, or within a few weeks, two official accounts of it were printed. One was the story by General Burgoyne, of what he saw from the south, watching every moment from Copp's Hill. The other was by Rev. Thomas Thatcher, the accomplished young minister of Malden, who described the whole as he saw it from the east, across the Mystic River. This was printed by the Provincial Congress, as the official history of the day. It is the old story of the silver and gold shield over again. You would scarcely know that the two writers described the same event. But from the two, a reasonably correct outline of the whole

may be made. Fifty years after, Mr. Webster told the story in his memorable oration, when our corner-stone was laid. Both the Everetts, Alexander and Edward, described the battle in their orations, with the advantage of the personal reminiscences from men who had been upon the scene. I myself saw Alexander Everett hold up before the audience the very bullet which he supposed, with reason, struck Warren down. He told, on that occasion, the charming anecdote of the attractions of Miss Lovell, the schoolmaster's daughter, to whose loveliness her country owed so much on that decisive day.

Second to none of these narratives in the vividness of its description, and in the eloquence of its appeal, was the great address which most of you remember, by our distinguished associate, Gen. Charles Devens, in the presence of General Grant. An experienced soldier told to the greatest soldier of his time the tale of the passage of arms most interesting to them both. A Charlestown man was telling the story of what passed on the slopes of the hill by the well-remembered marsh over which he has flown his kite when he was a boy. A careful student of history, himself experienced in war, he was describing each passage of the flight to the hero of a hundred battles, and of peace restored. The intense interest with which General Grant listened, will be remembered by all of you who sat near him. And one is glad to put on record some memorial of the

eager enthusiasm with which he spoke afterwards of that great address, so remarkable in itself, and so fortunate in all its circumstances.

I was fortunate enough, a few weeks since, to see Trumbull's original studies for his great picture of the closing scene, with the death of Warren. Trumbull was not on the ground when the battle was fought. But he saw it as soon as the siege was over, and his neighbor, and, I think, his townsman, was Colonel Knowlton, the hero of the Rail-Fence, the same who drew Washington's magnificent eulogy the next year. Knowlton's Connecticut Contingent covered the retreat, in soldierly order, as if on parade, unmolested by the exhausted victors. No one pretends, of course, that Trumbull's picture is precise as a representation taken by a camera might be. He was not there with his sketch-book as Warren fell unconscious. If he had been, he would not have been handling a pencil. But we do know that every accessory is correctly studied, that we have good portraits of most of the actors, that every detail of costume is correct, and I may say that there is no fanciful or conventional misstatement in the picture. One likes to say this now, in the age of realism in art, because Trumbull had great injustice done him by the critics of fifty years ago. It was the habit then to ridicule that conscientious precision of his which every historical artist now regards as a necessity of course in his business. The truth is, that

Trumbull had the advantage of the best training of the English schools, while there yet was an English school, and that his work shows how well he improved those advantages. He borrowed from his masters the best they had to give him, and he avoided, with the instinct of real genius, their absurdities. And in poetry, as well, we have Dr. Holmes's spirited ballad, which will carry to distant times the memory of this signal day, as the story was told in Boston.

Such good reason have I, that I do not attempt again, what it has been my duty and pleasure to attempt elsewhere, any narrative of the battle. Nor have I any wish to rake over extinct ashes, and to discuss again that very curious question which always excited our fathers on this anniversary, as to who was the American commander.

But I should like to claim your attention for a few moments to what I think a very important point in history. I want to consider the fact, namely, that any such question should have arisen. How impossible such a discussion in history, written on feudal lines! Is there any controversy to be compared with this in all the earlier annals?

It is a great battle! As it proves, the fortunes of the world have turned on it. What was known at the moment was that more than half the force of the victors lay dead or wounded when the fight was done. It proved, when history could be rightly studied, that the army which thought it

was beaten, was practically victorious. It was one of those defeats which is a victory.

Now it is of such a battle, thus critical, thus central and all-important, that you cannot say without an argument, you cannot say without being sure you shall be challenged, who commanded the American forces. Could there possibly be a finer illustration than this, of what we mean when we say that the People is the Sovereign of America? This was the People's battle, at the beginning of the People's war. The People's war was to begin the People's sovereignty. "We, the People of the United States, ordain this Constitution."

In this beginning of the People's war, the Sovereign took the field in person. When the Sovereign is in the field, every officer defers to him. If the Emperor is at Solferino, you hardly ask what is the date of the commission of the Field-Marshals.

There was not one man who carried a musket that night across Charlestown Neck but who was eager to go, and went because he wanted to. These are no conscripts dragged into those ranks. These are no recruits, like those who are to die yonder to-morrow, brought into the service of their king by the promise of rations and clothing and pay. These men are a contingent of the People. The People sees that its majesty is threatened, and itself resents the insult. Stark's sharpshooters from New Hampshire, these fine

fellows who marched with Knowlton from Connecticut in a day and a night, these farmers from Middlesex who surround Prescott in the redoubt and handle pickaxe and spade through the long morning as well as they handled their queen's arms in the afternoon — all of them show to these hireling English what the People is in the field. This Sovereign does not need to buy Brunswickers or Hessians. This Sovereign fights for his country himself, and, if need be, he dies for her. Had you asked those men the next day who was the commander, there was perhaps not a man of them but would have said, "Nobody commands me; I go because I choose to go." And yet, as the whole history of that sacred day shows, from the first blow of the pickaxe at midnight till at sundown the sad march over Milk Row was ended, every man of them knew what in the People's language is called obedience to constituted authority.

Now, it is because the Sovereign thus took the field in person that men at the time were indifferent, and men afterwards were uncertain, who was the nominal commander.

Our business of to-day is with this phase of history. We study this battle and commemorate it because it is the People's battle. It is in the beginning of the People's victory. It is no victory of a Napoleon, a Frederic, of Field-Marshal this or Field-Marshal that. It is the People's affair.

In the majestic ritual in which this same People discharges the most solemn duties of justice, when a prisoner is to be tried, — it may be for his life, — when the judges, the sheriff and his officers and the witnesses are collected, the officer of the court, after an oath has been administered to the jury, says to them, in words as old as Alfred's time, I suppose: "This Prisoner throws himself upon his Country, Which Country you are!"

"Which Country you are!" That is the charge given to all and each of those men in the redoubt; of Knowlton's men and Stark's at the rail fence; of Putnam's handful on the hill. The guardian angel of America might have spoken the words to them. They were not simply a detachment. They were not, as I said, a band of mercenaries. America herself took the field. The Sovereign was in arms. "Which Country you are!"

The history of this battle has been written so often by persons who learned to write in Europe, that this essential characteristic of it — that it is the People's Battle — is neglected, is forgotten. When Carlyle, sixty-six years ago — hardly more than that time from the battle — penned his famous phrase which I have cited, I do not believe he knew what Democracy is. Democracy is not simply a system in which the People chooses its rulers; it is a system in which the People rules itself, and commands its servants. On occasion fit, the People takes the field. I say I do not think Carlyle understood this dis-

tinction. I think I have never known but one Englishman who did. The people from that side are forever talking of our rulers. We know that we appoint our magistrates, and that we are ruled by our laws. It was when George III. undertook to make himself our ruler, which he had never been, that the People took the field.

I have consecrated to-day, as I said, to illustrate this central element of to-day's great history. It appears, in the whole detail of the two months which led to Bunker Hill, in forms so interesting that I will select one of them for an example. Here is a copy — how I wish it were the original! — of the famous message which flew, as men said, from colony to colony; which found men living in Colonies, and left them living in States. Mr. Bancroft describes its passage as Euripides describes the flash of light from Troy to Argos: "It was one day in New York, in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore, thence it waked an answer at Annapolis." One Committee of Safety sent it to the next, and this to the next, eager to show what Committees of Safety were for. "For God's sake forward it by night and day" — this is one of the thirty or forty indorsements.

This critical despatch — one of the most important of a dozen important bits of paper in history — began as a letter from Wallingford in Connecticut. It gave the history of the Nineteenth of April — what we call Lexington and

Concord — as men heard it at Wallingford four days after the fight: —

"The king's troops being reinforced the second time, and joined, as I suppose from what I can learn by the party who were intercepted by Colonel Gardner, were then encamped on Winter Hill, and were surrounded by twenty thousand of our men, who were intrenching. Colonel Gardner's ambush proved fatal to Lord Percy and another general officer, who were killed at the first fire. To counterbalance this good news, the story is that our first man in command (who he is I know not) is also killed."

"Our first man in command is killed. Who he is I know not!" Who he is I know not! No! Nor does any one else know. Nor will any one else know; not the good God in heaven. But He knows, what all men do not know, that that day THE PEOPLE took the field.

You will remember that every line of this critical despatch, which changed Colonies into States, is in itself untrue: —

1. The king's troops were not re-enforced a second time;

2. No party was intercepted by Colonel Gardner;

3. There was no Colonel Gardner;

4. The king's troops did not intrench on Winter Hill; they never stepped upon it;

5. They were not surrounded by twenty thousand Americans;

6. Colonel Gardner's ambush did not prove fatal to Lord Percy — nor to any other general officer;

7. We had no first man in command, and it follows that he was not killed.

All the detail was wrong. But — as the theologians are apt to say when the details are all wrong, for instance, of doctrine — the despatch was all right. The People had taken the field. That was the doctrine. And when the People took the field, America was Free.

We must admit, however, — and this shall be the last word that I will say, — that in such a movement of the whole, such a movement *en masse*, individual acts of heroism are not fitly reported, perhaps not fitly remembered. At a meeting like this, one ought to pause to ask if there is fit reverence paid to separate acts of heroism, in the enthusiasm with which we rightly extol the movement of the whole. The Greeks remembered the name of Protesilaus, who was first to leap on shore at Troy, though the oracle had made it certain that he who leaped on shore would die. But how many school-boys in the first classes of high schools of to-day could give me the name of the American Protesilaus, who began active war against King George? "I have not a man who is afraid to go," he said. The words have become a proverb, but who remembers his name? And so of the whole day — the 19th of April — the pursuit from Concord — we had no

"first man in command;" that is true. But there is some one whose death gave warrant for this mysterious statement. We had no Colonel Gardner who "prepared an ambush;" that is true. But that story must have sprung from the death of Isaac Gardner, the captain of the Brookline minute-men. He left his cheerful home that morning, he kissed his wife and his children, he marched at a minute's notice as Dawes came through the town saying that the English were out, and his dead body was brought home in the evening. I might tell that story Monday at the high school in Brookline yonder, and how many of the boys in the first class could tell me the name of this hero? Yet he is, I suppose, the person alluded to as our "first in command."[1]

Or to speak of men whose services were recognized at the time. When, on the 5th of March, one year after Warren had spoken here in the Old South, the English officers waked, they saw the works on South Boston — built in the night, as one of them says, as if by the enchantment of the Arabian Nights. They remembered Bunker Hill too well to attack those works, and they left Boston, in disgrace and confusion. "*Hostibus primo fugatis:*" that is the inscription on the medal which a grateful country gave to Washington. But who were the Aladdins who waved

[1] I received a note, a few days after, from the accomplished master of that school, to say that this was no longer true. Nor has it been since. — E. E. H. (1900).

their wands and built these works between sunset and sunrise? We might go out yonder, at the close of this celebration, and we should find a monument erected on the spot. That monument would tell us what was done that night, and what followed it, in a fit inscription. But, alas! the inscription does not mention the name, either of Artemas Ward, the great Massachusetts general who directed the movement, or of John Thomas, — the Massachusetts man who had been Ward's second under the Provincial Congress, who died too young for Massachusetts, — who carried it out in every detail. The memorial stone preserves simply the name of the Mayor of Boston who set it up. It neglects, alas! to mention the heroes who are commemorated. Now this is not decent! It is not fair!

The State of Massachusetts, in fit acknowledgment of the noble deed of arms in which Isaac Davis lost his life, in forcing Concord Bridge, erected to his honor a monument in Acton, his home. It is well bestowed; I know nothing in history finer, not in the stories of Thermopylæ, not in the legends of the Horatii, than the story of the way in which Davis and his company forced that bridge. "I have not a man in my company that is afraid to go. It is the king's highway, and I may march upon it if I march all the way to Boston." At a signal from the commander, the fifer plays the old "White Cockade," because it is the fastest marching tune he knows. And

then, at a signal from the colonel, Davis speaks his last words: "By column of twos. Company march!" They march. They draw the English fire, and Davis falls dead upon the bridge. Four Lexington farmers in the gray of the morning had been killed by Pitcairn's men; but they were not fighting King George. Davis led the way in the beginning of that aggressive war which made the America of to-day.

To his memory, in his native town, we have erected a monument. But ought we not to see to it that boys and girls, by ballad, by story, or by solemn commemoration, are taught to love and honor the name of this hero of the beginning? I am speaking to gentlemen from the beautiful town of Brookline. We have been commemorating one of our members, Mr. Aspinwall, who was one of its honored citizens, — a town which is proud of its history, proud of its independence, where they maintain all the traditions of the town-meeting. In that new park which they are finishing with such care and generosity, is there not to be any memorial of Isaac Gardner? Brookline might fairly say, "Our first man in command is killed."

And will not this society see to it that some day on the heights of South Boston there shall be a fit memorial of John Thomas, the Aladdin who waved his wand that night; and of Artemas Ward, who directed the movement on Bunker Hill, who formed the crowds of minute-men

whom he found at Cambridge on the 20th of April into the army which for near a twelvemonth held the English troops besieged, and who directed the movement which drove them from the town?

One other name, among those early heroes, one remembers of course this day. I am the more eager to refer to Joseph Warren because it has seemed to me that, in the work of the historians of the nation in the last fifty years, fit honor has not been generally done — indeed, fit reference has not been made — to the spirit and genius of this remarkable man. Clearly, at the moment, there was no question about his leadership or his genius. For the first ten years after his death, the loss of Warren is spoken of as the loss of Washington would have been spoken of had he been killed at Monmouth or at Yorktown. It is clear that everybody who knew anything of the matter regarded the loss of Warren as a signal calamity. We do not know what might have been; but we do know that in that extraordinary group of men who met in familiar intercourse in Boston, and in whose councils the Revolution and Independence itself were born, Warren was the foremost. It seems to me fair to say that even Sam Adams, certainly John Adams and Hancock, deferred to Warren as a man of special genius and foresight. The Provincial Congress was made up of men of common-sense and practice. Men of common-sense and practice do not

make a major-general out of a working physician unless he has shown that he is a leader of men. Warren held the public heart, he represented the new-born nation. He was eager, he was many-sided, he was sympathetic, he was wise. What he might have been, God knows. What he was, was the beloved popular leader, who was killed, like another Hampden, in the first encounter of arms. For Warren we have built a fit monument. Let us see to it, and let our children see to it, that his name, and the honors which belong to it, are not forgotten.

Hundreds of years before, the Church of Christ had occasion to consecrate the memory of a faithful man who had brought gospel light to savages in the fens of Lincolnshire. His name was Botolph. From that name Botolphstown, or Boston, in old England was christened. He had given to that town the liberty in which Christ makes men free. By one of those bits of prophetic good fortune of which history is so fond, the Church assigned the 17th of June for St. Botolph's saint's day. All men had forgotten the assignment. The day had been made sacred to New England, not by the name of any saint, but, as the president has reminded us, by the surrender of Louisburg, thirty years before.

> "The fleur-de-lis sinks sulky down,
> And Louisburg is George's town."

Those thirty years passed by. The stripling Prescott, who had cheered with the loudest when

the fleur-de-lis fell, is in the gray of the morning urging the work of pickaxes and of spades. As the morning dapples into day, the "Falcon" and the "Lively" see the white, fresh gravel crossing the lush green of the unmown grass. And at the moment that you and I were wakened this morning by the sound of cannon, Gage and his officers started to hear the sound which told how shot by shot fell upon Prescott's earthworks. That day, the 17th of June was consecrated again, and became the birthday of Democracy, and the saint's day of Boston.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF BOSTON TO AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

[An address delivered in Faneuil Hall, Monday, July 5, 1897.]

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,—Faneuil Hall is the cradle of liberty, and the child Independence was born not far away. It was in the council chamber of the Old State House yonder that "American independence was born."

These are the words of John Adams, whose features you are looking on. He assisted at the birth, and he has told for us the story.

He says, speaking of that day:[1] "Otis was a flame of fire. Otis hurried everything before him. American independence was then and there born. In fifteen years the child grew up to manhood, and declared himself free."

When that moment came, the Congress of the United States was sitting in Philadelphia. It had been summoned two years before, on the 17th of June, 1774 — St. Botolph's day, be it remembered, the saint's day of Boston. On that

[1] The question before the court, on which Otis spoke, was the question as to "The Writs of Assistance." John Adams wrote these words supposing that every one knew that the Writs were granted by the courts, as they were. Some of the historians have supposed that they were refused. — E. E. H. (1900).

day, Samuel Adams of Boston moved in the Provincial Assembly, sitting at Salem, that a Continental Congress should be called at Philadelphia. At Philadelphia, observe, because there was no English garrison there. Samuel Adams took the precaution to lock the door of the Salem Assembly chamber on the inside. While the motion was under discussion, the English Governor Gage's secretary appeared at the outside of the door to dissolve the assembly. But Sam Adams was stronger than he. The delegates were chosen. He was one; James Bowdoin, John Adams, Thomas Cushing, and Robert Treat Paine [1] were the others.

All of these were from Boston; so little was known of the jealousy which dabsters in politics now speak of between the city and the country. There was no such jealousy then, and there is really no such jealousy now; none except in the minds of people who, for their own ends, play with the machinery of government.

On that day, the 17th of June, 1774, John Adams entered public life, as he says. He presided at the crowded town-meeting held on the saint's day in this hall.

Observe that, excepting him, who by misfortune was not born on this peninsula, all these

[1] Paine was born in Boston, but for a part of his life he practised law in Taunton. He sat in the Assembly for Taunton, and was regarded as representing the "Old Colony" in the Continental Congress.

delegates to that Congress which changed the government of the world were Boston boys. And, almost, of course, as we Latin School boys say, they had taken in democracy and liberty as they read their Latin and Greek at our Latin School. Sam Adams himself is now, I believe, unanimously regarded as the author, or father, of American independence. James Bowdoin was afterward governor of the new-born State. Thomas Cushing gave place to Gerry, before the Declaration. Paine, in his own life, in the life of his son, as in the life of his grandson to-day, never wearied in the service of the nation.

Two years were to pass before the Declaration was drawn and signed. When that time came, our delegation had been changed by the substitution of Hancock for Bowdoin, and Gerry for Cushing. Franklin, another Latin School boy, served with John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston, on the committee who made the draft of the Declaration. And when the time comes for its signature, John Hancock's name stands "at the top of freedom's roll." We have a fancy, in that Latin School, that, as you look at the forty-five signatures, you can find a resemblance in the beautiful handwriting of John Hancock, of Samuel Adams, of Robert Treat Paine, of Benjamin Franklin, and of William Hooper, the five boys who were taught to write when they were at our school.

We need not be over-modest in Boston when

we speak of such men and such times. American independence was born in our Old State House. Sam Adams was the father of American independence. Liberty was cradled in this hall. Franklin and Adams, of those who drew the Declaration, were born here. John Hancock was sent to preside over that assembly, and accepted bravely the honors and the perils of his great position. I could not anywhere give any history, however succinct, of the Declaration; I could not account for the America of to-day without saying all this — no, not if I were addressing the Shah of Persia in his palace in Ispahan. Fortunately for me, I am not addressing him; I am speaking to my fellow-townsmen. And in the privacy of this assembly I propose to speak in some detail to-day of the contribution which Boston made in securing the independence of America. I may wander a little from my subject, as I have to say what the people of other parts of this Commonwealth had to do in that business. They are not jealous of us, as we are not jealous of them.

I have sometimes feared that in his own city John Hancock is not honored as he should be. Woe to the city which neglects the memory of its great men! I heard with dismay, a few days ago, that the Sons of the Revolution have not money enough to pay for the bronze statue of Hancock which they have ordered. Why, thanks to Hancock, and to the men behind him, there is

money enough in Boston to pay for fifty statues in gold to his memory, if the people of to-day understand what Independence means to them!

Here was John Hancock, a young merchant of fashion, of family, and of wealth, — things which in those days were highly considered in Boston. He was surrounded by all the temptations which surround young men of fashion, of family, and of wealth in a provincial city, and Boston was then a provincial city. As things go in such cities, the nephew of a rich merchant, surrounded with every indulgence, is not apt to throw himself into what is called rebellion against his king. But such a young gentleman as that, after the lines of rebellion are fairly drawn, when all the world knows what he means, accepts what are the critical positions of selectman and of a Boston member of the House of Assembly. That means that, at the age of twenty-nine, he accepts the lead of Sam Adams, who is already laying his large plans for the independence of this empire. The royal governors are surprised and distressed. In ways known to such men from that time to this time, they try to separate Hancock from his alliance with the people. He is offered this, and he is offered that, and he refuses the offers. And so, after the battle of Lexington, when George III. offers a pardon to almost everybody else in Massachusetts, the two great exceptions are Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

The day when the young Hancock was chosen

into the General Assembly, John and Sam Adams happened to meet on the mall at the head of Winter Street. They walked up and down the mall, and as they came in sight of Hancock's elegant mansion, the older man said to the younger: "This town has done a wise thing to-day; they have made that young man's fortune their own." And John Adams says more than once that John Hancock was one of the younger men whom Samuel Adams, so to speak, took in training as soon as he saw their ability to serve the Commonwealth. When one remembers that others in the same company were the second Josiah Quincy and Joseph Warren, one sees how great is the compliment implied. There is not a youngster of us all who might not be proud to have been selected as a special friend of freedom, and a possible martyr in her cause, by such a leader as Samuel Adams.

In later life, when there was time to quarrel, the master and his pupil parted. For thirteen years Hancock and Adams were not friends, although George III. had written their names in the same line, and so writing, had helped their immortality. But, really, that quarrel is very little to you and me. Because Hancock was a rich man and lived in a palace, and Adams was a poor man, who lived by the scanty profits of his retail shop, we can well see that there might have been petty issues which should part them in daily life. No matter for that; for nothing can part them in the great record of history.

That record is that the older man conceived of the Declaration of Independence, and that the younger man, though he had a rope around his neck, was the first to sign that declaration. Showy and pompous in his daily life, if you please, but he knew the responsibilities of wealth so well that in time of famine, brought on by King George, his agents had the charge of the relief of three hundred families. Short-sighted as to etiquette in his dealings with Washington, you say? But this is because he has the honor of Massachusetts at heart. He will not, by any etiquette, let Massachusetts take a lower place than belongs to her.

John Adams named George Washington, the Virginia colonel, to the command of the American army just before Warren died at Bunker Hill. John Adams writes privately, what he did not say in public, that up to that time the services and the sacrifices of John Hancock in the cause of the nation had been immeasurably beyond those of George Washington. Time has gone by, and there is fame enough for both of them. But you and I are not going to forget that, when the moment for battle came, and the blow was to be struck which should declare independence, our own John Hancock, bone of our bone, and blood of our blood, was found worthy to be named by the side of George Washington.

And by way of showing that wealth is not always vulgar, and that the man of the largest

wealth may still be the truest servant of the people, it is worth while to say, in passing, of these two leaders whose names have thus come down together in the history of this day, that George Washington was the richest man in Virginia, and John Hancock the richest man in Massachusetts. Such men were not ashamed nor afraid of the probable honor of being the first martyrs, when they committed themselves as the fast friends of America.

Massachusetts may refuse her statues, if she doubts as to the achievements of her sons, but she does not doubt nor refuse such an honor when it is proposed for John Hancock.

In those days men were praised when they made sacrifices for the nation. Nay, States and towns expected to make sacrifices! I see now, to my disgust, that every State is expected to stand for itself, and to forget that it is one member of a nation. Hancock knew better. On that great occasion when Washington prepared to bombard and burn Boston, Hancock wrote in words which we will inscribe on the base of his statue: "All my property is there, but may God crown your attempt with success. I most heartily wish it, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer." Such is the motto of statesmen, of States, and of their senators.

Mr. Choate said of Virginia that she was "the mother of great men, and was not unmindful of

her children." The remark is eminently true. But I am apt to think that Massachusetts, the leader in the Revolution, mother of great men, is sometimes unmindful of her children. The truth is, that in the birthright of every son of Massachusetts he inherits the duty which is a privilege, or the privilege which is a duty, that first of all he must live to the glory of God. A Massachusetts boy or a Massachusetts man, a Massachusetts girl or a Massachusetts woman, must not live for himself alone, — nor for herself alone. First of all, we live for the common good and for the public service. I say this is ingrain in our make-up; it is a part of our birthright privilege. And so it is that you shall have a man like Robert Treat Paine, a Massachusetts lawyer, who is taken from his daily duty to go to Philadelphia and engage in the direct work of treason. He is sent there, and he goes there; openly and before the world he "devises war against the king." This is the definition of treason.

It is a pity if we forget such men; if we do not, on these great occasions of history or of ceremony, repeat their names and commemorate their service. Here is your type, then, of the Massachusetts lawyer. In that remarkable case in which these people, hot with rebellion, decided the right and wrong of the Boston massacre by the calm methods of a civic trial, Paine appears on the one side, and his friend Quincy on the

other. He signs the Declaration of Independence; he is the first attorney-general of Massachusetts; he is a judge in the Superior Court.

I do not wonder, and I do not complain, if, after a century, this honored name brings up, first, the memory of another honored Robert Treat Paine, of our own fellow-citizens, who is drawn by the determination to serve mankind into the homes of the poorest, in his relief of those most unfortunate. And farther back, such is the magic of song that a thousand men will sing,—

"Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,"

and shall remember the Paine who wrote those words, for one who remembers his father, the stern jurist whose name I spoke just now. But there are justly honors enough for all.

For a generation after the Declaration no one could have said or sung a word with regard to the great struggle without speaking of Joseph Warren, another of these younger men whom Samuel Adams loved. It does not seem to me that in our time he receives the tribute which is his due. Whoever else was second, the people of Massachusetts in 1775 counted Warren first. It was because they had given him the rank of a major-general in their militia that he thought it his duty to appear at the redoubt at Charlestown, where he waived the command, which was in the

hands of a more experienced soldier, and where he fell. He died too soon for his own fame. In the work of those critical years, which needed courage and decision as perhaps no other years in history ever needed them, Warren had shown already that he was a leader of men. But in our time he has shown this only to those who study old archives, who disinter old letters from their graves, and then sadly ask themselves what might have been.

To the country, his loss seemed at the time almost irreparable. The language used by those who knew him, and by those who only knew about him, is the language of the most profound regret, as if the national cause in his death had sustained a great disaster. We know to-day, what they did not know, that the battle fought on St. Botolph's day, on our own hill yonder, was not only the first pitched battle of the American Revolution, but that in a certain sense it was the last. For that battle really decided the contest, as I think all military men would say. From that time till the surrender at Yorktown, no English general had the temerity to order troops to attack any military work fitly manned by Americans.[1] From

[1] I do not forget the desperate attack on Red Bank in 1777 and its terrible failure. This was the Bunker Hill of Pennsylvania; but this attack was ordered, not by an English officer, but by Donop, a Hessian, who died of his wounds. And Howe, who had seen Bunker Hill, would never have made so costly an error. Poor Donop died saying, "I die the victim of my ambition, and of the avarice of my sovereign."

that time till the end, the war on the part of England was generally, with a few distinguished exceptions, a series of Fabian campaigns, — campaigns of endurance and waiting, of hoping for a collapse which never came.

It is of such campaigns that, at the end of six years, poor Cowper sang that the English troops

> "With opium drugged,
> Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave."

Such is the lesson which was taught by the "embattled farmers" who surrounded Warren when he died. But the men of their time did not understand that lesson. In that time men spoke of Bunker Hill with tears of rage. They spoke of it as I remember six and thirty years ago we spoke here of the first Bull Run. In the midst of that rage there was this pathetic sorrow, that Warren, the first man in Massachusetts, most beloved and most trusted, had lost his life. His children were adopted by the State, a monument to his memory was ordered, which the piety of other generations built. And to-day, after four generations have passed, you and I must not forget the service which had won such sorrow. His monument, thank God and our fathers, is secure!

Listen to what Daniel Webster said of him — who knew hundreds of men who had known Warren well. Daniel Webster was not used to exaggerate. And he knew what he was saying:

"But, ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart. Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit. Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom, falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! How shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure. This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to the level of the sea, but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit."

When Washington arrived in Cambridge, at the beginning of July, 1775, he found the English army blockaded in Boston. The battle of Bunker Hill had been fought. Strong works on Prospect Hill and the other hills in Somerville made any advance of the English troops over Charlestown Neck impossible. Efficient works on Charles River blocked the passage against any boats sent from the squadron up that river. The strong fortification had been begun which, under the auspices of my friend here, has just now been restored, on the heights of Roxbury, and blocked the way for any such "military promenade" as

Percy had made in April of that year. These works had been designed by Henry Knox, another of our Latin School boys.

He kept the leading bookstore in Boston, at the head of King Street, a place where English officers looked in for the latest books. He kept himself well supplied with the books on tactics and all military art; he studied these books himself while he sold them to the enemies of his country.

When Paddock (famous for the elms) left Boston for England, he recommended Knox as his successor in command of the artillery company. With such training, Knox joined Ward at Cambridge, as soon as Ward took command of the army. He recommended himself at once to Washington. By Washington's appointment, probably at Knox's own suggestion, he was sent to Ticonderoga to bring across the mountains the artillery which Ethan Allen captured there. With the arrival of that artillery the works which he had built could be properly armed. It would have been hot shot from his cannon which would have destroyed the wooden town of Boston had it been determined, in John Adams's phrase, to "smoke the rats out of their hole."

From the first, Washington saw the ability and merits of this great man. Then, at Washington's suggestion, he was made a brigadier in the Continental army. At Washington's request, after Knox's distinguished service at Yorktown,

he was made a major-general. Washington made him secretary of war and of the navy, when the nation became a nation. It is hard to say what would have become of the infant cause of independence, had it not been for Henry Knox. The finest line in Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan" gives Knox his epitaph:—

"And Knox created all the stores of war."

One is glad to say that the vigor of such a man is preserved generation after generation among his descendants. More than one of them has done essential service to the State. It was a grandson of Knox who led the way in the naval attacks of the nation in the capture of Fort Fisher and of Mobile.

I must leave to some other orator, better equipped for his task than I am, to give the whole of this sacred hour on some future Fourth of July to the memory of Samuel Adams, the father of American independence. He, too, like Hancock, was so eager in later life that Massachusetts should not lose one leaf from her laurel crown that he was coy and doubtful when the Constitution of the nation was brought to him for his approval. Yet here, too, it is to be said that, when the moment came for the great decision, Adams was willing to sacrifice his own pride for the welfare of the whole. His decision saved the Constitution. He was too great a man to

sacrifice Massachusetts on the altar of "separate sovereignty."

Later generations have remembered fondly, what in the Harvard commencement week is worth repeating, the subject of his master's address at Cambridge thirty years before the Revolution: "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved."

I am fond of thinking that from that moment forward Adams must have called together around him the younger men of Boston, perhaps in some social club of which we have forgotten the name, in which they were indoctrinated with the eternal principles of home rule, in which they learned the catechism of independence. Samuel Adams saw, I should say, before any other public man saw, that the colonies were in fact independent. It is a pity that in our anniversary orations we do not always recollect this. The declaration which we celebrate to-day was a declaration of past history and present truth. "These united colonies *are*, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

It is not the declaration of a future which one hopes for, as the people of Crete to-day might declare that they will be independent to-morrow and in the future; it is the declaration of what has been for generations, of what is on this Fourth of July, 1776, of what shall be till time shall end. The State of Massachusetts was independ-

ent under its old charter. It coined its own money, it made its own wars, it signed its own treaties of peace. When King Philip, who could call more men into the field than the Colony of Massachusetts could, attacked her, Massachusetts fought with him and conquered him. And when some friends in England asked why Massachusetts had not sent to England for assistance, Massachusetts proudly replied that England had no business in the affair. In fact, England did not send an ounce of powder or lead for that death struggle. Even after William III., who knew what power was, and who meant to hold it in his hands, — after he sent us the second charter, the colony taught every successive governor that he was dependent upon Massachusetts. Every judge and every governor must receive his salary from the Massachusetts treasury.

And when she chose, Massachusetts erected monuments to her friends in Westminster Abbey. There were the vestiges of a certain royal dignity; the lion and the unicorn were on the town house; the crown and the mitre were in King's Chapel. But the Crown could not search a house unless the colony granted the Writ of Assistance.

That is what the Declaration of Independence expresses in those central words: "These united colonies *are*, and of right ought to be, free and independent States."

> "Daughter am I in my mother's house,
> But mistress in my own."

John Adams himself has left to us the history of his time, in which he filled a place so large. Impetuous even to audacity, a magnificent hater, he made enemies with the greatest ease. It was once said of the Adams family, that "they never turn their backs on any but their friends." It has followed with John Adams that he, also, has not had the honor that he deserved. He was not in the ranks of battle, but in debate and in diplomacy he showed that fight was in him, to the very sole of his foot, if he were sure that he was in the right.

When the English commissioner, Oswald, sent the treaty of peace home from Paris, he said: "If we had not given way in the article of the fishery, we should have had no treaty at all. Mr. Adams . . . declared that he would never put his hand to any treaty if the restraints proposed were not dispensed with."

They asked Adams what he would do if they insisted on these restraints. "Fight twenty years more," he said. Seventy-eight years after, his illustrious grandson had to write in much the same strain to the minister of the same nation. And yet there have been men called statesmen in America who have offered to cede these rights of free fishing in the ocean as they might give away a cigar stub!

John Adams was no such man as that. Unfortunately for him, and for his country, therefore, he was jealous of other men; he suspected

other men. He suspected Franklin; he suspected Jay, both as pure patriots as ever lived. But no man ever suspected him of swerving from his country's cause, in his own interest or in that of any other man. The country first — the country second — the country always! Such men as that do not need statues for their memorial! But all the more they deserve them.

Now I come to Benjamin Franklin. An accomplished scholar, born in Germany, once asked me why in Boston we were so chary of our honors to Benjamin Franklin, seeing Boston is best known by half the world as Franklin's birthplace. I could only say, as I said just now, that we had so many great men to commemorate that we could not say half we would about any of them. But it was a poor apology.

Franklin is the oldest of our signers of the Declaration. At the time of Sam Adams's birth, Franklin is leaving Boston for his Philadelphia home. Fifty-three years after, as a representative of Pennsylvania, he signs the Declaration in what my friend, the old writing-master, Mr. Jonathan Snelling, used to call in one of his writing-book copies the "Boston style of writing."

In the same year he crossed the ocean to France, and arrived in Paris just before Christmas. Lord Stormont, the English ambassador, at once reported his arrival in England, to be told in reply by his chief, Lord North, that he

need not distress himself "about the movements of an old man of seventy." But before the old man of seventy had done with France he had dictated the treaty of independence. He had compelled George III. — the Brummagem Louis XIV. — to surrender half his empire, and by far the better half, as it has proved.

So majestic was Franklin's diplomacy that when the English ministry compelled the House of Commons to ratify the treaty, it was openly said that America had seven negotiators to make it, while the King of England had none.

So was it that the town of Boston — will the mayor let me say the Latin School? — sent the diplomatist to Europe who crowned the work of independence, as in Samuel Adams she had kept at home the far-seeing statesman who began it. These are our jewels!

Far in advance of all other men in the work of independence are the two greatest men yet born in America, — Washington and Franklin. Two men who honored each other, absolutely and without jealousy. One, in America, established independence; one, in Europe, made independence possible. The croakers tell us that in government by democracy the people cannot find their true leaders, and do not trust them when found. Tell me in what oligarchy, in what empire, was ever a people so loyal to a leader, in good report and in evil fortune, as the people of America to Washington? And in what empire

or in what oligarchy has any nation ever found a diplomatist who is to be named on the same day with Benjamin Franklin?

Of leaders in lower rank I must not speak even to name them. First, second, and last, here is the old Puritan sense of duty, — the present service of the present God. It is in the hunger of Valley Forge; it is in the wilderness tramp under Arnold; it is in the injustice of Newburgh, when the war was done. Duty first! To serve where God has placed me!

And when the field of such service is their own field, the triumph is simply magnificent.

I must not even attempt to describe the work of Massachusetts at sea in the war of independence. Enough to say that the treaty of peace was forced on England by seven years of losses at sea. Her enemy was Massachusetts. In the year 1777 King George employed forty-five thousand men in the English navy, in all oceans of the world. In the same year New England employed against him eighty thousand men upon the Atlantic alone. Of these, nine tenths were from Massachusetts.

Remember that, through the war, America had more men on the sea fighting the king than Washington ever commanded on the land. Of these sea kings, nine tenths, at the least, were from Massachusetts. From first to last more than three thousand prizes were taken from the English merchant marine by the American

cruisers and privateers, most of them by the men of Massachusetts. And here is the reason why, when the war ended, the merchants of London insisted that it should end, — the same men who, when it began, were hounding Lord North and George III. to their ruin.

But this relentless clock (on the front gallery) will not let me name the gallant seamen who

> "Bore the stars and stripes
> O'er the oceans of the world."

The Boston children gave the clock to this hall, in fear that Boston orators might speak too long.

I have named only the signers of the Declaration, and the very first of the soldiers. Let us ask Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Benson to paint for us such a memorial as Rembrandt would have given to Holland — if ever Holland had such a group of men. It shall be a painting of several of them together. They shall sit around the hospitable board of Hancock. He shall make his peace with Sam Adams, so that he may give a fit welcome to Franklin on some visit. The portrait of Warren shall look down upon the gathering. John Adams shall be leading in the talk, Robert Paine listening serene, while the younger Paine wants to be humming "Hail Columbia" to Knox, his friend. And we will hang the picture in the Old South, or in the town house on King Street, or in Faneuil Hall.

And here we turn from yesterday to to-morrow. And these are our lessons for our boys and girls, for our young men and maidens. They need not study them in catechisms. They need not repeat them in words. They are object lessons, to be learned as they play ball in sight of Sam Adams's State House, or beneath the shadow of the monument on Bunker's Hill.

I was talking once of education with a Japanese prince. He said to me, in that supernaturally good English in which they speak: "We do not give so much time to arithmetic, in our schools, as you do. We think arithmetic makes men sordid."

So do I. And I asked, a little nervously, "To what do you give the time?"

"We teach them morals and history."

Morals and history! Might I not say that our boys and girls can drink in their morals as they see their history? This is why we urge on the teachers and on the boys and girls, in the studies of the Old South and in the work of the schools, to begin with home history, and to make household words of its lessons. To learn first and last that they are not alone; that they hold even part and privilege with so many others in the duty and the fame of a city not second to any city in the world. First and last, Duty; duty to each and all, right and left, who in this city live. For this they shall be bred and trained in the traditions of their fathers.

They shall learn, first, second, and last, to trust the people of whom they are and for whom they live. We shall not discourage any meeting of the people, whether round a tree in the Common or here in Faneuil Hall. We shall exult in every effort to lift up the people, that there may be less and less of the labor or drudgery which wears men out, and more and more work in which spirit rules matter. We shall exult in every form of education, the Public Library, the evening schools, Mr. Hill's and Mr. Stewart's institutes of industry, which lift up the people and give the people its chance against any smaller competition. For this, and for this only, are we to study the past, that "we, the people" of Massachusetts, may rule Massachusetts more happily in the future!

The boy who takes a stranger to the telegraph office on State Street shall say to him: "Here Crispus Attucks died. He is our first martyr; he is from a despised race, but Massachusetts made him a freeman, and so he died for her." The boy who takes his cousin to see the azaleas in the garden shall say: "It was here that Washington hoped to enter Boston on the ice, and so we have put his statue here." The Charlestown boy who takes his friends to the Navy Yard shall say: "It was here that the boats from the other side brought over the Redcoats, and here they rallied after running down the hill." The boy who carries a parcel through Washington Street shall say: "Here was 'Orange Street;' here was

'Newbury Street;' but we moved those names when we named it for Washington, after he rode in, in triumph, while the English fleet, retiring, whitened the bay yonder."

I believe if I were in your Honor's chair next January, on one of those holidays which nobody knows what to do with, I would commemorate the first great victory of 1775. To do this well, I would issue an order that any school-boy in Boston who would bring his sled to School Street might coast down hill all day there, in memory of that famous coasting in January, 1775, when the Latin School boys told the English general that to coast on School Street was their right "from time immemorial," and when they won that right from him.

We have made a pleasure park of the old Fort Independence, thanks, I believe, to our friend Mr. O'Neil. Let no young man take his sweetheart there, where sheep may be grazing between the useless cannon, without pointing out to her the berth of the "Somerset" on St. Botolph's day, the day Democracy began her march round the world. Let him show her the bastions on Dorchester Heights. Let him say to her: "It was here that Lord Percy gathered the flower of King George's army to storm the heights yonder. And it was from this beach that they left Boston forever."

When he takes her to his old schoolhouse, he shall ask first to see the handwriting of some

of our old boys, — of Franklin, of Sam Adams, of John Hancock, of Paine, of Bowdoin, and of Hooper. They shall not stop the trolley car at Hancock Street without a memory of the man who first signed the Declaration. They shall cross the pavement on Staniford Street, and he shall say: "These stones have been red with blood from Bunker Hill." And when this day of days comes round, the first festival in our calendar, the best boy of our high school, or of our Latin school, shall always read to us the Declaration in which the fathers announced the truth to the world.

And this shall be no poor homage to the past — worship deaf and dumb. As the boy goes on his errand he shall say: "To such duty I, too, am born. I am God's messenger." As the young man tells the story to his sweetheart he shall say, "We are God's children also, you and I, and we have our duties." They look backward, only to look forward. "God needs me, that this city may still stand in the forefront of his people's land. Here am I. God may draft me for some special duty, as he drafted Warren and Franklin. Present! Ready for service! Thank God, I come from men who were not afraid in battle. Thank God, I am born from women whose walk was close to Him. Thank God, I am his son." And she shall say: "I am his daughter."

He has nations to call to his service. "Here am I."

He has causeways to build, for the march forward of his people. "Here am I."

There are torrents to bridge, highways in deserts. "Here am I."

He has oceans to cross. He has the hungry world to feed. He has the wilderness to clothe in beauty. "Here am I."

God of heaven, be with us as thou wert with the fathers!

God of heaven, we will be with thee, as the fathers were!

Boys and girls, young men and maidens, listen to the voices which speak here, even from the silent canvas: —

"You spring from men whose hearts and lives are pure —
Their aim was steadfast, as their purpose sure.
So live that Children's Children in their day
May bless such Fathers' Fathers as they pray."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[An address delivered before the Brooklyn Institute on the 24th of May, 1893, the ninetieth anniversary of Mr. Emerson's birth.]

WHEN the celebrated Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, had finished his visit here in the year 1878, he was asked about the American pulpit. He said, in reply, that he had, of course, availed himself of every opportunity to hear the American preachers. He had heard preachers of eminence, he said, in almost every communion. "But it mattered not what was the name of the communion; the preacher," he said, "was always Waldo Emerson."

This word of Stanley's interprets with great precision the condition of the religious life of America to-day. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was born ninety years ago to-day, found himself uneasy under the restrictions of ecclesiastical organization, and while he never abandoned the pulpit, he early severed himself from any ecclesiastical connection. One may say, in passing, that it is interesting to observe that Roger Williams, John Milton, indeed many other men who have proved to be reformers, did the same thing.

And this Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was, first, second, and last, a teacher of mankind, proves to be, as the century closes, the religious teacher who has done most for England and America, and is doing most for England and America to-day.

There are many persons in this city who never heard his name. The majority of the people of this city do not know that they ever read five lines of his writing. Yet it is without hesitation that I say that the life of every person in Brooklyn is to-day affected, and it is affected for good, by the life and the words of this "Yankee prophet" of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The life of Mr. Emerson has been written wonderfully well. Few men have been so happy as he in his biographers. Not to speak of other studies, there is an excellent little book by Mr. George W. Cooke, who hardly knew him personally, I think. There is the careful and elaborate biography by Mr. Elliott Cabot, whom Emerson had marked, even in his younger life, as one of the clearest thinkers in America. Dr. Holmes, who was his near friend through life, followed him at college by a few years. He took the pains to re-read all Emerson's books, and in his vivid story of his life has given a poet-philosopher's abstract of the philosopher-poet's work. And there is a simple and fascinating sketch of his home-life which his son, Dr. Emerson, prepared to read only among friends at first, but which he enlarged, because it proved that Mr.

Emerson had friends whom he had never seen all over the world.

For that wider view, which shall study the thousand rills by which the fountain of his life has enriched the world, the time has not yet come. His power over the English-speaking races will be better measured a hundred years hence, when some one shall fill this place and be speaking on the anniversary of his birth, than it can be measured now. Our camera is so close to him that we cannot rely upon our perspective. But eleven years have already elapsed since his death. With ten years more we shall celebrate the centennial of his birth, as a few years ago we celebrated the centennial of Channing. I noticed in that celebration, that already, by the constant law of history, those myths were sweeping in upon the picture which seem to belong to biography half a century after the life has been lived. In the next twenty years such myths will begin to tell their stories of the prophet whom we commemorate to-night. For that I have no tears. Whatever men shall say of him will be colored or flavored by a sense of the infinite service which this great idealist has wrought for mankind.

I have, however, acceded to the request that I should speak here to-day, not because I think that I can do what can only be done a hundred years hence; far less because I thought that I could rewrite Mr. Cabot's biography, or review his work better than Dr. Holmes has done. But

I have supposed that a few personal reminiscences of the man himself, and some reminders as well of the social conditions in which he lived, might have an interest for this audience. I have fancied that already the lies which were told about him while he lived have to a certain extent modified the general public opinion which will for centuries go into history.

I was born into the Boston which he loved, twenty years after him. I was not far away from the scenes of his work during the whole of his active life. And I may be able, therefore, to say something of some of the outer details of that life which may make it easier to comprehend its spirit and its purpose. I shall be glad, as one is always glad, if I can do anything to present him to those who hear me, not simply as a philosopher, not simply as a poet, not simply as a reformer, but better than these, larger and more than these in the case of his life, if I can show him to you as what he was, — a strong, simple, unaffected, all-round man.

Whether I can do this or not, I am quite sure that I can enter a protest against some of the errors of his time, which I am sorry to see have wrought a certain effect already in history.

He was born in Boston, under as favorable auspices as could wait on the birth of any child. He had what Dr. Holmes says is the first of advantages, — a line of New England ancestors of the best stock, running back on both sides to

the generation of Winthrop and Brewster. In the lines of that ancestry there were enough ministers of religion to satisfy Dr. Holmes's requisition. For this means, in a New England genealogy, that there were so many lives of quiet, thoughtful, faithful duty, in which, without large incomes or many temptations of the flesh, men and women were bred to high thinking, conscientious duty, and to sharing life with God. William Emerson, his father, was the useful, eloquent, and beloved minister of the First Church of Boston. This is the church to which John Cotton, two hundred and fifty years ago, gave dignity; where, by John Cotton's eloquence, the little village which had been a failure before was made the first town in the Colony; or, as the joke of the time said, Boston ceased to be "Lost town," and that had been its nickname before. The father of this William Emerson was the older William Emerson who, from the window of the manse, saw Davis — our Protesilaus — fall dead on Concord Bridge, and saw the quick response of the Acton company as they crossed the bridge and began the war against King George. The William Emerson of the First Church died when our Emerson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was eight years old. The grandfather, who saw the Concord Fight, was the son of a minister, a learned Greek scholar, who was the son of a minister who barely escaped with his life when Mendon was destroyed by the Indians.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was therefore the fifth clergyman in direct succession of the name of Emerson. Of other New England ministers, there were Bulkeley and Moody, whose names are well known among the antiquarians of New England; Daniel Bliss, a flame of fire; and many more of that same curious literary aristocracy. Let me say in passing that, for a period of two hundred years, there was in Massachusetts what the political writers call a peerage for life. Here was a body of men whose incomes were secured to them by law, on condition that they should seek God if haply they might find Him, and that they should seek for Him with all their hearts. Of such a line, our hero was the fit descendant.

I was standing with Mr. Emerson once at a college exhibition, where a young man had easily taken the most brilliant honors, — a young man in whom we were both profoundly interested. It was the first time I ever addressed Mr. Emerson. I congratulated him, as I congratulated myself, on the success of our young friend; and he said: "Yes, I did not know he was so fine a fellow. And now, if something will fall out amiss, — if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail in business, or if some other misfortune can befall him, — all will be well." I was green enough and boy enough to be inwardly indignant at what seemed to me the cynicism of the philosopher. But I did not then know that when he was eight years old his father

had died, and that to the penury, shall I say, of those early days — to his mother's determination that the boy should be bred at Harvard College, to the careful struggles by which each penny was made to work the miracles of the broken bread by the Sea of Galilee — he owed, or thought he owed, much of the vigor, the rigor, and the manhood of his life. "Good is a good doctor," as he said himself, "but bad is sometimes a better."

Now, it is not my place, this evening, to pronounce any eulogy upon this prophet. I am not quite a fool. Nor am I to analyze his work, or restate his philosophy. He states it better than I can. And I may take for granted that those who hear me can repeat the favorite instructions which he has given them, and can themselves rise to joy and vigor and life, as they recall oracles of divine truth from his poems.

No; I give myself one duty and pleasure tonight, and I will try for nothing else. I want to show how this great leader of the idealists lives in personal touch, glad and homely, with his fellow-men. I want to show that he is not afraid to bring his idealism to test in the practical duty of commonplace life. We, who knew him, talked with him and loved him, know that he found the kingdom of heaven on earth. He found God reigning in his babe's nursery; at the post-office; when he pruned his apple-trees, and when he took the train for Boston. We want you, who have not seen him, to believe that the man of

ideas was thus a human man, a man with men. He was not a dreamer. He was an actor. He taught us how to live; and he did so because he lived himself.

Here is the distinction between this great idealist and the chiff-chaff talkers who degrade that name. I could, perhaps, draw that distinction most easily by ridiculing them. Ridicule is always easy. I might sketch the Pharisee who says, "Lord, Lord," but does not the things which he says. I should in that way, perhaps, present in contrast more clearly the true religious philosopher, who goes and comes as a man among men, who is as sincere as he bids us be. But we may leave to Carlyle that abuse of shams and the unreal man. The precious thing in Emerson's oracles is that he abuses nobody. He hardly ridicules any one, though his sense of humor is so keen. His business is to elevate truth and honor, and he will not stop to vilify falsehood and shame. Dr. Holmes has drawn this contrast very neatly, where he says that in their forty years' correspondence Emerson shows how he loves what is real, while Carlyle only shows how he hates what is not real.

I will for our hour together follow the great example. I will not take your time nor mine to show what he was not. I will try to show how, while he spoke such words as no man of his time had spoken, he was living such a daily life as gave every word its emphasis, as furnished him

every minute with his illustrations, and as compelled those of us who saw him, listened to him, and knew him, to listen to the word he spoke, and to try the counsel for our lives.

He had pulled through college by the hardest, knowing what are those small economies which so grieve a boy's soul. He rejoiced with the moment when he was no longer a charge upon his mother, but could do his share in caring for her. If ever man were tempted to use matchless power merely for earning money, he was that man. "Should he turn stones into bread" — when the bread was to feed his mother? To that question, to that temptation, he said, "No! Get thee behind me, Satan!" I may take as the text of his life that sublime passage from his journal written as he returned from Europe in 1833:—

"The highest revelation is that God is in every man. Milton describes himself in his letter to Diodati as enamoured of moral perfection. He did not love it more than I. That which I cannot yet declare has been my angel from childhood until now. It has separated me from men. It has watered my pillow. It has driven sleep from my bed. It has tortured me for my guilt. It has inspired me with hope. It cannot be defeated by my defeats. It cannot be questioned, though all the martyrs apostatize. It is always the glory that shall be revealed; it is the 'open secret' of the universe. And it is only the feebleness and dust of the observer that makes it the future; the whole is *now* potentially at the bottom of his heart. It is not a sufficient reply to the

red and angry worldling, coloring as he affirms his unbelief, to say, Think on living hereafter. I have to do no more than you with that question of another life. I believe in *this* life. I believe it continues. As long as I am here, I plainly read my duties as writ with pencil of fire. They speak not of death, they are woven of immortal thread."

To proclaim this gospel wherever men will hear, this is his mission, when he lands in his own country again.

Observe, now, that here is this idealist of the idealists, who for forty years of life, after he makes this decision, never turns his back on daily life or its petty demands. He buys his mutton and potatoes like the most practical of us. If he cannot afford to buy the hind-quarter, he buys the fore-quarter. If the strawberries are too dear, he does not buy them. And you may search through diary and letters without finding one word of complaint. He who has proved to be the noblest of the noble, the most famous of those of fame, for years upon years of life has to practise a severe economy in his affairs; and he takes this as a thing of course, without a whimper. He plants his apple-trees like the rest of us. He takes care of them like the rest of us: badly, like most of us. He carries his letters to the post-office, and waits for the mail, talking politics. He goes to the town-meeting and listens more than he talks. He manages his own lecture courses, and makes his liberal bargains

with the poor country lyceums. In one sense, a thousand million billion leagues above the world, he is, in the other sense, of the world, and in it, like you and me. He makes no pretence that he is consorting only with Abdiel and Uriel, with Cherubim and Seraphim. Like the great Leader of Life, he eats and drinks, when there is need, with publicans and sinners.

This signal practical habit shows itself, in a good instance, in all the correspondence with Carlyle. Carlyle is a man to whom the last fifty years of England and America owe much. It would be fair to say that any man of thought, in either country, who has rendered any essential service to either country in that time, has been formed largely by Carlyle. Between Carlyle and Emerson there is a world-wide difference. But Carlyle himself says, "You are, and for a long time have been, the one of the sons of Adam who I felt completely understood what I was saying." Nay; it may be that Emerson gave Carlyle to mankind. It seems as if his encouragement, his sympathy, were needed to save the sad, dyspeptic pessimist when he was in the slough of despond. It was Emerson who seized him by the hair of the head and dragged him through.

Not to stop to argue this, let me ask you to see how at the beginning Emerson appears, all through, as the God descending from heaven to straighten out Carlyle's practical affairs. He remits the half-yearly payments for the American

editions. He sends the first funds of the publication of "Sartor." He never chides the growler. He always encourages. You might think him a sensible elder brother, humoring because he would encourage the wincing, fretful, unhappy child who is yet to help the world.

Emerson told me once that when, in the winter of 1848, he left Liverpool for America, Arthur Hugh Clough, the young poet, accompanied him to the ship and walked the deck with him until she sailed. Clough was sad for his departure. He said: "You leave all of us young Englishmen without a leader. Carlyle has led us into the desert, and he has left us there." Emerson said to him, "That is what all young men in England have said to me;" and he placed his hand on Clough's head, and said, "I ordain you Bishop of all England, to go up and down among all the young men, and lead them into the promised land." Alas! Clough was not one of the leaders of men: rather a listener and a follower. And the young men of England and America were left to the greater lesson of the Master of Life, — that every life must for itself drink from the infinite Fountain. The days of chieftains, of proconsuls, of dukes and barons, were gone by; the day of the boss and the magician was over when the Master of Life spoke the Word. The kingdom of heaven is open to each man who will thunder at the door. The kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the sturdy and persever-

ing, and only they, are those who take it by force.

Edward Emerson's memoir of his father is one charming idyl of home-life in Concord which is full of anecdotes of this infinite common-sense. It is an illustration, well-nigh perfect, of the application of eternal truth to finite necessities, the needs of the place and time. I am tempted to add to those a little reminiscence which early in life opened my eyes to the needed vision, and showed me how the most rare philosopher, because of the fineness of his philosophy, was the most human man.

So soon as quick railway trains brought to Boston, daily, visitors from the country towns around, who went back at night, the great invention required new machinery to provide for such changes. Quite early in this affair, the Town and Country Club was proposed in Boston. I think the name was Mr. Emerson's, and perhaps the idea. The club was made of men who wanted a handy place where to write a note, or leave a parcel, or meet a friend in the crowded hours between the arrival and departure of their trains. Boston has never quite met the need to this hour. The rock on which the craft split was that solid rock always in sight in such beginnings, — the stupidity of the cranks. They were eager that this practical club should consecrate itself to "hearing papers" written by people who could find no other audience. This madness for "hear-

ing papers" is one of the most amazing of the trifling inconveniences of our time. Two parties at once appeared in the club, — the party of these cranks, and the party of working-men who wanted a place to eat a chop, to leave an umbrella or borrow one, perhaps to look up a date in a cyclopædia, perhaps to sleep fifteen minutes on a sofa. Of this party, hard pressed in the early discussions, first, second, and last, Mr. Emerson, the great idealist, was the chivalrous and gallant leader. Always he was urging the need of practical common-sense and management. Always, in our many defeats, we rallied round his white plume. And when the club died an early death, — died, of course, of its undigested papers, — he had no tears of regret; for to the very last he had been the son of Anak, who had stood by its practical duties

I see ladies before me to whom a cup of beef-tea, a warm mutton-chop, a place for a carpet-bag seem matters too carnal to arrest the attention of serious-minded men. Let me tell to them a more pathetic story. In the crowd of the Philadelphia Centennial, one of the queens of our American life had Mr. Emerson as her guest at Philadelphia as he studied the great exhibition. She also had as guests, in the elastic hospitality of her charming home, another distinguished New Englander, who had brought his two little boys to see the show. It happened that this gentleman was suddenly called out of the house for

many hours of the night, on one of his many errands of mercy. Alas! one of his little boys awoke in his absence frightened and sick, in a strange house, to find that his father was gone. His wails of sorrow waked his little brother, and both then joined in chorus. But it was some time before these strains reached the distant room of the lady of the house. When, at length, she did run to the relief of the lonely little strangers, she found that the great idealist was before her. There he was, petting and soothing and comforting those lonely children, who were thus learning, in the dim midnight, the noblest lesson of the most divine philosophy. They were learning it in the practical teaching of the great Idealist of the world.

I received another personal lesson in the critical year of the Irish famine. At that time we were receiving from Ireland the first great wave of the enforced emigration. The failure of the potato crop had sent the poor Irish people to America, because they would starve at home. In the enthusiasm of a young minister's eagerness, I and my friends in Worcester were trying to meet the occasion, wholly new to us all, which was offered by the arrival of these starving hordes. Mr. Emerson was my guest at the time, and I said to him, "Do you know, they are so fond of potatoes that we cannot make them touch Indian meal!" "Ah!" said this philosopher of the philosophers, this man who, you would say,

was swinging upon rainbows, "you should not have sent them Indian meal. You should have sent them hot cakes."

It must have been, I think, in the autumn of 1862, the second year of the war, that I met by invitation eight or nine gentlemen in a private parlor in Beacon Street, for conference on a public matter. The subject was the necessity of the broadest, freest, and strongest work for enforcing the principles involved in the struggle, that they might not be forgotten in our eagerness for recruiting and the crash of arms. It was a war for ideas, and those ideas must not be forgotten. For instance, it was clear that black men must fight for their freedom and their country. But there was still no small sect of Northern men who said they would not die in the same ranks with niggers. Again, it was necessary that every smallest printing-office in an American town, from which was published a newspaper, should be fully informed, every week, as to the moral conditions of the great discussion. Once more, was it not time that the army, on which all depended, should have its own journal, alive with the fundamental principles of patriotism, to be a message of the Eternal Truth, as well as an instructor in tactics and strategy? In that evening meeting of eight or nine men of action, I had almost said of course, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. His word, as always, was a practical word for the time. With

such voices as those of Martin Brimmer, of John Murray Forbes, of James L. Little, — leaders in affairs in New England, — you heard the voice of this prophet of the idea, as much a man of affairs as they. That night, in that Beacon Street parlor, the plan of the "Army and Navy Journal" was born. The little company formed itself into the Loyal Publication Society, and the hundreds of broadsides issued by that company were there provided for.

It may be that I am speaking to some Connecticut man, who remembers the doubts and fears as to the election in Connecticut of that autumn, when Joe Hawley and half the honest young men in Connecticut were a thousand miles away at the front lugging muskets on their shoulders, among cypress-trees and magnolias. It was feared that the other half might be out-voted by copperheads, saloon-keepers, and other traitors. If there be such a man in this audience, let me ask him to hunt up the electioneering documents of that Connecticut campaign. Among them he will find two, at least, from the prophet-pen of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"The Yankee Plato," some one calls him. If you mean a Plato who is not afraid to test the Infinite Idea, as he turns the grindstone of to-day, the name is the fit one.

My object is achieved if I can make you read the oracles of this prophet with the certainty that you can apply them before the day has gone by.

I turn unwillingly from such reminiscences to other considerations which I ought not to pass by. A question has been discussed, perhaps more than it deserves, as to the training which made this prophet what he was. Was there anything in the schools in which he was bred which shall account for him or his work? And in that discussion some of the lies of which I spoke in the beginning have been uttered.

For myself, I believe it is idle to state very definitely what were the particular steps of the ladder by which any great man rose to the position which he holds above the rest of us; and I do not know that there is any great use in our discussing the elements which went to Emerson's education. I have satisfied my own conscience by saying that he did not borrow from any Hegel or Fichte or other German idealist or metaphysician. I might satisfy myself by saying that his thought, as his utterance, is purely of New England growth. Indeed, if we are to speak of evolution, his prophecy is clearly a direct outgrowth and result of Channing's ministry and prophecy.

As I read Channing and his life, and as I remember personally his effect on the people of his time, I am amused by the half-way estimate which they formed of his work and power. Here was Channing preaching in Federal Street pulpit the noblest and highest idealism. He was preaching the absolute intimacy of God with man. Now that we have his diaries and his early letters, it

is manifest that Channing, from the time he was twenty up, was seeking God if haply he might find Him. He was mystic of the mystics — Francis of Assisi not more so, Jacob Böhme nor Scougal not more so — in his eagerness to listen to the present God. When he spoke he was speaking the oracles of the present God. And when in his closet he prayed, he was begging God to help him through.

Such a man, shall I say with the infinite modesty which belongs to such a position, was prophesying from week to week in the pulpit of Federal Street. He was speaking to a body of intellectual, well-educated people, to people of great courage, decision, promptness, not to say shrewdness, who covered the world with their commerce, and who meant to make Boston the moral and intellectual capital of the world. I think there never was such a set of determined future-makers, men of money and men of ideas, as were those Phillipses and Quincys and Appletons and Perkinses, to whom he spoke. Now, these people, and all Cambridge, and half of Boston, took the idea that Channing wrought his wonders by a certain intellectual power. He had written his great essays on Milton and Napoleon, which had won admiration even in the lofty circles of dignified England. At the very time when the "Edinburgh" said nobody read an American book, English readers were reading those essays. And so all critical Boston, not to

say all religious Boston, took it into its head that Channing wrought his miracles by the clearness of his intellect. People thought he had a certain veiled trick of elocution in that quiet manner which, in fact, did not know any of the tricks of the rhetorician. I have heard men say that they "knew how Channing did it," as if Channing had any method. The truth is, that it was as impossible for men to tell his method as it is for Mr. Langley to-day to tell what is the method of the hawk or the gull sweeping over the ocean. The glory of Channing was that he had no method; that he sought God and found Him, and then told what God had to say to him.

The young Waldo Emerson strayed from the decorous preaching of Chauncy Place, to hear these God-inspired words of Channing in Federal Street. Waldo Emerson was one of those men — there are never more than one in a hundred such in any age — who, when they listen to a prophet, believe that the prophet is in earnest. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred act as if they believed that the prophet is posing, and is simply saying phrases with nominative cases and verbs and objectives, which he has found out how to arrange by certain rules of grammar. But Waldo Emerson was one of the few who believe a true man when they hear him. And anybody who will sit down and read a dozen of the central discourses of Channing — perhaps there are not more to read — will see that, given a young enthusiast, brave

as was Emerson and true as was Emerson, and given a preacher as near to God as Ellery Channing was, it was impossible that when that young enthusiast came to speak he should not speak somewhat as Emerson spoke. He will turn aside from all this interpretation of texts, from all this study of the subjunctive and the optative, from all this balancing of one authority in history against another authority — he shall turn aside from all this, and listen now to the voice of the living God, and proclaim that voice as it now comes to him.

While he was preaching every Sunday of his life, before he had published either of his books which we now call most important, the hue and cry was started all around us that he was introducing a German philosophy or German infidelity. These words, I might almost say of course, were most frequently spoken by those who never read a word of German in their lives, and could not have read a German sentence to save their lives. They were spoken by those who at other times would have thanked God that they knew nothing of German theology, of German religion, or of German philosophy. Certainly I am not speaking as one who dreads German infidelity or German philosophy. We are all receiving too much from Germany every day, and have been receiving too much from Germany every day for a century, for any man who is not a fool to borrow such language. But I am eager to say, in

showing what Emerson was and what he did, that from the beginning the charge that he borrowed from German writers was ludicrously false. It is to be observed that in his first visit to Europe he passed by Germany. He did not set foot there. He did not go to one of the universities, or make the acquaintance of any distinguished German writer. He says himself, in one of his early letters, that he never read any German except the fifty volumes of Goethe. He read Goethe, not because he liked Goethe's philosophy, for, as he says again and again, he hated it; he read Goethe as he read the books of all other men who were many-sided men, and who had so looked at the world.

Dr. Holmes has been at the pains to register Emerson's quotations. As he says, they are "like the miraculous draught of fishes." His list is of three thousand three hundred and ninety-three, from eight hundred and sixty-eight different individuals. Of this vast number, there are twenty-seven favorites whom Emerson cites twenty times or more. Among the twenty-seven, there is but one German writer, and that is Goethe — Goethe, with regard to whom he was always breaking lances with Carlyle, and of whom he has said the bitterest things, perhaps, which have been said about any man of our time. Coleridge, who had initiated England into German thought, only comes out at the end of the list of twenty-seven. In later life, so large-

minded a man, so many-sided a man, as Emerson read German authors as he read the other leading authors of his time. But it is clear to any man who follows the line of his thought and his work, that the prophet began to prophesy, and to mark out the line of his prophecy, without any reference to the other prophets of his time. He was what his own New England had made him; and this was a child of God who chose to go to God for instructions. He was at the headquarters, and he chose to commune with the Commander-in-Chief. He was ready to talk with the other aides; he liked to talk with the other aides. But he listened every day to know what the great Commander had to say to him. And no interpretation of that word by any of these aides — brothers and sisters of his — could turn him from the Father. This is the secret of the power of Emerson.

There are possibly ten, probably not so many, such men in the nineteen centuries which we mark as the centuries of the new life — men who have been great teachers of others, because they received their instructions at first-hand. There have been thousands upon thousands of others, men and women, who have pretended so to speak, and have pretended so to receive the original instructions, but who have been tempted by this chirping of a sparrow on one side, or this thundering of an army on the other, or this diapason of an organ, or this song of an enchantress. What

is interesting is that the great world makes no mistakes in its judgments of the prophets. You may imitate a prophet in his dress, in his dialect, in the tone of his voice, in the shake of his finger; he may stand before you on the same platform where the other prophet stood, and he may prophesy never so deftly in the same accents with which the prophet prophesied; but he deceives nobody. Nobody listens, nobody remembers, nobody cares. The utmost that even the newspapers say of him is that he "made an extraordinary effort;" and they name it perfectly.

Mr. Emerson himself had a story — I forget whether I heard it in a lecture or in conversation — about a New England come-outer who went into a hat-shop and selected for himself a costly hat. The hat was put up, and the dealer supposed he was to be paid, but the man whom he had thought to be a purchaser said simply: "Oh, I pay nothing for anything. I am the man who does not believe in money." The poor dealer had a note to meet at the bank that day, and hardly knew how to do it; he looked with dumb delight upon his customer, and said: "I wish to God, sir, that nobody else believed in money! Take the hat, with my thanks to you for coming for it." Mr. Emerson would say this was all spontaneous, it was natural, on the part of the customer and on the part of the trader. But when, the next day, another man, who had heard the story, came into the shop and selected for

himself his hat and said that he did not believe in money, the dealer refused the imitator, where he had accepted so readily the inventor. And Emerson drew the moral from the story which I want to draw now. A prophet who speaks the word that comes to him from the living God speaks, I may say, with the living God's power. But he who imitates the prophet has no spell.

Poor man, he was himself surrounded with cohorts, with legions, of these imitators. Every lazy dog who did not want to work, every ignorant scholar who did not want to study, every weak-minded brother who hated law, would drift, as by some terrible central attraction, to Concord, and lay at Emerson's feet the tribute of his laziness, his ignorance, his lawlessness, or, in general, his folly. These were the bitter seeds in the food and drink of the last half of his life, when his name and fame had gone into all lands.

Dear man, he was as tolerant of such folly as a saint should be. He would pass all lines of Philistine discretion in his welcome of such tramps at his hospitable door. There is a very amusing letter of Carlyle, when a few of them joined Bronson Alcott on his return from England to America. The whole story would be terribly tragic were it not desperately comic. Hoping, as I suppose, for a few weeks or months of rest from a chatter which must have become deadly tiresome when you had it three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, the Concord

friends of Bronson Alcott arranged that he should travel in England and on the Continent for a summer and autumn. Alas! so soon as he arrived in England he met with many friends more tiresome than himself, as the Scripture would say. They immediately called a Convention. In that convention they immediately voted that America was the place for the redemption of the world, and New England the corner of America where that redemption should begin. And so, before Concord had well turned round in the quiet luxury of that summer, Alcott returned — it is quite like the New Testament parable — with these others, so much worse chatterers than himself, proposing to enter in and dwell there, so that the last state of Concord should be much worse than the first. It is of these coadjutors in the work of restoring society that Carlyle wrote, most pathetically, to Emerson, of what he called "Alcott's English tail:" —

"Bottomless imbeciles ought not be seen in company with Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has already some listening to him on this side of the water. The tail has an individual or two of that genus, and the rest is mainly yet undecided. For example, I knew old —— myself, and can testify, if you will believe me, that few greater blockheads broke the world's bread in his day — if blockhead may mean exasperated imbecile and the ninth part of a thinker. Have a care of such, I always say to myself, and to you, which you forgive me."

But the certain insight of a child of God guarded Emerson on the right hand and on the left, behind and before. The angel's blazing sword protected the gateway of the palace. And the sturdy common-sense which in all that I have said I have been trying to illustrate, saved him, not from the annoyance, but from what for the rest of us would be the positive danger, of such companionships.

> "The Dervish whined to Said,
> 'Thou didst not tarry while I prayed.'
> But Saadi answered,
> 'Once with man-like love and fear
> I gave thee for an hour my ear,
> I kept the sun and stars at bay,
> And love, for words thy tongue could say,
> I cannot sell my heaven again
> For all that rattles in thy brain.'"

The Saviour led God's children to their Father, and left them there. If you need to carry out the figure involved in the words "father" and "child," the Saviour bade them climb their Father's knees, nestle in His arms, trust His full love, tell Him everything, and listen to everything. From his time to our time, millions of men and millions of women have taken him at his word, have trusted the fulness of a Father's love, and have trusted it not in vain. But, as I said, there are not more than ten prophets who have so lived in the Father's life, who have so partaken of the divine nature, who have so created as God creates, and

so spoken with the simplicity with which God speaks, that they have swayed the hearts and lives of the great host of their times who heard them. The cynic might say that there are not more than five or six such persons in the nineteen centuries. The last of such prophets is he whose birth we celebrate to-day. For the people who speak this English tongue which he so loved, and in which he breathed his word, he speaks the word so that they must hear. A new-born child is a "bud of God." Carlyle's word, when it is true, is for him the "word of God." The steamship's shuttle, as it dashes back and forth across the ocean, is the message of God. "In God," again, when we read this prophet's word, "we live and move and have our being." As we read these words, and as we reread them once more, — looking backward is it, or forward is it? — we see how God is all and in all. This is no alien life which sets the elm-leaf dancing against the blue. It does not differ from the life which I draw in, in the joy of this new-born day. It is the same life with which my baby lives, as she exults in the joy of being. Once more, when I listen to his prophet word, I know what was meant when I was told that if I am a child of God, I shall know Him and His kingdom — nay, that I may myself enter into the majesty of that empire, if I will become as a little child.

I do not say, I do not need to say, that the prophet who thus exalts me for the moment, who

lifts me above dust and smoke and things, into the ether of the spirit and of the present heaven — I do not say that he understands all the work of God as He handles matter, or that he explains it. Why should he understand it? Why should he explain it? It is enough if he comprehend it, if he succeed when he bids his life beat with the pulses of infinite life, if he rise to so high a plane that he looks beyond the horizon of earth, beyond the horizon of Arcturus and Orion, if he knows what is the more abundant life which the Saviour promises to you and me. To avoid the temptation of explaining; the temptation of earth and flesh, of writing down on tablets the mechanical laws which regulate friction and pain and hatred and cruelty and the other accidents of time and flesh, — to avoid the temptation of throwing away life upon such conundrums, — this gives the true prophet his infinite empire. And in him whom we celebrate to-night, whom we shall remember to-morrow and with every day of the next year whether we would or no, there was the glad certainty that he could use these things of time so that the very angels of light should receive him — yes, while he was using them — into their everlasting habitations. In the town-meeting of Concord, in the State Street of Boston, as he spoke in Faneuil Hall, or as he bought his dinner of the butcher or of the fisherman, he could go and come as the living child of a living God, who, for God's present purpose, was going about

his Father's business. This vision, as of Apollo dwelling with Admetus, as of Prometheus drawing fire from heaven to make clay live, as of Manco Capac walking down from the celestial heights of the Andes that the Peruvians might rightly cultivate their potatoes and lead their llamas to the fountain, is a vision which this prophet fulfilled as he went and came, as he made a sacrament of a cup of cold water as he gave it to you, as his common words exalted themselves into the oracles of his time.

I remember no other such instance of visible victory waiting in one's own lifetime upon manly determination. It was my good fortune to hear, in 1837, the address which Dr. Holmes calls the Declaration of Independence of American literature, — the Phi Beta Kappa oration of July at Cambridge. So I can remember the surprise — shall I say the indignation? — which the simple, solid, disconnected phrases of that address awakened among those who heard. I remember the covert criticism of the gay dinner-party which followed. I remember how afterwards men and women freely said he was crazy. Alas! I have on paper my own school-boy doubts whether he appreciated the occasion. It happened to me, forty years after, in one of the most exquisite homes in America, some two miles above the level of the sea, on that easy slope of the Rocky Mountains, among all the fresh comforts which make a palace as desirable a home as a log cabin,

to find on the table of my hostess, who is herself one of the leaders of to-day, a new edition of this oration of forty years before. I read it then with absolute amazement. If you will look at it to-night when you go home, you will share that amazement. For I could not find one extravagance. I could not find one word which should shock the most timid. It was impossible to understand where the craziness came in. So had he led the age in those forty years, or so had the God who sent him into the world led it, that the prophecy was fulfilled over and over again. The extravagance of one day had become the commonplace of another.

He delivered the second Phi Beta Kappa oration in the year 1867. I had the happiness to be present, and to hear him again. No one then said that he was extravagant, no one said that he was insane. No one found those grave or playful utterances exceptional. Here were a thousand of the best-trained men and women of New England, delighted that he lived, delighted that they had one opportunity more to hear the silver voice and to take home the infinite lesson. He had not lived in vain; and his reward came to him in the world which he had served.

And you and I, if we are rightly to express our gratitude for this life, if we are wisely to celebrate it, are to do so, not by writing addresses about him, or listening to them, nor by joining in functions in his honor, but by drinking at the

fountain where he drank, and living with the life of the Over-soul who inspired him.

> "From Thee, Great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,—
> Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End."

He found out that these are true words. They are poetry because they are true. This is no Oriental exaggeration; this is no finesse of rhetoric. Here is the eternal truth which makes human life divine, as it makes God's present love so human. In that life, the life infinite, abundant with all God's joy and strength, this prophet, and all prophets, command you and me to live. They command us, they implore us, they beckon, they quicken us; if we are wise, they compel us. We rise, so that we may see with its infinite perspective. We obey, so that we command with its infinite power. We listen, so that we may speak with its simple truth. We live, so that we may enter into infinite joy. We *are* all kings, we *are* all priests, we *are* all children of God, and with joy we acknowledge that we must go about our Father's business.

We rightly celebrate him when, with his simplicity, we also live in the infinite and universal life.

ADDRESSES AND ESSAYS

SOCIOLOGY

THE STATE'S CARE OF ITS CHILDREN CONSIDERED AS A CHECK ON JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

[This essay had a curious history. In the year 1853, the Directors of the House of Refuge in Philadelphia offered a prize for the best essay on the "Public Care of Delinquent Children." The essays were confided to a committee who adjudged the first prize to me.

Oddly enough, it happened that the essay did not meet the views of the managers of the institution. They had to print it, and did. But they accompanied it with their own views in contradiction, both of the details of my plan and its principles.

I have reason to think that they took care not to circulate it.

All the same, I am glad to say that the main principle of the essay is admirably illustrated in the great school maintained by their successors at Glen's Mills to-day. That is one of the most successful institutions in the country, well worthy the study of all thoughtful people.

When the address was printed, I prefixed to it the introductory note which follows. — E. E. H., March 15, 1900.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

I attempted in this essay to discuss the origin of Juvenile Delinquency, only so far as to illustrate the duty of government in the control of it.

I was obliged to pass by, without a word, the interesting religious and moral questions involved in the study of its causes.

I wrote as briefly as possible; and what I said was the result of my own observation on the condition of boys who have fallen into petty vice or into crime. I have since had opportunities to study European Reports, which I had not when the following pages were written. I venture to say, that the general drift of them supports that branch of my argument which urges training, as far as may be, like home education for these children. If I had the essay to write now, I could appeal as confidently to the experience of the school at Mettray, as I have done to that of the Rauhes Haus at Horn, to show that the success of such efforts for young criminals rests in the institution of something like a family training for them. Full reports of these schools, and other institutions for like purposes in Europe, are to be found in Mr. Barnard's Reports on National Education in Europe, — a very valuable book, which I had not seen when I wrote this paper. "Small rural colonies," says Mr. B., "arranged in families, are fast supplanting the great hospitals and asylums, where hundreds of orphans, it may be, are well fed, clothed, and lodged, under salaried governors, secretaries, and keepers, but with little or nothing of that fireside education, that cultivation of the feelings, those habits of mutual help and courtesy, that plantation of delightful remembrances of innocent sports and rambles in the field, or that acquisition of ready tact in all household and rural industry, which is the distinguishing feature of a good practical home culture."

It ought to be remembered that Europe has learned the necessity of systematic attention to young delinquents long before it was forced upon our notice in America. We may profit, therefore, by the experiments and failures of Europe, in establishing our own institutions for the reform of boys and girls. I should be glad to add to the other argument of this paper, which pleads for giving to these young delinquents the best education and the highest form of culture possible. I have, however, of course, no right to reconstruct my essay now. The argument may be rested on the duty of

doing to others as we would that they should do to us. For we, who arrange these schools, are certainly glad that by some means we have gained other opportunities than we should have had, had we been trained to the simplest handicrafts only. As a matter of political economy, the necessity of lifting to some high social grade those whom we rescue from the lowest, is suggested by Dr. Whewell in his "Elements of Morality." I have never seen the suggestion made anywhere else, and I cannot but wish that he had illustrated it in more detail.

Without attempting such illustration now, I may say that, as matter of political economy, this necessity is made clear by two observations: 1st, That the orders of mere hand laborers in society are always overcrowded; while, 2d, The top orders of the social pyramid may be built up indefinitely without danger. Mr. Webster is said to have stated this great principle of true social reform in conversation once, when some one asked him if the profession of law were not crowded. "I think not," he said; "there is always room higher up."

EDWARD E. HALE.

WORCESTER, MASS., *Nov.* 14, 1854.

WITH the growth of towns, and with the change of systems of labor, everywhere brought about by modern inventions, crime shows itself among children in a degree which must attract the attention of philanthropists and of the State.

I. Modern arrangements of manufacture and commerce tempt men to abandon the old systems of apprenticeship, and also give children a distaste to them. The simple processes, for which

machines can be made available in the arts, are precisely those which once made the early years of young apprenticeship valuable. The introduction of the planing machine, for instance, has fixed a later period in life than custom formerly fixed for the beginning of an apprenticeship in carpentry. The machine does what the boys in a shop used to do. On the other hand, a boy, who can earn two or three dollars a week in tending an envelope machine, disdains to go to learn a trade in an apprenticeship which will pay him nothing more than the cost of his food and clothing in its first year. But at the end of a few years he is nothing but an overgrown boy, fit to tend that machine. He has learned little else. And that want of training has been in itself enough to train him as a vagabond, unless counteracted by other influences.

Under the best legislative systems yet attempted this difficulty is inherent in the arrangements of factory labor which employs children. Under the Massachusetts statutes, for instance, all persons who employ children are obliged to send them to school thirteen weeks, at least, in a year. The statute is generally enforced and obeyed. But although the education of the children in reading, writing, and arithmetic, is thus provided for, their gradual training to employments fit for men and women is, in most instances, not provided for. Of the processes of machinery in which children are made of use, there are very few which intro-

duce them to the more complicated processes, such as those which men and women are employed for.

A like misfortune befalls boys or girls who are engaged in peddling newspapers or other small wares, as so many are in our larger towns.

It is, in a word, the necessary evil, accompanying every employment, which confines a child to a single duty, without giving him an opportunity to watch and learn more difficult processes connected with it.

It results, as has been said, in training boys and girls who, at last dissatisfied with their childish industry, turn to dishonest gains for their compensation.

II. In the poverty of a large town, and the charity which accompanies it, mistaken almsgiving leads to a like result. The testimony of an English clergyman before a Poor Law Commission was : —

" I never knew a child receive a pair of shoes from the parish, who afterward ever earned another."

My own experience would lead me to go almost as far in testifying on this point. The boys, for instance, who go daily from house to house through a circle of charitable friends, to collect the cold food left from their tables, are roused in that employment to precisely the excitement of a pirate running down his prize. It is on a small scale, it is true. But, to the child, the question

whether he shall obtain beef or bread for his dinner is as interesting as to the sailor the question whether he shall make a prize of silks or of barrel-staves. Charitable persons are surprised when they find that the bread or potatoes which they have given to such poor boys have been thrown away. It is not surprising when, by the arrangement thus entered into for the children's food, five times the quantity they need is, perhaps, by different families provided for them.

As little is it surprising that boys and girls, used to so lazy a system of obtaining their food, and growing up at the same time to curious excitement and dainty selection in this miniature piracy, should seek for like lazy ways of gratifying other wants. The habit of regular labor has not been formed, and pilfering is the easiest substitute. In this class of cases, crime is the direct result of careless though well-meaning charity.

I speak of these two causes of the crime which brings children under the eye of the law, simply in answer to the natural question, — why, of a sudden, we see so much of it now? The old system of apprenticeship offered to every child who had not a father training him, a master to whom that duty fell. And in the customs of life of smaller towns and more scattered society, there were not the dangers which in crowded neighborhoods flow from indiscriminate charity. The older systems of manufacture, therefore, and sim-

pler habits of life, did not feel the necessity which we feel of distinguishing crime among children from the crimes of adults. For it is only with the changes in systems and habits that there has sprung up the class, easily recognized in any of our larger towns, of piratical, adventurous, unprincipled boys and girls, who earn their own living, or steal it; who are therefore free from the control of their parents, because they contribute assessments to the family means which cannot be dispensed with. At an alarm of fire, or on the public reception of a hero, or at the parade of a military company, such young adventurers may be seen in remarkable throngs, rendering no assistance where assistance is needed, thwarting and confounding policemen and fire-marshals, and compelling the least attentive observer to ask what is to become of them and the State of which they shall be the men and women.

Lamartine, by what was regarded as a masterpiece of policy, enrolled twenty thousand of such boys as the *garde mobile* of the infant French Republic, in his protectorate. He declared afterwards that because, in the battles in June, 1848, they fought with the government where they would have else fought against it, the scale was turned in favor of the friends of order. A slight illustration this, yet only a slight one, of the tremendous power in the hands of these boy ruffians of our large towns, to save or to ruin.

Thus uneducated, tempted to pilfering, and

excited to gratify desires wholly beyond their means, such children commit crime every day which brings them under the hand of the law. They are, most likely, perfectly well known to the police. Arrest, therefore, follows crime at once, and then trial and conviction.

The inquiry proposed in this paper requires, first, a distinct statement of what shall be their sentence.

1. The punishment of imprisonment being now almost the only punishment in our criminal system, the effect of imprisonment on children is, of course, first suggested for examination. But there can be no possible question with regard to it. Boys and girls absolutely require the active exercise and open air and social influences from which men and women can be secluded with comparative safety. A. B., a young man known to me, is now about twenty-one years old. He was born in a poorhouse in Rhode Island. He remained there till he was five years old. One and another apprenticeship, interspersed with one and another return to the poorhouse, or short confinement in jail, filled his life up from that time till he was twelve, when he was sentenced to a House of Correction for two years for stealing a watch. At the close of this time, I became acquainted with him. He had learned in the House of Correction the shoemaker's trade, and when discharged, went to work at it with a shoemaker in my neighborhood. A few weeks after, he ran

away, and I heard from him next in the jail of Brooklyn (Ct.), where he had been sentenced for watch-stealing again. He served his term there, entered the service of the jailer afterwards, while waiting for the sailing of a vessel in which he wished to go to sea, but could not resist the temptation of stealing the jailer's watch, and fled with it one night, leaving property of his own, much more valuable, behind. In a few months he was again arrested, on another offence. He was then committed for three years to the Connecticut State Prison.

I go through these details because the instance illustrates the two points which seem to me definitely to decide the value of the imprisonment of children. 1st, It shows that imprisonment had no material terror for this unfortunate boy. He had never known what a home was; and his prison life was hardly less desirable to his narrow imagination than his life elsewhere. It was not terror enough, for instance, to check his boy fancy for a watch, which in at least three instances in four years led him into crime, for which he had no particular predisposition. 2d, He grew up between fourteen and nineteen years of age with increasing physical weakness, precisely corresponding to his external condition. At fourteen, after two years' confinement, he could scarcely look one in the face. He was thin, pale, and with joints loosely set; yet wholly without constitutional disease. The whispering habit induced in

prisons, where prisoners only converse in whispers or without moving their lips, clung to him when there was no longer need of it. Abroad from prison, he proved affectionate, and readily made friends and improved in his personal appearance. But as soon as he was confined again, he regained his suspicious habits. On his discharge from the State Prison, he was bent down, so as to be round-shouldered and crouching, by the work of the shops. He had learned in the prison a shambling trot, which, I suppose, was the gait of the prisoners in going to and fro. It was with the greatest difficulty that he broke himself of these habits, which brought on him the derision of the boys in the street, the moment he went abroad.

I may add, that his long seclusion so far unfitted him for the habits of the world that immediately after his longest confinement I found him constantly endangered by horses in the streets, or by other accidents to which a boy of other training would never have been subject.

Such physical effects, I need not say, are the natural consequences of confinement at an age when nature prescribes for young persons vigorous outdoor exercise, and tempts them to it. Such consequences, I do not doubt, were sadly foreseen by the justices who committed him to these places of confinement. But they had no alternative in the statutes which they administered, which at that time made no distinction as to place or the length of punishment between boys and men.

2. To illustrate moral effects, I will instance C. D., a boy now somewhat younger than A. B. This boy, twelve years old, collected some money for his employer, a milkman, and, misled by an older boy, fled with him to a neighboring city. He was at once arrested and brought home; his accomplice and tempter escaped. He was a promising boy, slight in figure and person, and unusually intelligent. His master very injudiciously entered a complaint before the authorities, and waiting trial he was imprisoned in the county jail. This imprisonment lasted nine weeks in midsummer before the grand jury met. As soon as he was arraigned, his youth and amiable appearance attracted attention; a better home was found for him, bonds given for his good behavior, and though an indictment was found, the District Attorney declined to prosecute him. These nine weeks' imprisonment without labor or exercise were all, therefore, that this boy had ever known.

It happened to be my duty to carry him to his new home. He was morose and sulky, and I may say, in passing, that I think he gained those traits of character in jail, and has never lost them. But he was roused at last to conversation about his prison life, and it appeared that the cell next him was occupied by a half-breed Indian, awaiting trial for his life on a charge of rape. Some earlier prisoner had quarried out a communication between the cells, through which the boys could talk; and in the absence of the watch they were able to

speak to each other, without seeing each other, at their door. In that nine weeks' time, the heavy hanging hours had been relieved to my young friend and his neighbor by a series of lessons, in which the boy taught the man his letters, — each having a copy of the same spelling-book, — and taught him so much of the use of his letters that the Indian could spell short words, and scratch his name on his cell wall, when the boy left. This was in a prison, where, on the theory of the establishment, there was no communication between persons confined. It is easy to conjecture what the man might have taught the boy in an administration, which, though particularly severe, left the boy liberty enough to teach thus much to the man.

Granting even the most successful administration to be maintained, it will be admitted that the disgrace of imprisonment, the loneliness of the cell, the temptations to solitary vice, and the lack of healthy and necessary stimulus which play gives to mind and soul, all combine to injure the character of children who are placed in confinement in any degree resembling the confinement of our prisons.

I may add that children in the world at large probably learn from other children tenfold what they learn from books or masters. In any imprisonment this opportunity for their education is abandoned.

There is a natural alternative, when every idea of close imprisonment is rejected. The State can

instead take full charge of the education of the children who have offended its laws. They have put themselves in its power. The sentence of its law can be such, then, as shall result in their training to a better and more useful life.

So soon as any community resolves to make preparation for this duty, some great advantages appear which in some degree counterbalance the injury which results from the particular crimes which are punished. For instance, look only at the welfare of the State, and leaving out of view the grief of parents or friends, we feel that there has been a decided gain to the State when it has convicted a boy of stealing a pound of sugar, — if that conviction result in his receiving the best discipline the State can give, in place of the neglect of drunken parents. Such an instance is one of many which open a view of the relation which the State holds to the education of all its children.

The American theory has generally stopped short when it has provided for the intellectual education of its children. It leaves their moral training, their religious training, and also their training to work or business entirely to private care. The system is founded on a judicious regard for the rights of families, and for the natural affection of parents for their children.

It is all the while very evident that in many instances the State is a great sufferer, by leaving children, for these three most important fields of discipline, to persons wholly incompetent. It is

more agreeable to a father and mother to have their children left to their own care; but when they bring them up fit for nothing, — intemperate, irreligious, or vagabonds, — the State sustains a great loss from that consideration which has treated so delicately the parents' rights. The child sustains a like loss.

E. F. is a girl twelve years old, the only daughter of intemperate and unhealthy parents, who are beggars by profession. She is an interesting, wholly uneducated child. They move from place to place through New England, too indolent, intemperate, and sick, indeed, to work, and trust themselves to the care and charity of their neighbors. When this charity presumes to go beyond a provision for their own physical wants and hers, they move away from the town. When, two years since, they thus encamped for six months in this town, those interested in them attempted in different ways to separate their child from them, that she might be trained in better habits of life. But the parents were not willing she should go. And it proved impossible then, as it almost always does, to find any public officer willing to undertake the responsible and unpopular duty of separating, by legal process, a child from her parents. I suppose the child is with them still, though in this broad free-will, left them by society, they have taken her to other fields for gleaning. It is almost impossible that she should grow up fit for any useful life. It would have been a great gain to her, and to the

community, if any system had been in force by which those debauched parents could have been deprived of the care which, morally, they had forfeited.

However seriously, then, we may regret the crime of children, we have this compensation when the State is able to educate its young criminals. In those cases it gains a power, which for its own sake, if that were all, it should be glad to exercise in every case. If, of a thousand vagabond boys in a large town, five hundred fall under the hand of the State in any way, there ought to be no doubt whatever that from that very fact they shall prove to be the citizens who will cost the State much less, in money and in reputation, than the five hundred who kept out of its care.

This consideration readily extends itself farther; and it shows that, wherever there are parents incompetent to make their homes fit training places for their children, the State should be glad, should be eager, to undertake their care. Nay, more, its own means for training those children must not be merely such as will suffice for the waifs and strays whom no one else shall care for. They must be so thorough and so successful that parents shall not themselves regret the care which is given to their children; and that, as often as possible, selfish and incompetent parents, too poor to educate their children well, may be willing to give them up to care which is so much better. The arrangements should be so wide that the State should

never refuse the care of children who may be offered to it by those who have them in charge.

This proposal is not so Outopian as to those unused to the subject it may appear. As soon as, in any community, really good arrangements are made for young vagrants, or young criminals, it is evident that they are better off than many boys who were never vagrants nor criminals. And so there directly comes up this question: —

"Do you want to restrict the number of boys you care for, to the number who have been previously dealt with by law?"

The Massachusetts "Reform School" has made itself popular among the very class of people whose children are most apt to fill it. For one instance — where I could easily collect twenty — G. H. is a boy thirteen years old, who has been there for a year past. His father is not now living. He outgrew his mother's control, was disobedient at home, a truant from school, and, finding him so, she turned to her friends, that she might get him "a place in the State School." I have known many mothers do the same thing, with the same sort of feeling with which other mothers, in another walk of life, apply for positions in West Point for their sons. It is a government school; and therefore they rely on it as the best. When G. H.'s mother made this request, the school was full. Some months afterward we heard there were a few vacancies, and I found that she still desired to send him there. He had not pilfered anything; he was

not a criminal, in the ordinary sense of the word; but he was idle, disobedient, and, growing up to vice. A police officer brought him quietly to the justice, sent as quietly for his poor mother, made the formal complaint that the boy was disobedient; she testified that he was, and the justice committed him to the care which she desired for him, stricter and more effective than she pretended to be able to maintain. She did this with pain undoubtedly. But she had no other sense of disgrace than has a mother in the highest walks in life, who sends her boy away from home to a boarding-school, when she finds that he is too wayward or headstrong for her control.[1]

It is in such ways that the Massachusetts Reform School has filled up as rapidly as it has. Its number of inmates at the last report was 341, and the enlargement in progress will receive 200 more. Of those thus committed about half are boys who would not have been complained of were their sentence to be confinement in a jail.

The State ought to rejoice at such a disposition on the part of the incompetent parents to intrust their wayward children to its disposal. If it has taken effective means to train well the children whom it received, every such surrender of parental authority is a gain to it rather than an evil.

[1] Since this paper was written, I met the mother, mentioned above, in the street. She stopped me, eager to tell me that G.H. was "the best boy in the school," and had written her "a beautiful letter." She was really happier than I ever saw her before.

But such a condition of affairs requires, —

1. That the care of such children by the State should be economical, and, so far as possible, meet its own expenses.

2. That the training shall be, beyond doubt, good; and that the result of it shall be capable and virtuous men and women.

I know that the first of these requirements ought to be entirely subordinate to the second. I shall make it so in this paper. But in the somewhat thoughtless state of the governing people of this country on this subject, it will be necessary, in every attempt to improve the care of young offenders, to show that a just economy is kept in view, and an ultimate saving made to the government.

The consideration of the two requisitions cannot be completely separated.

1. There is nothing unreasonable in demanding that such establishments as we found in America for young criminals shall, when in full operation, meet their own expenses.

In almost all districts of our country, a large family of children is, on the whole, a source of pecuniary profit. On the whole, I say: the youngest are, of course, a drain on the time and resources of those who have the care of them. But those who are more than seven or eight years old may be regarded as able to earn their own food; and those more than thirteen or fourteen to add very materially to the revenue of the family.

They are, in fact, generally so regarded in agricultural or manufacturing districts.

The State, however, when it takes the care of children, has the disadvantage, 1st, that those whom it takes are beneath the average of character; and, 2d, that it must prevent their escape from their new homes.

But, on the other hand, 1st, all those whom it takes in charge are above the age at which children earn nothing; and, 2d, much more than half its young convicts are boys, whose labor is more readily made profitable, in some walks of life, than that of girls.

I think these advantages and disadvantages may fairly be set off against each other. The difficulty of keeping children from escape is much less than that where men are the prisoners. To such children as most young criminals the bill of fare will be the strongest magnet at first; and kind treatment and plenty of food will keep them so close that the expensive police of prisons will be quite unnecessary. At the Massachusetts Reform School for boys, they work without being watched, on a farm which is not securely fenced. Trusty boys are sent to the post-office, or on other errands in the neighboring villages, without attendance, and yet the escapes are but few. Last year there were none from an average of 315 pupils.

So little, indeed, does the expense of the care of such boys appear a severe burden, compared with their earnings, that at such institutions constant

applications are made for them by persons who wish them as apprentices, and who expect that their services will more than compensate them for their support.

It proves, however, in that institution, and in all others with which I am acquainted, that the labor even of boys, classified with system, makes but a small item in the income necessary to the establishment. In the Massachusetts Reform School last year, the amounts earned were rather more than three thousand dollars, while the expenses of the establishment were twenty-seven thousand dollars.

Even this contrast is readily accounted for by the disposition which is made of the boys best disposed to life and labor. As fast as these boys prove able to control themselves, away from the restraints of the school, they are indentured to mechanics or farmers, who receive them with the responsibility of caring for their education. Seventy-seven boys were thus indentured from that school in the year spoken of. These were undoubtedly those whose labor would have been most profitable to the establishment, as matter of pecuniary profit only. And the coldest political economist will admit that such boys, going as active laborers into society, will have created value, of which the State has the indirect benefit, before they are of age, which will be of larger amount than the balance of expense to which the State is subjected in the management of this school. But

it is not in that way alone that such schools need to be nearly self-supporting.

The community, as we have seen, needs to encourage incompetent parents to surrender their children to it; and these children when under its care, as they grow up, need the responsibility and stimulus which comes when they feel that they are not mere pensioners or convicts, but that they are relied upon, in some measure, for the resources from which they are to be educated.

The mere question of economy, then, leads us to a consideration which will appear in other forms in the course of this essay; namely, that it would be well to train these boys to the highest point of ability possible.

This is not the general system. At the school referred to, the occupations to which the boys are bred are shoemaking, tailoring, and farming. Now, excepting unskilled manual labor, these are the occupations worst paid in the whole community. Yet, as the boys must be fed, clothed, and kept at school, whatever trade they learn, there is clearly, if we can make it possible, a great advantage, on the point of economy alone, in training them to occupations which admit of higher wages. I will try to show elsewhere that this is very essential on other grounds. But I confine myself here to the simple question of finance.

To state it, in an extreme case, I have asked from I. K., a gentleman known to me, the charges

for his education, and the amount of his earnings afterwards, till he was of age. He replies: —

"At 14, the average age at which pupils are sent to the Reform School, I was sent to college. My college charges were, say, —

		$1800.00
Two prizes there	$60.00	
College fellowships, etc.	150.00	
	$210.00	210.00
		$1590.00

"In the two years after I left college, my salary and other earnings were $1665. I then returned to the study of my profession; and for the year which passed before I was 21, my income was not more than $500.00. Most of these years I was a teacher. If it had been necessary, I should have put off longer my professional study; in that case my last year's salary would have been larger than the other two.

"As it stands, the account for which you ask is this:

I. K. cost at college	$1590.00
I. K. cost when 18, 19, and 20, say	750.00
	$2340.00
I. K. earned in his apprenticeship . . .	$2165.00

and in two months afterwards I. K. had liquidated this balance.

"Always yours, I. K."

I do not insert this note as an argument to show that the State ought to send all its boys to college, but as an illustration of the position that the

higher the training, the better the chance of remuneration for it. At the Franke School at Halle, the boys are trained to the arts connected with book publishing. Mr. Wichern has found the same culture the most profitable in his schools at Hamburg. There is no reason whatever why, as compositors only, boys over seventeen years old, engaged only six hours a day in setting type, should not earn five dollars a week, if, for three or four years before, they have been in training to such duty. At Halle, where there are some of them, I presume, able to set type in Latin, Greek, and other languages besides their own, the amount thus earned must be even larger. All this time, the expenses of the institution are not materially enlarged by any extension of the training given to the pupil.

The consideration of finance or economy leads us, therefore, to look for some arrangement by which the boys may be disciplined to the more productive kinds of labor. It will be necessary for this to make some other arrangement than that of large and costly establishments, in which the boys are kept while their work is of no value, and from which they are indentured to private masters as soon as it becomes valuable.

It will appear from other considerations, as well as from this of expense, that the Receiving School, to which, in the outset, boys shall be sent who are received into the care of the State, should be so administered that the boy's transfer shall be made,

as soon as possible, to influences which are more like those of home, while still the care of him is strict and severe. This home must still be under the supervision of the State. But if established on a large scale, it ceases to be a home to the boy. He is trained as a soldier would be, or as a prisoner, and not as a child should be; and there creep in also the thousand incidental expenses which make him a burden, instead of a profit in the community. In smaller homes, the boys or girls can be distributed so that, for their different tastes, the true training and the best training can be given. A practical printer, with his wife, can be put in charge of the home, where gradually a dozen boys shall meet who are to learn a printer's trade. A gardener, with his wife (and the wife is always an essential part of such schemes), will receive, one by one, the boys who are to be trained as practical and scientific gardeners. There are scholars who can take the charge of the few who will have powers which promise fine results, if they are trained in the highest branches of scholarship; teachers who may bring up families of teachers; artists who will train those who have a fitness for it in the arts of design; and so through the whole calendar of the higher range of employment, which afford better remuneration to industry than do the simplest arts.

The Receiving School, taking its pupils from their old successful homes, would have to wash them, establish regular habits for them, and retain

them long enough to judge of their abilities, and, in some measure, of their character. There should be power to remand to other places of punishment boys and girls so habituated to depravity that it would be dangerous to expose other children, under any circumstances, to their society. The Receiving School would then indenture, to proper private masters, the boys or girls whose dulness or indolence seemed so confirmed that they did not desire the further care of the State, and did not hold out promise of repaying that care. But, all this time, it should be understood, that for those who were industrious enough, intelligent enough, and of enough principle, the State had ready homes, where they should receive each a first-rate training in some of the more advanced walks of life. The prospect of this home should be open as a reward to all. The danger of being remanded from it should be a warning to those who had been promoted to it. In such an administration as I hope for, one half of the children intrusted to the State would be brought up in such homes.

The cost of such establishments would vary with their details; but the following estimate seems a fair average. A proper person, himself carrying on some branch of industry, — as a gardener, or a printer, or an engraver, — is to be induced to take successively into his care about twelve apprentices, one or two at a time, of various ages, from 15 to 21. They are to be members of his family, and to be taught his calling. Such account is to be

kept of their earnings meanwhile that each of them shall know that his own industry or negligence is noted by the State.

I estimate the expenses of such a home thus:

Salary paid its head (besides his own earnings)	$500.00
Rent of the home	200.00
Clothing and food of 12 boys	600.00
One hundred dollars paid to each boy on attaining his majority, say	200.00
	$1500.00

This expense would be met if two apprentices, 20 years old, earned $200 each	$400.00
Four, 18, 19 years old, $125 each	500.00
Six, 15, 16, 17 years old, average $100 each	600.00
	$1500.00

And it does not seem impossible to come even wholly up to this requisition, if the fundamental principle is adhered to, of giving the boys a first-rate education for life, instead of a low or a merely average training. It is to be remembered that for any of them who can be trusted at school — as almost all of these home boys, a promoted class, could be — the national common-school system affords the means of education without separate cost or provision by this establishment.[1]

[1] I state this account in this form simply for an illustration in a single case, to show where the pecuniary balance would be. It will be perceived at once, of course, that in practice there need be no such payments and repayments between the State and the Masters of its Homes. If the earnings and expenses on this scale, of a printing-house, or nursery, or whatever establishment was

In such homes, properly conducted, there need not be, after the first, any more danger of escape than there is that boys will escape from their fathers' homes.

2. The arrangement thus proposed is of a large Receiving School, supplying various separate "homes," — all of them, however, under the management of one board of authorities. In that feature, it seems to have been tested to great advantage in the system of M. Wichern, near Hamburg, to which he gives the name of the Rauhes Haus. So far as can be learned from accounts of travellers who have visited this establishment, it appears that the boys have a real home feeling for their several homes. Cheaply built and simply furnished, these resemble more nearly the homes which they will occupy in after life than any large establishment can. The large buildings which we erect, for the congregation of hundreds, are but barracks, after all. And the more carefully we provide them with scientific con-

carried on by such labor, equalled, in fact, in a year, $1500 each, the master's two accounts balancing each other, he would require no payment and need make none. But it is desirable that his calling should be permanent. And, on the one hand, he ought to be secured against the sickness, or rather unavoidable failure of his apprentices; while, on the other, the Managers of the whole establishment ought to have power to withdraw from him boys whom they could better dispose of. At the same time, they must have such oversight as to secure the boys a high grade of training. For this reason do I suggest establishments directly under the eye of the Board of Management, in place of the indiscriminate scattering of apprentices now necessary.

veniences for the business of life, the more unlike do they become to the houses in which their inmates are to spend their lives, and the less do we form the habits of those inmates for those lives.

I have discussed the system of Separate Homes thus far in the financial view only. It appears to be the only system in which the boys can be trained to the highest line of ordinary occupations. It is impossible, in a large establishment, to give such instructions as we have contemplated, which a master workman gives to his apprentices, and which they in turn give to each other. I wish now to examine it, in view of the effect on the characters of the pupils.

If our object were to secure a certain brilliancy of recitation at a set school examination, we should secure it best, undoubtedly, by bringing boys together in large numbers, training them in classes, and working them under the stimulus of mutual rivalry. But we have no such object. We find that, as consequence of conditions which we cannot quickly change in the constitution of society, there is a large class of boys who grow up without the discipline for life which should be given in a Christian home. Other boys, more favored, receive from such homes a true discipline. To such homes God confided them, that they might receive it. We have to provide it for these unfortunates, whose natural home has failed of these conditions. It is, therefore, to meet the needs of their own characters, and, at this late moment in their educa-

tion, to supply, as far as we may, the means by which they may best come under the influences of his Spirit, that we provide for them homes instead of a schoolhouse, and bring them together in families, each under the charge of a Christian man and a Christian woman, rather than in hundreds, under a staff of superintendent, teachers, matrons, chaplain, and trustees.

Every parent knows that no boarding-school is, in itself, as good a place for boy or girl as is a well-ordered Christian family. He makes use of such a school, perhaps, but it is to gain the advantages of the school, and acknowledging, all the time, the disadvantages of the congregation of scholars. The evils which exist there, exist in yet wider degree in every large-scale School of Reform. Boys learn from each other some virtue and some vice. It is impossible to see how much of either. It is almost impossible to encourage the virtue and to check the vice.

Again: boys contract there the social habits of the place, which are wholly unlike the social habits of the world. Many a boy leaves such a school — as many a young man has left college — to find that he has left behind him all his ease and unconsciousness of daily life, and that with men and women he is at loss how to speak and how to listen. He has been used, as I said above, to a barrack, and he does not understand the system of a home. An illustration is suggested by those very mechanical contrivances to which allusion

was made in examining this subject financially. It is an excellent economy for a large establishment to provide its steam-engine for pumping water, and to deliver it by water-pipes all over the edifice. But the boy will go nowhere into country life, perhaps, where he will meet this accommodation. "To fetch a pail of water" may be the first duty expected of him in the world for which we train him. And we have trained him to despise the humble family arrangements which make that duty necessary. In like ways do we separate him, morally, from the habits of thought, of action, and of feeling of men and women, if we train him among five hundred, when he is to live among five or ten.

3. The restoration of the pure system of apprenticeship is the practical effect of these plans for those children whom the State shall take in charge. Men who remember that system in their own lives will admit its moral advantages, if the master and mistress were Christian teachers and took up the boy's prospects as eagerly as they should have done their own son's. The indulgence of home vanished. It ought to vanish, at that time of life, if the boy has not gained self-control enough to bear it. But the opportunities of home remained. The mutual kindnesses, the mutual instruction, the variety of occupation, the attachments, and the common griefs of home acted on each member of the family, whether he were born there, or were placed there under a master's care.

And, in the community at large, boys in such training meet with the advantages which society has ready for them, just as boys do in their own homes. The apprentices in these homes would receive the religious instruction which other boys in the village received, would hear the same sermons, join in the same prayers, and be taught in the same Sunday-schools. They would not feel that they were especially preached at. They would not feel that religion was measured out as a specific antidote for their faults of character. In a large establishment, where they are the only members of society, it is almost impossible that it should not be so.

It must be borne in mind also, as we study their relations to each other and to society, that they will not have hanging over them the reputation of boys who have been convicted of offences against the law. We seek to encourage shiftless parents, who have tested their own inefficiency, to relinquish to better hands the charge of their children. The larger part of those intrusted to the authorities, as the system gains confidence, will be boys guilty of no other faults than their parents are most responsible for, in their own inefficiency. These boys, under any circumstances, would have been sent to the State's free daily schools, to be taught the branches of an intellectual education. They are, under this wider system, sent to the State's "homes" to provide for their education to business, and their training

in moral and religious life. No boy, in such establishments, would be necessarily branded with the stigma of crime. And the reputation which they would bear among those who knew them, would be the reputation which their new homes warranted. It would not be supposed, as a matter of course, that they were boys whose character must be bad, and whose influence must be avoided.

4. This system of State apprenticeships is impossible unless the best training be given to these boys, and they be educated to what are called the higher trades or callings. In every system of management of houses of reform or orphan homes, the boys are sooner or later apprenticed to masters. But there the masters make the profit of the boy labor which I would have the State rely upon. And generally that profit is small, because the trades taught are the simplest which can be taught most easily.

But, on a generous view of the condition of poverty, quite apart from the considerations which we have been following, it seems unfair to the humble laborers who pursue these simplest of arts that we should press into their ranks all the pupils whom we train for life. The whole current of trade already, and the whole system of manufacture, tends to enlarge too fast the classes of hand laborers of least skill. Because too large, those classes are already paid too little. They are now the grade of the school pyramid which is but just above the unskilled day laborers, as

they are just above the paupers at the bottom of it. Both of these classes of laborers are now exposed to too much competition from their own numbers. If we add to them well-trained boys and girls, brought up to the simplest mechanical processes, we make that competition more fierce, and crowd some one down somewhere into the ranks of pauperism below. Our duty to them is to put our pupils somewhere else in life. To them, as well as to our pupils, it is due that we place these boys in some of the higher stages which are less crowded now, and which have easy lines of promotion open for them, into after walks of life which are not crowded at all. For we may build our social pyramid up as high as we please. Without a figure, that is only to raise the general civilization of the land. When we found libraries; when we open railroads; when we enlarge commerce abroad, — we open walks of life in the higher grades to any who can slip in. We build our social pyramid higher. And it is in those grades, "higher up," that there is room for all whom we have to train.

To sum up these considerations, which have been presented in the most condensed form possible, in order to win that attention which no long essay can gain, it does not seem impossible that the State should extend its care of its children, in some instances, from the care of their minds up to a care for their practical and their religious

training for active life. The sense of family right would be wounded if it did so by force; but the State gains a right where it has a young offender in its hands.

Let it use it, then, with Christian feeling, and with the best skill. Let it train him, not in the simplest, but in the best education possible.

For this, he must be trained, not in a boarding-school, but in a home.

1. Just in proportion as this training is thorough and successful, will it meet its own expenses.

2. Just in that proportion also, will it recommend itself to parents who do not know how to take care of their own children.

3. Just in that proportion will more and more children be offered to such institutions for instruction and care; and the boys who would have filled the ranks of the vagrants of the towns will become the most intelligent workmen, the cultivated artists, or the efficient scholars of the land.

The system will become gradually a system, not only for young criminals, but for all boys who cannot gain such efficient care at home. The system of the common school will extend itself, for them, to the most important training for life.

This essay, it will be seen, does not attempt to prevent the waywardness and disobedience in unsuccessful homes which lead to "Juvenile Delin-

quency." It examines simply the means which the State has for warding off the dangers threatened by that delinquency — and for curing it, where it exists now, as a fault of the present generation. This Juvenile Delinquency has called public attention, as towns have grown so fast that it expanded from home mischief into public crime. But the cause of it is not in the growth of cities. It is in the selfishness of parents, and their consequent unwillingness and incompetency to make home a Christian training-school for their children. They will not spend the time, they will not take the pains, to make home the happiest place on earth for their sons and daughters. So their sons and daughters find the streets more attractive, and in the streets take their lessons of duty and of life. So distinctly is taught anew the awful lesson that the iniquities of the parents descend upon the children. That retribution comes on a father who is so self-willed, indolent, or fickle that he sees his children grow up as he would not have them, — their lives stained with daily vice, their generous impulses turned into miserable lines of action, and they ruined, indeed, before their active lives begin.

For such dangers the old provision was that of apprenticeship. The young gentleman of the days of chivalry was apprenticed to the accomplished knight; the boy ready for life, in the later days of fact, was apprenticed to the accomplished mechanic. The mere fact that a master

workman had grown to be a master workman was some little evidence that he had self-control, industrious habits, and some powers which would make him a fit supervisor of the young. If he were faithful and competent, the system succeeded. If he were faithless and incompetent, the system failed; the boy's chance was as bad, of course, as it would have been in a lawless home. We hold that the State, which is wise, will not leave to chance the selection of such masters. It will not murmur, but will rejoice, when the indolence, or the weakness of father or mother gives it the selection of the guardians and masters of children. It will itself select those masters. They will be responsible to it for their duty, and, as Christian men, they will own a responsibility yet higher. To God they have to answer for the young lives given to their care. And He will order that, if they neglect their trust, future generations will hold them liable for the failure of these boys, whom there was one more chance to save; or that, if they succeed, future generations will bless them if these boys grow up an honor to Him and to His Church.

[NOTE. — Printing this paper again, after nearly fifty years, I like to say that one of the persons, for whose names initials are given in the essay, — not now living, — did his country distinguished and valuable service in the Civil War. — E. E. H.]

PUBLIC AMUSEMENT FOR POOR AND RICH

[A discourse delivered before the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, May 21, 1857.

The substance of this address was prepared as a sermon and read to my own people, at Worcester. Some illustrations have since been added, as I have been requested to repeat it before other audiences. I welcome so gladly the general attention called to the whole subject of Public Entertainment by Dr. Bellows's very vigorous, careful, and, as I think, triumphant discussion of it, that I am glad to contribute, for such consideration as they deserve, these studies, however incomplete, of one or two points of view in it. So long as we live in the country, the subject does not come up for discussion, for there God provides the best entertainment for everybody. Every boy can find it in the trout streams, and every girl among the buttercups. But when we choose to bring people into crowded towns, to substitute pavement for the meadows, and mains six feet under ground for the trout-brooks, we must substitute something for the relaxation and amusement which we have taken away.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I have the honor to read you a lecture on PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

I do not select my subject. I attempt to treat it at the request of the officers of this Society, who have asked me to read here some suggestions on this subject which I had offered elsewhere. I ought to add, that they knew very well, therefore,

how little I knew of my theme; that I had confessed openly my ignorance. For I said then that I considered the great question regarding Public Amusements as the most difficult of all questions; and that I knew less about them than I knew of any question of public administration. That is true. I have studied these questions more than I ever studied any question of social life. But I have not advanced much farther than that easy position which finds out that a great deal is wrong, — and which says, with a sort of stupid fatuity, that somebody ought to appear and set it right. I have been hoping, since I was a boy, that some man would arise, of power more than Howard's, to do a greater work than Howard's, in showing poor, haggard New England how to amuse herself. He has never come, and she does not know how. You see, every year, throngs of people who have come into town to spend "Independence Day," sadly pacing hand in hand up the streets and down again, unamused, unrejoicing, wishing that the holiday were over before it has half gone by. I have wished that some man would appear, of intellectual power as severe as Goethe's, and with the heart which that man-devil wanted, and would show our hard workers how to rest themselves, — our hard thinkers how to play. That man has never come, and those workers do not know. I do not profess, to-night, even to begin upon his work. I shall do little more than show you how much we need him, in the hope

that when he does come, we may be more willing to welcome him, more willing to hear.

I begin by claiming a position which is not universally conceded. I must begin by saying dogmatically, what I do not condescend to prove, that, in its place, *Rest* is just as much a necessity of life as *Work* is. In the face of the popular theory which supposes that work is in itself respectable unless it is proved to be wrong; and that rest, in itself, suspicious, — that it must prove itself to be in the right; in the face of this popular theory, which is the theory of spelling-books, of careless talk, and of untrained consciences, — I must remind you, that WORK and REST have each its own place, and that neither must step beyond that place. In its right place and proportion, rest is as dignified, as creditable, as work is. God is not pleased with heads throbbing, or hands trembling, because they have overwrought in his service. Does some eager child of his break down the body which he has endowed, by labor unamused, God is not honored any more by the nervous suffering of that votary than he is when the Hindoo worshipper tortures himself with stripes or wounds. God is not honored more by the slow suicide than by the momentary sacrifice when some fanatic flings himself beneath the idol's wheels. I call things by their names. When a fervent young student chooses to crowd into one day the work of three, — into a winter the work of years, — and dies broken beneath the task, I do

not call that misfortune; I call it suicide. None the less do I call it so when I find his life published among tracts for young Christians, and his death spoken of as a "mysterious providence." And if this have not been his fault, or his choice alone; if teachers have stood by and encouraged him to the effort, — I charge them, not with "misdirected zeal," but with "murder." True, they may not have selected his particular life with the intent to destroy it; but that is no defence at law. If they have voluntarily tried the system, they have accepted the consequences also. For if, in trying a Colt's pistol, I should fire it now among you, with fatal effect upon somebody, it would be no defence for me, on my trial, that I had no particular intent of killing a particular individual; that I bore him no malice, personally; that I was only trying a curious experiment. I should be guilty of murder. And that teacher is guilty of murder, though the malice is not personal malice, but what is called, at law, "malice against the whole world."

Such are the crimes of which they are guilty who choose to work without rest or recreation, or to make others work so. I say rest, or re-creation, because recreation or amusement are but other names for rest. Such is the place which the hours of rest hold in the subdivision of our time, — in our arrangements for it. I stand upon this ground in claiming for Public Amusements the most careful attention and the best direction.

It is no adequate answer to the claim I thus make, to say that home entertainments and home amusements can be made to give all the rest, and relaxation, and recreation that is needed. I will not reply in an argument to this statement, because you know it is not true. We often hear it; we never believe it. The serious man who makes it, does not himself believe that one of Whitefield's Sermons read at home, aloud, to a family, will affect them in the same way as the same sermon would affect them, delivered by Whitefield, they sitting in a crowded congregation. No more is it possible to persuade yourself that the rendering of a symphony of Beethoven, by the poor, thin piano, which just hints at its harmonies and its contrasts of effort and repose, takes the place of the rendering of the same symphony by an orchestra of a hundred instruments, in presence of thousands of people. Nor is it any more possible to persuade yourself that "Much Ado About Nothing," well read aloud, by a quiet gentleman or lady, sitting by the fire, amuses you, rests you, as completely, as fully, or satisfies you as entirely as the same play, if you could only have it well performed by a number of gentlemen or ladies, where you had the contagious sympathy of a large number of hearers. Of other public amusements, even the pretence of a home substitute does not exist. You cannot have an exhibition of pictures at all, unless numbers contribute to bear the expense. You cannot hear the "Creation" performed, or the "Messiah," unless you

go together to hear the performance. And, indeed, in the union is great part of the enjoyment. You hear lectures, where you are all together, which you would never think of reading in the newspaper. You laugh at the juggler when you are in a crowd; you would never sit down to see him play his tricks to you alone.

Of this point I shall have to speak again. The simple fact is, that it is only the rich and the educated who can supply, in their own homes, the necessity for entertainment which, for the poor and the ignorant, are supplied by Public Amusements alone.

When the man shall appear who shall solve this problem for us, when he shall teach us how to amuse this people of ours innocently, I say, he will be the greatest benefactor of New England. He is the man whom most she needs.

For, *First*, The strange question of the health of our overworked people demands for its solution a reply to the question how they shall be entertained.

Second, All this complicated labor question, the discussion of ten hours' systems, of the work of women, of the work of children, asks what men, women, and children are to do with the hours of rest.

Third, Our whole Temperance question brings up the same question as a part of it. Will you shut up from the day laborer the comfortable saloon, where is light, warmth, and such society, at

least, as he likes, and send him to his cold, dark, perhaps lonely home, without any provision for these long evenings? What would one of these evenings be to you, if you did not know how to read, and had no one to talk to?

Fourth, The question of the courage of a people, shut up in towns, and unused to meet danger, — the question whether you and your children shall grow up cowards or no, — is only to be solved by a right understanding of athletic amusements.

Fifth, And comprehending all these: Every question of religion demands an answer, which shall show whether the Puritans were right in thinking God insulted when his children are amused. Till we decide that, we do not know how to convert the world.

I say I have studied this question more than I have ever studied any question of social administration. I am also willing to confess that I know less of it than of any; that it seems to me the most difficult of all. I venture with confidence, however, thus far to say, that I think, in our management of it, our leading principle has been wrong.

I. That is to say, — with some rare exceptions, the community acts on the old Puritan principle, which considered all amusement as in itself worldly, and so wrong.

We act, in these matters, as if the burden of proof were against every public entertainment. Each one must work its way against the steady

inertia of a public conscience, which, without much thought, pronounces favorably, as a matter of course, of the man who never is seen in public places of any sort, but always spends his evenings at home. Our public authorities look at entertainments, and the public law bids them do so, only to arrest what is bad: almost never to introduce what is good. The Church does the same thing: points out the dangers of the theatre, the frivolity of cards, and the temptations of dancing, and there stops, — satisfied if it have arrested evil, and forgetting that the gospel way to arrest evil is to drive out evil with good. There is many a tract published by one and another society on the dangers of gambling; but not one on the advantages of playing cricket. Many a sermon warns you to stay away from the theatre, but you hardly ever heard one which advises you to go and hear "The Creation" or "Elijah."

I say all this is the result of a false principle. It is the result of the old error which supposed the universe a failure, and this world under the empire of the devil, and the church a little handful which had escaped the wreck of all beside and around. The same principle has in turn stamped astronomy as a vain prying into mystery; botany a waste of time; and gardening frivolous folly. Supposing that the kingdom of heaven was not at hand, but at a distance, the Puritan fathers wished that men should mortify the flesh, abjure the present, see no beauty in stones, none in flowers, none in stars;

and, by the same rule, none in pictures, none in dancing, none in music. To sacrifice all this for the service of God is, on that hypothesis, one of the gallant offerings of self-denial which one makes to his Maker's glory.

Now, in reality, every wing of the Church has abandoned that theology. As matter of theory, it is not sustained anywhere. And yet the practice based upon it lingers in our habits and in our legislation. If, however, I do reject that theory, if I believe God never abandoned the world, if I believe that the Christian system is the explanation, illustration, elucidation, of the system of natural religion, and not a contradiction to it, not its overthrow, then it will become my business to see, not only that my soul aspires to God, but that every power that he gave my body is fully trained, and that every delicate sense and faculty of mind shall have fair exercise. If I hold this theology, I must educate the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, as Paul puts it, that man may be presented before God a perfect creature; while the Puritan theology was justified, on its premises, in trying to educate the soul alone, and in mortifying body and mind together. If I hold that God intended everything, unabused, to work good, then the passion of Rachel, if unabused, or the dancing of Fanny Ellsler, if unabused, or the singing of Jenny Lind, if unabused, all assume the position of remarkable successes in the development of faculties he has implanted. They deserve attention in their way,

as Chrysostom's preaching did, in its way, or as Jeremy Taylor's devotion. Yet it is perfectly true that, on the hypothesis of our ancestors, all three of these are temptations of the devil seeking to call man from his knees, trying to bring back to earth the soul entranced in heaven, and they are all to be stigmatized together.

Thus much for the false principle from which spring our failures. As for the detail of our failures, let us see what has been the result of our practice. As I was preparing this lecture for delivery last autumn, I saw, one day, the by-streets placarded with notices of "RARE SPORT FOR EVERYBODY." My mind was occupied with that exact question, the most difficult of all, which asks, How shall we amuse everybody, rich and poor, learned and simple? I thought I had caught a clew. I approached the nearest placard, to read the small letters with the large, and found that the "sport for everybody" was an announcement that, at such an hour, at such a place, the celebrated terrier, *Mad Jack*, would be put to his task of killing one hundred rats in five minutes; and that opportunities would be given for other rats to be killed by other terriers. Such are the classical amusements which slip in, in the midst of the public conviction that the provision for amusement may be safely left to individual enterprise alone, and that the public authorities must not sully their hands with it. In the same conviction, the drama

takes the mysteries of Boston, the adventures of Jack Shepard, or the death struggles of Camille, for its share. And the Lyceum, not knowing exactly whether it is expected to amuse or to instruct, falls between two stools, instructs very little, and amuses even less. So a sad public returns next morning to its filing of iron, its balancing of accounts, its sewing of seams, or its digging of mud, without one wrinkle smoothed, without one care lightened. The killing of rats has not soothed it; the death rattle of Camille has not soothed it; and the lecture certainly has not rested it. The evening has been killed, and that is all.

Now, in all these cases, the gospel way would be, "to overcome evil with good." But, by refusing to put our hands to the good, the evil comes in, in spite of us. When we do undertake the good, we do it so timidly as to gain nothing at all. We see only a repetition of just what happens in our literature from kindred causes. What a wretched failure is poetry when it offers you instruction and entertainment together! While true poetry, as Goethe says, frees us by its inward serenity and outward graces, indifferent poetry, as the Didactic Moral Poems, exhibit a gloomy dissatisfaction with life. It may be questioned whether, if some of the moral poems built in imitation of Young's "Night Thoughts" were carried out to their legitimate result, that gloomy morality would not result in suicide! So tenacious, however, is our habit of trying to mix our play and our money-getting that if a

bold parish announces a tea-party, it has to explain apologetically at once that the tea-party has an *object;* it is not mere entertainment, oh, no! it is to provide a carpet for the vestry, or shoes for the poor! If you see a handbill announcing a *festival,* you know the festival is going to grind out money for somebody. And the enthusiasm of an old countryman, who is told there is to be a *fair,* is chilled when he finds that the fair is *of use* too, it is only a parody on a subscription paper, that the very gods of laughter are chained to the mill-stone, that it is a grave and virtuous fair, with no fiddle, no dancing, no puppet-show, — indeed, very little fun at all.

II. This is all I will say, either on the principle to which our failures are due, or on their details. Let us look farther, at their possible remedy.

We believe the Puritan theory false. We believe that God wants the education of the whole man, — body, mind, and soul; that to God's eye, therefore, the hours of rest are worth as much as the hours of work, and that he means to provide amusement for his children as much as toil. In fact, however, we know that, as they are, this amusement or recreation is not to be found wholly in their own homes. I suppose that, for you and me, reading is undoubtedly our chief amusement. But will you remember not only those who cannot read, but, beside them, the large numbers of those who do not read well enough to enjoy. Ask at the

bookstores if half the people of this town ever carry home a book of any sort at all. No, they do not; because more than half the people of this town read with so much difficulty that reading is a toil, — at most, a convenience, — but no pleasure. Yet, what other home amusement does John Shay have, who has been setting horses' shoes all day; or Dennis Maher, who has been at work in water to his knees? You do not want him to play cards. He does not want, after a day's work, to go and play ten-pins for three or four hours more. He wants, and you want for him, sympathy, — which is society, — and amusement, which is rest; social entertainment, public amusement. I do not doubt that you, who, behind your counter, or in the bank, or on the railroad, or in court, have talked with a hundred people to-day, are best entertained, and most profitably occupied, alone with an agreeable book at home. But for him, or for his wife, who have not spoken twenty words to-day, nor heard words, except as commands, I am quite sure *it* is the other way.

Now, those whose business it is to undertake this provision, from selfish motives, do one of two things: —

They provide what are called the respectable or what are called the disreputable amusements. That is, they either provide for those classes who can do very well without, because they pay the best; or —

They provide what is vicious and depraved, be-

cause, to vulgar tastes and low, vice is more popular than virtue. At least, this is the tendency. And because this is the tendency it seems to me the business of *the public*, in some of its many organizations, to attend, not only to the restricting of bad public amusements, but to the providing of good ones. The churches might attend to this without soiling their purity. Lyceums might attend to it openly, instead of pretending to teach people, as they do. Temperance societies might attend to it. Or the civil government itself might attend to it, with the same justification which it has for attending to public education in other forms. For myself, I believe that this last is the result we shall eventually arrive at, and ought to arrive at. As it stands, the authorities occasionally refuse a license for an exhibition of naked women, or when a father wishes to exhibit his child feeding a poisonous snake. Once a year they provide an entertainment of fireworks, and sometimes a regatta upon the water, and then shrink back in terror from the experiment. Twice a week in summer, a band plays upon the Common. And this is all. I say this of Boston. In the rest of the Commonwealth, the public's provision for the entertainment of the people is restricted to the ringing the bells in the churches for the hour between four and five on the morning of the Fourth of July. And all of these are acknowledged to be exceptions to our general policy. Speaking in general, I should have a right to say that the public action regard-

ing amusements is confined to restrictions upon them, — restrictions, too, imposed only in extreme cases.

I think they were more right in Athens, where the government always took the position of the father of a family, who "chooses to know where his children are." An important branch in administration was the providing of entertainment, watching over it that it should come up to their standard of right; and then providing, for each of the people, the means to buy his ticket for the entertainment. This was in a State which did not provide the means of religious instruction, which did not attempt the education of its people. But on just the grounds that we do provide these, it did provide the entertainment of them all. And it kept its eye on them the whole time. I doubt if we shall secure the elevation of our public entertainments to our best standards, till we do the same thing.

I know it will be long before the public understand this, for public opinion is but the average of individual opinion; and in this matter a great many excellent men and women are so panic-struck that they have no opinion at all. But I had just as lief tell what I should be glad to see done, though I know it will be long before we shall have it done. For one instance, I will take what is called the most difficult of all the detailed questions regarding the amusement of the public: this question of the theatre. People are apt to talk about

this as if it were a peculiar question, separated from most others of public administration, and to be decided on different principles. I do not believe it is. I believe its dangers are governed by the same laws which govern all other dangers, and its successes by the same laws which govern all other victories. And I believe, therefore, that the practical results of a theatre, in any town or in any time, will be just as high as the motive which establishes that theatre and manages it, — no higher and no lower. If, then, your theatre be established, as, alas! it is almost always, merely with the desire of making a profit out of the necessity of recreation, which is felt by every faithful child of God, the results of your theatre will be as mean as your motive. Or if, again, you establish it merely to gratify certain senses of your ear or your eye, — to gratify yourselves, in a word; if some particular "upper ten thousand" create it for *themselves*, careless of that lowest ten thousand, which needs relaxation a hundred times as much as you do, — again your motive is of the devil, and the results are accordingly. But when I have said this, I have simply said that the fountain cannot rise higher than its source: that that which is of the flesh is flesh, and, like all flesh, dies.

I have only said what I might say of the Senate, of the Council Chamber, — that when a man or a party uses these institutions merely for personal profit, or for selfish gain, they are, for all their high names, as mean as the most worthless of hu-

man creations. I have said that which I need not say of the church, because it has been said, by inspired lips before me, that he who works in the church for the selfish motive of a Simon Magus, perishes with his money. The church which sells its indulgences dies with the touch of the cursed coin. The preacher who preaches for applause or for pay never lifts a human soul higher than the motive from which he himself is working. The institutions of religion have no power, more than the institutions of amusement, to work results finer than the motive power brought to bear. In point of fact, I conceive that all history shows that the moment the Christian men of a community, in the course of their arrangements for that community, take hold of the drama and consecrate it to their aims, the moment they dare ask God's blessing upon it in prayer, that moment it is as innocent as any other engine which they employ. *Till* it is under such control, its purity, even its harmlessness, is almost the accident of an accident. When it is under such control, it obeys the law of every institution; its results have God's blessing, and spring as high as the motives from which they flow.

But you are saying that this is very easy to say, but that it is all imaginary; that no such control of the drama has been attempted since, in the middle ages, the Catholic priests exhibited to a barbarous peasantry their visible representations of the Scripture History. I beg your pardon. There is scarcely one of our older country acad-

emies, in our smallest towns, which, at its annual exhibition, does not present a play, acted by the pupils, in the presence of the ministers, the deacons, the church members, the whole community. Nobody is afraid, in such a place, that the morals of the town will be corrupted by "Box and Cox" thus presented, and why? Simply because somebody of character is responsible. It is somebody's fault if the exhibition, however indirectly, introduces a shade of evil thought or of temptation. The instance is a little one, but it embodies the whole principle. The whole principle is involved, where, with courage for which I give them all credit, the young gentlemen of one of your Orthodox churches play "Still Waters Run Deep," in the vestry, in the presence of their minister and their other friends.

What you can do on a small scale, you can do on a large scale. Let a city government appoint a committee on public amusement as distinctly responsible for the theatre, the opera, public concerts, shilling dances, and assemblies for rat-catching as the school committee is responsible for the schools; a committee as responsible and as powerful. Let the law of the State take that ground, that the public ought to provide public entertainment and oversee it, just as it provides public education and oversees it, and all our great questions, as we call them, about the influence of dancing, and the influence of music, and the influence of the drama in such things, would become

very little questions of detail. Let us take the ground as to public entertainment, that it is not enough to restrict here and to restrict there, but that the public must be answerable for it, all along. If, whenever there was a vicious play at your higher or your obscurer theatres, a common councilman and an alderman were impeached for it, and put out of office, I should have little fear but the drama would flow pure.

This is what we could wish for. That the government would take all this in charge. It will be long before that, however. A great many failures will be necessary, springing from the want of such action, and a great many partial successes of those who work less efficiently, before the law, and the local governments, acting under the law, will reverse the action which has grown up under the old Puritan theory. As I said, no one now believes in the theory, but as often happens, the practice lives long after the theory is dead. What you and I can do in this matter, must be done by more modest agencies. Let us hope that it may be efficient enough to point the way to systematic success.

III. Bear in mind, then, what we do. We are to announce, in a practical way, that one class of people has as good right to some cheerfulness as another; the honest poor, as the honest rich. We attempt to provide food for the latent faculties which God has scattered, as he scatters rain and

snow, everywhere. Has he a child, even in abject poverty, who is eagerly fond of music? We mean that he shall hear it. Is there another born to be an artist? We mean that he shall know what a painting is, or a statue; God's love shall not be lost, because we have no love at all. Of ways in which we may secure the first of these aims, an excellent single illustration is in the success of any of the Christmas trees last winter, in which, I dare say, many of you shared. Such an experiment required the energetic work for a few days of a few hearty people, and the Christmas contributions of a few. I do not believe you ever expend money or time better for the poor. To give one merry evening to a hall full of children, so unused to the entertainments of your own children that some of them did not know what cake was when they saw it; and to associate that entertainment with the memory of their Saviour, was itself an immense success. If, at the same time, it revealed a novelty to us in showing that many of these children were semi-savages, the revelation was worth making to those who live within sight of the smoke of those savages' lodges. When Amos Lawrence met the groups of boys cheering their more fortunate companions, who had clubbed their spending money for a sleigh-ride; when he provided a sleigh for those who could not provide for themselves, — he gave us another such illustration. Walk through Ann Street in summer, with a basket of cut flowers. Give one to each child who runs up and looks wistfully, or

asks respectfully for "a posy." They will not last but a minute, but as you go home empty-handed, you may contrast against your own life, that life where children never see these gifts of God, — unless they peep through your fence to see them, — gifts which are part of the public entertainment once given to all of you, — but which, as fast as we make building-lots of the pastures and wood-lots, we take away from them.

There are few of our large manufacturers, or manufacturing companies, who might not take pattern from some of the large English workshops. In them this question makes itself felt, as it does here. The Messrs. Spottiswoode, the Queen's printers in London, have found this solution. Highly trained gentlemen, — with the laurels of Cambridge and the immense resources at command of their immense monopoly, — they find their truest way to do their duty by their men is to live at their printing house, — take apprentices into their own home, and watch over them as over their younger brothers. Into such a life morning prayer comes in, not as a form, but as a reality. And an excursion on foot for a week or two in summer, in which men and employers share, is a pleasure, I doubt not, as great to the masters as to their workmen. At the annual meetings of the shareholders in Price's Candle Works, one of the greatest manufactories of London, with the manager's report, and the treasurer's, there is made every year the chaplain's report, on the

moral and intellectual training of the men. And this devoted man[1] — whose occupation shows that there is one corporation not without a soul — reports not only on the number of boys at school, or the number of men at lecture, but on the cricket matches which the boys' classes played against the men's, and the conditions by which he regulated their trials. I did not wonder when I saw in a private letter, a few days since, a hopeful and earnest account of a revival of religion among those men and boys. For I knew that they would believe him the more implicitly, and respect him the more truly, because they had seen him in other places than in the school-room. No loss of influence to him if they had seen him before a wicket, bat in hand!

Of such efforts, I think the most remarkable of which the last few years have given us account is that which resulted in the Liverpool cheap concerts. A nuisance had grown up in Liverpool, which is creeping into our large towns, — what I may call drinking concerts, or musical liquor shops. Connected with some tavern is a hall, where musicians perform, and those who attend to hear the music are at liberty to call for the nominal worth of their ticket in liquor, which, for the purposes of the occasion, is called refreshment. If you have been too fortunate to see such places, you will remember descriptions of them in Dickens's novel of "Bleak House," — or in Disraeli's of

[1] Rev. J. K. Wilson.

"Sybil." A body of wise men and women, who saw the dangers of such union of taste and temptation, undertook to drive out evil with good. They organized and were responsible for monster concerts, where the music was a great deal cheaper than the liquor-sellers', and a great deal better at the same time. They went on the principle that people would rather hear the good music than the poor, and they proved to be in the right. Evening after evening they brought three or four thousand people together, who paid three pence each for their admission. Three pence each gave about forty pounds an evening, say two hundred dollars. In such a cause this was enough to secure the services of the best musicians in England. And when Braham and Bishop and Grisi and Sontag sang at the cheap concerts, it was no wonder if for the evening the attractions of the liquor saloons paled before the programme offered by good feeling, wealth, and genius.

This was thirteen years ago. A friend in Liverpool has just now sent me this account of the present working of these concerts. "In several places in England," he writes, "large halls have been built, or are preparing, where such concerts can be thrown open for a trifling entrance fee. In such halls there is sometimes an orchestra, sometimes an organ; oftener only a piano, or simply vocal music. Liverpool has pre-eminently distinguished herself in thus giving to all her citizens a high artistic pleasure. In her truly magnificent

Saint George's Hall, during the last season, assemblies of three thousand people have, week after week, on Saturday evening, listened to selections of pieces from the first masters, performed by an admirable organist, on an organ built especially for this hall, which is unsurpassed for richness, power, and variety. The entrance fee is usually three pence." The result of this is, of course, that all other entertainments of the same sort are obliged to arrange their prices to match. "During the week, concerts have been again and again given, where vocal and instrumental artists of great merit have presented a most varied entertainment for the small sum of six pence or a shilling." Our specially popular concerts are given every Saturday evening in Concert Hall, where for thirteen years past crowds of the working classes, always, so far as I have observed, decent in dress and decorous in manners, have assembled to listen for some two hours to singing of various kinds, necessarily of a popular character, yet very good. For instance, I observe an advertisement for this week, the following "Bill of Fare." "Youthful Illustrations, or the Evening Hour." "An English, Irish, Scotch, American, and French Vocal Entertainment, by the English and Hibernian Wonders, John and Marie, whose efforts have been so rapturously received by the metropolitan public, Birmingham, and the Provinces." I do not know how this may prove, but I can testify to having heard most excellent music most enthusiastically ap-

plauded at these concerts. I make no question as to the quality of the music, for there is a committee of character to engage it, and three thousand three pences, or one hundred and eighty dollars, to pay expenses. My friend continues: "The terms of admission are, three pence to the body of the hall, six pence for the side galleries, one shilling for reserved seats, and children half price to the galleries and reserved seats." An admirable part of this institution is the Singing Class, on Wednesday evening, where pupils are instructed in "Vocal Rudiments, a simple method of reading music at sight, Glees, Madrigals," for three pence. There are also French Classes, and a French Conversational Class, for which the admission fee is *three pence;* and, finally, a News Room is open every day except Sunday, for one penny.

Think of a success like that, and then ask seriously if our magnificent Music Hall were open, night after night, to all who would pay five cents to hear good popular music, would not the entertainment, pure, simple, undisguised entertainment, because a good entertainment, work perceptibly to drive bad entertainments from the town?

Does not such an instance as that show why God gave the love of music to rich and poor, wise and simple, saint and sinner together? Does it not show the power we have in our hands, if we accept the duty of entertaining people, that duty pure and simple, — without disguise, without

equivocation? As it is, when we do provide public entertainment with care and system, it is for just those who could do very well without it. Take your success here, when in the hall upstairs Mr. Thackeray called together three thousand people. All who came could have provided for those evenings their own amusement. But you did not see there the people who have no comforts at home, whom a book does not entertain, and whose hard physical day's labor needs more than any man's beside relaxation, light, and tender. Of course they did not go. Brilliant as the entertainment was, it would have been no entertainment to those who had not some preparation for it. Yet I can conceive that an unaffected ballad-singer, or a skilful performer of tricks of legerdemain, or a good band performing favorite airs, or a magic lantern with popular slides, or a good reader, advertising that he would read "Charles O'Malley" aloud, or "Robinson Crusoe," could have called in a couple of thousand of such persons, so that there should have been five hundred merry families that evening, and the next morning a thousand cheerful workmen, and not one complaint in the police court of a noisy frolic the night before.

IV. These illustrations refer simply to the relaxation of the men and women who have been working all day. They do not pretend to instruct the people, nor directly to teach them morals; but

simply to rest them and amuse them. The man who has been sawing wood all day, or he who has been taking notes in court all day, do not need instruction, but rest.

I come now to another class of public entertainments, almost unknown among us, which claim to give relaxation to those whose work has been head work, amusement, and bodily strength, together. The Puritan theory of religion swept these away with the others. To play at cricket was a sin, in the eyes of the fathers, as much as to dance, or to play on an ungodly instrument. The result lingers to this day. Even our school-boys cannot play at most of the athletic games of the English schools; the traditions of cricket, tennis, trap, and even leap-frog have died out where tradition is strongest.[1] And to speak of men, I am afraid it would be thought a severe strain on business character if it was whispered that a bank director, or a member of the board of aldermen, or a young lawyer, or a judge, were seen playing in a game of cricket, or joining in a rowing match of an afternoon. If they indulge in such levities at all, it must be before sunrise, or after sunset. Yet when a few months hence we hear that the young lawyer's cheek is hectic, or when we see that his eyes are heavy, we

[1] A few young men, who really deserve credit for courage in their undertaking, meet daily to play cricket on the Common. It is evident that the crowd of spectators look on with general curiosity upon the detail of the game. Most of them know as little of its rules as of the games played in Sparta.

are willing enough to say that he worked too hard at his desk; though it is we who have kept tight the screws of public opinion, which prevent any man from playing except by stealth at all. And when it is too late, we send him to Cuba; that, when it is too late, he may give the air and exercise to his poor dying lungs, which we have sedulously forbidden him before. In all this, too, we act also with a stupid inconsistency. I may dig in my garden, because there is a pretence of usefulness, though the crop I raise is not worth a hundredth part of the money it cost me. But if I spent a tenth part of the same time in playing ball, or in skating, or in rowing, my reputation as a man of industry, and even of sense, under our artificial canons, would be gone.

I must add, then, to the suggestions I have made, that, in our gradual work for the improvement of public amusement, we need to do more in the way of the athletic amusement of our people. There was no hazard in letting this alone either, in our old country life, for there the day's work gives the most manly exercise. Good training for body, mind, and soul, all together, does the country boy get, who is sent off alone into the woods for a winter day to chop till nightfall, with his tin pail for his restorator, and his thoughts for his only companions. But when we coop ourselves up in towns, let us look to it in time that the curse does not come on us, of cowardice settling down on hearts which are unused to lively adventure, and of

physical weakness settling on bodies which have been bred in greenhouse culture, without open air.

The country boy is trained to courage in the various adventures of field sports, of swimming, or of the woods. Where does the city boy gain courage who studies somebody's "fourth part" all day at school, and in the evening either hears a Lyceum lecture on the culture of the beautiful, or reads at home (because he is a good boy and does not want to go abroad) in "Julia Clifford," or in "Minnie Myrtle," or in "Namby Pamby"? You do not yet see, young gentlemen, what all this leads to. For you recruit yourselves yet from the country, and in every summer's field sports you make good your losses of the winter. But how of the boy born here, whose foot never treads outside the town? I stopped just before the snow fell, last winter, to see some boys play football on the Common, and it made me heart-sick. The manly struggle, the fierce hard shock of body against body, over the doubtful ball, the impetuous charge of a fearless phalanx, the brilliant dash of some bold runner, reckless of everything but victory, gaining speed actually from will, flying over the ground because he must, he knows not how, all this was gone. And the noble game, which should be the type of manly effort in life, had become a fiddling piece of finesse and stratagem; the competition of milksops, afraid they should be hurt; of grown-up babies, who will never be men. And this is what

we are gaining in our "intellectual culture." This is the real sequel to the Fourth Part of our patent double-refined progressive courses of Popular Education.[1]

I would not allude to that if it were an accident. It is not an accident. The tendency of city life is to make boys timid, to make them cowards. Athens knew this, and provided the Palæstra for them. Rome knew it, and provided the Campus Martius. London knew it once, and provided her Archers' Butts, her cricket-grounds. She has forgot it now. We never have learned it here, but it is time we did. I believe every Cambridge man will own that one of the best things he learned in college, if he went there from Boston, was the lesson of personal fearlessness which the country boys taught him upon the Delta, the college playground. A lesson that, which might be carried a great deal farther.

I say all this of the timidity that grows upon crowded towns. As to the physical strength or frame of men who weave silk, or file iron; of their children who are born in crowded courts and lanes, I need name, I think, but one illustration. In thirty years, in the poorest quarters of London, the race of men so degenerated in *size* that at the end of the long war in 1814 St. Giles and Spitalfields ceased to furnish recruits for the army,

[1] In 1900 we are well beyond this state of things, as described in 1857. I am all the more glad to print this passage again. —E. E. H.

because their men did not measure five feet two!

V. In the regulation both of home amusements and public amusements, the double danger is apparent: first, that we neglect work for the fascinations of amusement; or, second, that we neglect a just amusement for the fascinations of work. The second danger is as great with us as the first is. Of public amusements, there is this additional danger, that if we leave the provision for them merely to the selfishness of man; to that wretched un-christian principle of the "let-alone," which hopes the supply will, of itself, always meet the demand, — we run the risk that men will provide for the lower appetites and not the higher; will debase the taste and feeling of society, instead of striving to elevate it always and making it more pure. To escape this last danger, it is the duty of Christian men to take charge, from high motive, of this essential part of the public training, certain to be wrongly cared for when it is left too low. Where the best men, from the best motive, undertake the management of the people's entertainment, the questions and doubts of to-day will one by one disappear. It will justify itself, it will escape criticism, just so far as it is in the hands of those who wish to train man to God, and so far only.

Three dangers, then, are there for us to avoid: —

1. That public amusement be not left for man's selfishness only to provide.

2. That, public or private, we do not neglect work for the fascination of play. And

3. That we never neglect play for the fascination of work.

Dangers so serious as these, there is nothing unworthy in the attempt to consider them, here, by a "Christian Union," or a "Christian Church;" nothing indecorous in asking of God the power which shall resist them. We have this world to subdue; again let us say that, and always let us feel it. We must keep up the full working power of the race to subdue it. All together, we are only just enough, if our working power be at the full. God did not send one workman too many into his harvest field. With the rising sun we are all afield, at work for God, or ought to be: to tame his elements — the fire, the air, the water — to his service; or to train his children; or to compel the world of matter, that the world of man may come to God the closer. All of us are in that commission. He who sleeps after the morning call is given, rebels; and he who wastes his power, and turns aside to play in the meadows, when he ought to thrust in the sickle, rebels. God wants all, and each has his present duty. But yet again, — he who staggers on, when the day's work is done, tries to gather to-day more than to-day's manna, rebels also. God wants a sound workman to-morrow; not anybody who

has borrowed in advance, to-day, the strength meant for to-morrow and for days to come. And for those who have done their duty to-day, God commands rest before to-morrow, — rest, light-hearted and real. Let those who care for the workmen when the hours of work are over see that they provide relaxation worthy of him, cheerful, grateful, heavenly; not disguised sermons, nor yet sugared information, nor yet sensual lust, — all which do but wear out the exhausted powers they affect to soothe.

We take a step towards this when we improve our public libraries; when we provide for a Christmas tree; when we entertain in any way a day-school, or a Sunday-school; when the band plays upon the Common; when we relax work a little, and grant a holiday. Let us feel that these steps are not exceptions, but only the beginning upon a great duty, yet scarcely apprehended. As God's world comes nearer to him and nearer, it is certain that we shall find it more cheerful, and not less; more gay, not more stern. How wonderful will worship become when worship is rendered by children of his, who feel that their joys also are sacred to him! How wonderful this whole world when it shall appear that health and liveliness and energy belong to the pious, the devout, the godly, — not to the man of the world peculiarly, — and that religion is not the exclusive property of the downcast, the sick, or the dying. For the training of that world, the people must use the

hours of leisure rightly, as well as the hours of work. That every place may be a temple requires that the place of amusement be consecrated. And we must bring the thought of God into the management of every man's recreations, as of his work, if we mean that, in very truth, he shall rejoice evermore.

THE COLONIZATION OF THE DESERT

[A sermon preached in the South Congregational Church, Boston, April, 1891.]

"God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." — Gen. i. 31.

THIS simplest expression of the earliest religion comes back to us with new force in the midst of all the wonderful revelations of our modern life.

Since I met you here, in ten weeks' time I have crossed from one ocean to the other; I have, of course, crossed backward and forward over the Alleghany and the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, with the valleys between them, and the slopes which rise from the ocean on either side. This means a journey through twelve of the old thirteen States and fifteen of the new States and Territories. It means intercourse with people of the North and the South, the Gulf and the West, the Pacific coast and the mountains. It means intercourse with the white race, the black race, the red race, and the Chinaman. The variety of climate is such that I have welcomed the shade of palm-trees, and that I have walked over snow where it had drifted twenty feet be-

neath me. I have picked oranges from the tree, and camellias from the twig in the open air; and within three hours of good-by to the camellia I was in a driving snow-storm, where the engine-drivers were nervous because they had no snow-plough. In all this variety I have a thousand times recalled the simple expression of the oldest words of the Bible: "God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good."

The solid recognition of this truth — not, indeed, in any small sense, but in that sense which is general and comprehensive — is at the bottom of all true religious philosophy. It is not true in any smaller sense. For I cannot say that it is good to be bitten by a mosquito or worried by a fly, if I can escape fly or mosquito. No, that is not true. And I do not suppose that the simple author of this text meant any such extravagance. But this is true, that the world is so made and ordered that man, who is himself a creator, — man, who shares the wishes, instincts, and plans of the Power who directs the world, — man can take the world in his hands and compel it to serve his nobler purposes.

God saw the world, and He said: "Yes, this is what I want for my home and the home of children who love Me. It is a world very good for them, and they shall subdue it to my purposes." To recognize this, to feel the fitness of the world for man and man's fitness for the world, this is the basis of a consistent optimism. Nobody says

that the top of the Rocky Mountains is a good place for whales, or that the Ojai Valley is a good place for polar bears; but a consistent optimism says that the world is a good place for man; and it says that man is so closely allied to the God who is the life of the world, that he can take the world for his own, and make it his home and his heaven. This consistent optimism is the basis of all sound theology. We owe that phrase to Dr. Hedge, as we do so many other epigrams which express the eternal realities.

It is to be observed, however, that man gains no such control of the world, and the world does not prove fit for man, unless he has found out that he is akin to God and can enter into His work. There is no such victory to the savage, who is afraid of God. So long as he thinks the powers of nature are his enemies, he makes them his enemies. I do not believe the old cave-dwellers, fighting hyenas with clubs, and often finding that they were second-best in the encounter, thought this world the best of worlds. I do not believe that the Digger Indian, who spent his tedious day in rummaging for ants and beetles to eat, and was happy if he caught a lizard, — I do not believe he said that the world was very good. True, I think both of them had visions and hopes of a better time; but while they were in the abject misery of cold and starvation, that better time had not dawned. It did not dawn because they had not taken on them the

dignity and duty of children of God. They were not about their Father's business. They did not see Him, nor hear Him, nor in any wise know Him. They did not conceive that they were on His side nor He on theirs. And it is not till man comes up to some comprehension that God has sent him here on an infinite business; that he and the Author of this world are at one in this affair of managing it; it is not till man knows God as his friend and not his enemy, that man with any courage or success takes the business of managing into his own hands. Then is it that he finds what pleasure, nay, what dignity, there is in taming the lightning and riding on the storm. And then he knows enough of the Divine Being, His purpose and His power, to see that the world is good, and that God should call it good in its creation.

All this forces itself on one's thought as he sees how it is that nature has been pursued and caught and tamed in these mountains and these valleys. For nature is the nymph so wittily described by Virgil. She

> "Flies to her woods; but hopes her flight is seen."

Man, so long as he is a savage, hates her and fears her. If he worships, it is the abject worship of those who bring sacrifices to buy her favor. And it may be said in passing that the last visible form of pure barbarism or savagery is any theology which supposes that God's favor

must be bought by any price paid by any one in exchange. When man finds, by any revelation, the conditions of Absolute Religion, which are simply Faith, Hope, and Love, all this is changed. When he looks up to God gladly, looks forward to the future cheerfully, and looks round on the world kindly, he finds, possibly to his surprise, that he is working on the lines God works on, and means to have him work on. Now he is on "his Father's business." While he rows the boat, the tide sweeps the right way. While he stretches the wire, the lightning is waiting and eager to do his errand. And so soon as Man the Divine appears upon the scene — man, the child of God, who knows he shares God's nature — why, easily and quickly the valleys are exalted and the mountains and hills made low; the deserts blossom as the rose, and even the passing traveller sees that this world was made for man and man for this world. And he understands as he has never understood before what this is, that he himself is of the nature of the God at whose present will this world comes into order. He understands better what this old text means, which says that God is satisfied with the world which He has made.

I crossed the continent, westward and eastward, on this journey, fresh from recent reading of the history of the first Spanish occupation. What did the Spaniards find there? They found in what we call New Mexico the Zuni cities which,

in a sad decline, exist to-day. We had a visit in our old church, you will remember, from some of their sad priests and chiefs; and I have the honor of being an adopted son of them. From those cities Castañeda led a party of Spanish horsemen eastward in search of a certain mythical king, who was supposed to have much gold and many jewels. Those adventurous men rode for a whole summer across the prairies and plains which are now Colorado, and Kansas, and Missouri, and struck the Missouri, or, perhaps, the Mississippi. You know that much of the country is now fertile beyond praise. Mile after mile you can see corn, wheat; wheat, corn; corn, wheat; wheat, corn; and the production to the acre increases year by year. The States through which Castañeda's line of travel passed now number four or five million of people; and they feed, from their agriculture, say twenty million more. Now when Castañeda and his people passed and repassed over this region, they did not meet a single man, woman, or child. They were oppressed by the horrible loneliness of their journey. They felt, as Magellan's people felt, when they were crossing the Pacific Ocean, with that horrible east wind, with a calm sea before, and never the sight of an island or a man. When Castañeda came at last to the Mississippi — or Missouri — they had no heart to build a raft to cross it, and incur more such solitude; and they went back the way they came. And the fame

of its loneliness was such that no man attempted the same adventure for more than a hundred years.

When, in 1682 — say a hundred and thirty years after — the great La Salle discovered the Mississippi River, and sailed south upon it, leaving Chicago, crossing Illinois, and so striking the Father of Waters, his experience of this utter loneliness was the same. He touched every night on one shore or the other. He is, therefore, the discoverer of seven of the western States, — States which now feed fifty million people, and number seven or eight million of their own. Only twice, I think, did he meet any body of men. Not five times did he find traces of the hand of man or the foot of man. Through the same solitude he returned; and his report was of a virgin world, of elk, and deer, and buffalo; of shrubs and trees, of fish and fowl; but a world without men.

The inference was drawn, hastily but not unnaturally, that these regions could not sustain men. On the atlas given me as a boy, the "Great American Desert" covered the greater part of the region west of the Mississippi. It is now the home of the millions I have been enumerating. And in the last map I have seen, the Great American Desert appears as hardly a "speck on the surface of the earth."

The change which I have described has been wrought in the lifetime of people of my age. It

is wrought simply and wholly by the passion for emigration which belongs in our own race. In Mr. Hoar's happy phrase, people of our blood "thirst for the horizon."

In the year 1833 De Tocqueville, observing the steadiness of this wave, calculated its average flow as seventeen miles westward every year. That was the rate at which it had moved since the Federal Constitution made it possible. Speaking roughly, there were then two thousand miles of desert between the Missouri River and the Pacific. At De Tocqueville's rate, the wave would have been one hundred and twenty years in reaching that ocean. But it happened that in 1849 the western coast was settled in the gold discovery. An eastward wave began which has now met the western. The two together have founded the great cities — for we must call them so — of the Rocky Mountains.

Now, in the face of that contrast between the last century and this century, one asks why that half of our continent is any more fit for men than it was then. The answer is, that it was not fit for the kind of men on it then; and that the kind of men who have tamed it are the kind of men who were fit for it, and whom it was fit for.

The study of history and of physical geography becomes a study of what we mean by man and man's capacities. California, for instance, was the same country in 1650 that it was in 1850. The south wind blew from the sea, and that, in

the north temperate zone, is the great physical requisite. There was as much gold, and quicksilver, and copper, and tin in the mountains as there is now. There was the same soil, and the same water on the hillsides. But the men, and women, and children were afraid of their gods; they were afraid of nature; they had neither faith, nor hope, nor love. They had none of the elements of eternal power except as an acorn has the possibilities of an oak.

To these people there came, sooner or later — with the best motives, but still without the essentials of life — fifty families of Franciscan monks. They came, observe, without wives or children. They defied thus the first law of human life, or the life God intends his children to live in. The primitive trinity, from which all false trinities have grown, is the father, the mother, and the child. The Franciscan communities were false to all Divine law, if it were only in their failure here.

They gathered around them, by the higher civilization which they brought, great communities of starving Indians. They taught them to feed themselves as they had never been fed before. So far they improved the race, and lifted its civilization above that ant-eating and lizard-chasing of the Digger Indian. But then the Catholic Church, by the necessary subordination of man to the organized Church, takes man's life out of him.

"The day
That makes a man a slave, takes all his life away."

The words are as true to-day as they were in Homer's time. Nor is there any sadder instance of it than is the powerlessness of the tribes of amiable slaves who were collected under the protection of Franciscan missions in California, or Jesuit missions in Paraguay.

The native races between the Pacific and the Atlantic were dying faster than their children were born. They were dying of the diseases named laziness, ignorance, and war. They were not subduing the continent. They were not fit for it, nor it for them. What is the distinction of the race to which we belong, that it succeeds where these have failed? The history of the country accentuates that distinction.

It would be absurd to pretend that the average frontiersman was a man of what are called saintly habits. Often he was not conscious that he had any Divine errand. But the frontiersman, to whose courage and perseverance is due that forward wave we study, was a man. He did not take his opinion or instruction from any priest. There was no one between him and the good God. Often he sought Him. So far so good. As often he did not seek Him. That one admits. But he never sought any one else's advice or direction. He was no slave, as the Indian of California was. He was not commissioned by a superior, as the Franciscan priest of the mission

was. He was a man. He was independent and he was brave. If he did the right thing, therefore, he succeeded; if he did the wrong thing, why, he failed. And no one else tried just the same experiment. In this first trait of absolute independence, he showed the infinite characteristic of a child of God.

Second, and perhaps more important, he took with him his wife and his children. Here is the great distinction of American emigration, which contrasts against the plans of Spaniards or Frenchmen, and of the earlier Englishmen. Historically it begins with the Pilgrims, of whom there were as many Pilgrim mothers as there were Pilgrim fathers. It is of them that Emerson says that "they builded better than they knew."

The frontiersman is independent. He lives with and for his family. And, once more, he is an enthusiast in determining that to-morrow shall be better than to-day. The Indian had no such notion. The Franciscan had not. But this profane, ignorant pioneer had. He believed implicitly in the country behind him, and in the future before him. "I tell you, sir, that in ten years you will see in this valley such a city as the world never saw." Profane he may be, ignorant he may be, cruel he may be; but he believes in the Idea; he is quickened and goaded forward by an infinite and majestic hope.

Given such conditions, the historical steps are easy. All this is impossible till you have a

nation, to give peace and compel peace, so that the separate settler shall know that the whole majesty of the country is behind him. There shall be no abiding quarrel between man and man as to the line of a claim or the title of a mine. The nation shall decide, and its whole majesty shall enforce the decision. Or, if there is any massacre by an Apache or a Blackfoot, the country behind, though a thousand miles behind, shall stretch forth her arm to avenge that lonely family. This means peace instead of war. All this had to wait, therefore, until the formation of the nation called the United States — the greatest peace society the sun ever shone upon and the model for societies yet larger. With the birth of that nation the real western wave begins.

I do not claim for every pioneer that he thought he went as an apostle of God. But in the emigrant wave from the very beginning, the best blood, the best faith, the best training of the parent stocks have gone. Science has sent her best. The determination for thorough education has planted better schoolhouses in the wilderness than the emigrant left at home. And on Sunday, in a church, one is proud to say that the organized Church of Christ, in the liberty of a thousand communions, has covered with her ægis the settler most in the advance. He could not keep in advance of the missionary and of his Bible; and, to his credit be it said, he did not want to.

So much for the personnel. Now, speaking roughly, what has been the motive of the great western wave, which is making this garden out of that desert?

First, there is the passion for adventure, the thirst for the horizon, which drives old Leatherstocking and the men like him away from the haunts of men. This in itself produces nothing. Next and chiefly, the desire to make homes — the noblest desire given to man, and the desire in which he follows the will of God most distinctly and completely. Miners want to strike metals; farmers want to find good soils; fruit men try for climate and irrigation; all with the direct wish to make homes more happy than they have been before.

Again, young men go that they may get forward faster than in old communities — and who can wonder? Men of sense give up the unequal contest with nature in a northern and eastern climate to find a country where nature is on their side. People in delicate health go where they find softer air, more spring and less winter. But no man goes to get rich alone. No man wants to eat gold or to drink it. The wish and hope is to make homes where father, mother, and children can live in the life which God ordained. These are no Franciscan friars; these are no Apache bandits, to whom has been given the subjugation of a continent. Side by side with the pioneer is the surveyor, marking the lines of

future homesteads. Hard behind him are father, mother, boys, and girls, to whom the nation gives this homestead thus designated. If the man is sick the woman nurses him. The children grow up to know the world they live in. The boundary of the nation is not a mere chain of garrisons nor the scattered posts of missions; it is a line of homes, founded with all that the word "Home" involves.

All these lessons of three centuries point one way. They show that the world is not very good for wandering Apaches or for Digger Indians, freezing and starving under hard winters when harvests have failed. To their point of view it was a world hard and cruel. To Franciscan friars, ruling a little empire which yielded none but physical harvests, where the garden and orchard and vineyard were only so many specks in the midst of an unbounded desert, the world cannot have seemed a better world, — a world made for wild horses, and farther east for wild buffaloes, but not for men, — "the great American Desert." It is not till man asserts the courage and freedom of a son of God; it is not till man appears with wife and child, and proposes to establish his heaven here; it is not till then that he masters nature, and she gladly obeys him. Nay, then he has no success unless he appears as the vicegerent of God Himself, and establishes over this vast domain the empire of law, and speaks as God might speak, with "Thou shalt

do this," and "Thou shalt not do that" in this empire.

The Old-World writers are fond of telling us that we owe the prosperity of this nation to its physical resources. It is not so. The physical resources have existed for centuries. It is only in the moral force of sons and daughters of God; it is in such working power as takes the names of law, courage, independence, and family affection; it is only in these that our victory is won. The drunken swaggerer of the advance only checks the triumph. The miser, who would carry off his silver to use it elsewhere, only hinders the advance. The victory comes from the hand of God to the children of God, who establish His empire in the magic spell of the three great names. As always, these names are: Faith, which gives courage; Hope, which determines to succeed; and Love, which builds up homes.

It is impossible to see the steps of such a victory without owning the infinite Power behind it all. You cannot use magnetic ore and coal for its smelting, and the silicates for its fusion, all flung in together side by side, without asking if the Power who threw these priceless gifts together where each was needed for each did not know what He was doing. But the buffalo passes over it, and the gopher mines under it, and it might be so much gravel of the sea. Savages pass over it, with no future, no heaven, and one would say

no God. It is worthless desert still, but one day a man comes who deserves his name. He is a child of God. He is determined that to-morrow shall be better than to-day. He knows he is lord of nature, and he bids her serve him. The coal burns, the iron melts, the silicate fuses. It is impossible to see that miracle and not feel that for this man the world was created, and for this world this man was born. He is in his place. He did not have to seek it; it was made for him. With him it is a garden. Without him it is a desert. He can hew down these mountains. He can fill up these valleys. And where he has filled, and where he has hewed, lo, the present heaven of happy homes! It is thus that prophecy accomplishes itself, and

"The car of the Lord rolls gloriously on."

NEW ENGLAND NATIONALISM

[A paper read to the First Nationalist Club of Boston, March 28, 1894.]

I ASK the attention of the club to a sketch of the different enterprises in which the governments at Massachusetts have engaged, directly in the line of what we propose for the future.

The Colony at Plymouth, consisting of only fifty men and women after the horrors of the first winter, and only numbering about five hundred persons in 1630, enacted, in 1633, a statute for the registration of deeds. This statute required that deeds of conveyance should be recorded by the State. It is the beginning of the system of record by the State, which, when it is carried out to its perfection, becomes the Australian system, in which the State guarantees the title of all real estate. Where the title comes directly from the State, as it came in Plymouth, as, a hundred years ago, it came in Australia, or as it now comes when people take lands from the United States government, or lands which have fallen into the possession of separate States, it will be readily seen that it is easy for the State to trace all changes in the title, precisely as it traces

changes in title when people die. It is interesting to see that the spirit of democracy, nursed in the independency of the Plymouth church, led directly and without any question to this registration of title.

The Massachusetts law, made by the richer colony for the same purpose, is dated Oct. 15, 1652. It requires the recording of deeds by the public; and the system has been maintained here, and is now the system of every American State. It is gradually introducing itself in European countries. "This court, having taken this thing into serious consideration, doth hereby declare and order, for the prevention of all clandestine and uncertain sales and titles, that henceforth no sale or alienation of houses or lands in this jurisdiction shall be holden good in law, except the same be done by deed in writing under hand and seal . . . and unless said deed be acknowledged according to law, and recorded."

By a similar necessity, as one may say, of a new community, acting as a pure democracy, the building of roads, and generally of bridges, fell upon the people. Most governments consider that they are entitled to collect taxes from the people; the governments of New England ordered the men themselves to come out and work upon the roads. If they had horses or oxen useful for the service, they ordered them out in the same way. It was exactly as a feudal baron ordered out all his dependents to attend him in

military service. But in this case, it is the Sovereign himself who takes the field. For my own part, when, in the summer, I pass through the body of twenty or thirty of my neighbors who are at work together, repairing our roads, I touch my hat to them all, and try to express to them all the pleasure which I feel that we have all returned thus to a simple object lesson in practical democracy.

In New England, it was only as certain supposed difficulties of administration hindered the building of the leading arteries of commerce that corporations began to be made for the building of turnpikes. I will speak of these in their place. I think that the first corporation for building a bridge was that which built the large bridge between Boston and Charlestown, neither of those towns feeling able to undertake the new enterprise. A similar corporation built the bridge between Salem and Beverly. Such undertakings were new then, and it was supposed that a certain hazard attended them. To meet this hazard, the State created corporations for the building of these works. They did so exactly as they created a lottery for the benefit of Harvard College. It was admitted on all hands, I suppose, that there was an element of risk, and it was thought, properly perhaps, that the State ought not to incur such a risk. But as time has gone on, those corporations have surrendered their trust to the public, and the public owns

these bridges. I no more think of paying a toll when I cross from Boston to Charlestown than I think of paying a toll when I walk from West Street to Winter Street. The old law of the instrument has asserted itself, and the State has become the possessor of property which was built experimentally by adventurous corporations.

An interesting illustration of the American habit is in the establishment of lighthouses. The lighthouse of Europe is a curious enough monument of feudalism. That means that whoever was fortunate enough to own the commanding position — say at the mouth of the river Mersey, where the proper beacon should be erected for the guidance of the immense commerce which was to pass up the Mersey — took possession of this place and put up his lighthouse there. Then his cruisers collected tolls from persons who had the benefit of the lighthouse; tolls which they were glad enough to pay, and which made for him an enormous revenue. By and by, when one and another court favorite found out how large these tolls were, one and another king, with the freedom of James II. or other such people, gave to a corporation the right to establish such conveniences for commerce. What is known as Trinity Board in London is such a corporation now. It has the right to collect special dues from ships for the maintenance of lighthouses; and, on the other hand, it is bound to maintain these lighthouses. But it is

a little doubtful, from time to time, where the government may order a lighthouse, or how far Trinity House may refuse to obey the order. In the place of all this complicated system by which adventurers or favorites are permitted to undertake a common duty, the province of Massachusetts from the beginning built its lighthouses and paid for their administration. The United States, which at one time exacted lighthouse dues, has dropped into the same system, and the charge for maintaining the system of lights along the coast — one of the noblest exhibitions of concrete Christianity which our modern civilization affords — is a charge assumed by the nation for the good of the nation, without any picayune question whether a particular fishing smack owes eleven and a quarter cents for its share in the service, or whether a particular steamer can afford to pay eleven dollars and sixteen cents. Its work is for all mankind, and all mankind alike pays what the work requires.

It is one of the finest pieces of our American diplomacy that, about thirty years ago, we insisted upon it that the same freedom of commerce should be recognized by the famous lighthouse at Elsinore. Up to that time the Danish government had availed itself of its fortunate peninsular position and had exacted from all shipping between the Atlantic and the Baltic the payment of light-dues as they passed this famous Pharos. We notified the Danish government at that time

that this belonged to the robbery of the Dark Ages, and that a decent government must not exact any such fees. The notification was regarded kindly, and the passage at Elsinore is now free to the commerce of the world, thanks to the Nationalist drift and movement of our own people.

The establishment of what we call public schools is another fine illustration of the readiness with which the American people adapt themselves to the great principle of Christian government. What is called a public school in England is simply a school for all sorts and conditions of men. Other schools are what, in our droll language, we should call "select schools;" they are open to particular classes, or to people of particular communities. But the proper definition of a public school in England is a school to which any boy may be sent if his parents, or somebody, will pay for him. The very first schools instituted in our Bay Colony were schools provided for by the subscriptions of the wealthiest citizens; but it appeared very soon that they intended to have everybody learn to read. It is interesting to observe that the original statutes stood for the absolute necessity for a State of all its people being able to read the Bible. Out of this view, which we should think a little narrow, perhaps, grew the necessity that every child born into this State should be taught at least enough to read the Scriptures. Therefore the State, as a State, from its own taxes, not from private

subscription, established the system of education which exists to this hour. The State does not ask whether in a given family there are twenty children or whether there are none. It taxes that family for the carrying on of the schools, precisely as it taxes them for the carrying on of the roads.

When these colonists, who had but little capital beyond what the God of heaven gave them, had to join in enterprises larger than one man and his own household could carry on, they combined under similar principles. If they could not intrust such an enterprise to the whole community, they intrusted it to companies, each member of which was a co-operator. The whole fishing industry of Massachusetts began in this way, and is continued in this way to the present time. The greenest boy, most ignorant of the sea, who embarks on a fishing vessel, is a partner with the owner of the vessel and with the captain. His "lay" is not the same as that of the most skilful man, but if the voyage is successful he succeeds; if the voyage is a failure, he fails. When the whale fishery was established at Nantucket, and afterwards at New Bedford, it followed exactly the same law; and wherever a whaler is sent out the business is carried on by the same law to this hour.

I regard it as a great misfortune that, when the new industry of the manufacture of woollens and cottons by machinery was introduced into Massa-

chusetts, the makers of those necessary articles, in importing their machinery from England, borrowed also the feudal habits of England. In England the capitalist furnished the plant and hired the workmen at fixed rates of wages. It was true these rates of wages were adapted to the quantity of work produced; so far, good. But a distinction was introduced such as had not been known here, in our larger enterprises, until that time. Now, if by good fortune a body of twenty men and women had associated themselves together, had sent over an agent to England to obtain the necessary information, and, as a company, had established themselves in the first cotton mill or the first woollen mill in Massachusetts, under laws similar to those which direct the industry in fishing and in whaling, I believe we should now have a system of co-operative manufacture through Massachusetts, instead of the more clumsy system by which a corporation owns the plant and by which it employs certain work-people.

The disposition to the old system is shown when, as often happens, these work-people themselves buy shares in the corporation, and in becoming corporators become co-operators. But the whole machinery runs the other way, and it comes to be supposed that one set of men are to bear the chances, on the one side of profit and on the other side of failure, while another set of men, namely, the workmen, are to be paid at a

certain uniform rate, whether the season be profitable or whether it be unprofitable. There is an element of unfairness to both sides of this, which constantly shows itself in dissatisfaction. There is no such unfairness in the results of a whaling voyage, whether the voyage be prosperous or no. It is easy enough to say that the distinction is the distinction between a person who holds bonds in a railroad enterprise, where he is secured a certain regular interest year by year, and him who owns stock in the same company, where his dividend is now large and now small. That analogy is quite close. But it does not prove that the stockholders in a railroad company are well satisfied when it passes its dividends for eight or ten years and only pays its bondholders. And, on the other hand, the bondholders are not very well satisfied if the corporation prove a prosperous one and divides twenty-five per cent among its stockholders, while the bondholders only receive four or five.

If any young gentleman or lady wishes to know more on a single subject of importance than anybody in the world now knows, it would be well worth the time to give a month to the detailed study of the turnpike system of New England. In the beginning, the roads followed nearly the lines of the Indian trails. In my summer home, I ride every day over what is known as the Queen's Road, being the work authorized in Queen Anne's time, and paid for by the govern-

ment, in enlarging the old Indian trail along the shore of the Narragansetts. Occasionally the State took measures for a public highway which was beyond the power of the separate towns. Counties, as organizations for executive work, did not then exist. There is the celebrated instance, often quoted, of the report of the committee of the General Court of Massachusetts, that they had built the road to the west from Boston as far as Watertown, and that no road would ever be needed any farther. As the seventeenth century passed, however, and for the greater part of the eighteenth century, the admirable arrangements which have been referred to, by which the towns built roads as their convenience required, answered sufficiently well for longer routes.

In the first turnpike companies incorporated in Massachusetts, the old machinery, as old as the Massachusetts Company or the East India Company, appears. That is to say, a body of individuals are authorized to do that which the public understands must be done, but which the public does not dare to take the risk of. The incorporators may take the risk, and, as compensation for the risk, they may make the profit. It is interesting to observe that the first English charters for these purposes were given in 1663. The period is exactly that of the reaction from democracy or constitutional liberty to the aristocratic system — a sort of Renaissance of feudalism — which Charles II. undertook for the benefit of

his favorites. This system had no theoretical place in the New England methods. Still it is our habit to hit a head, when the head is to be hit, with whatever weapon may come to hand; and in the evident necessity for better communication with the interior, there grew up a passion for building turnpikes, for which separate companies were incorporated. In point of fact, the stock was taken, in these companies, by people who meant to use the roads. They became largely, therefore, co-operative companies. And in point of fact, also, the dividends made upon them were quite small enough to hold in check any danger of a hierarchy or aristocracy of road owners. The system lasted long enough to give a good arterial system of roads leading from one important point to another. I am speaking to one or two persons who are old enough to recollect when, on a good road, you stopped once in ten miles and paid your toll, as you sometimes do now in Pennsylvania and some other of the Middle States. But there would be some old road, literally winding along in the neighborhood, which would give facilities for the teamster or other traveller to dodge the tollhouses. He would drive around the tollhouse, and come back upon the turnpike again, for six or eight miles of journey without tribute.

Of course the theory was that the teamster or traveller was the person specially benefited by the road. Of course the fact was that every per-

son in Boston, for instance, who received his grain or his maple sugar or his hides from the country, by a wagon which had been drawn over these roads, so painfully built, was benefited by the turnpike. He paid for the benefit by paying the teamster the money which the teamster paid to the toll-keeper, and the toll-keeper paid to the treasurer of the corporation, and which the treasurer then paid to the stockholder, if any of it were left, after the toll-keeper had been paid and the road had been repaired. In point of fact, thus the tax for the turnpike was distributed, and evenly distributed, under the great law of all taxation, — that if you tax bread you really tax butter, and that if you tax butter you really tax bread. The inconvenience of so complex a system of taxation asserts itself, as time goes on, in an intelligent community, and the consequence was that every turnpike in Massachusetts has now reverted to the State, which gave the privilege for the original building. Not a tollhouse remains, so far as I recollect. If there be one, the Nationalists of the neighborhood should secure it, and maintain it as a monument of an old failure of the system which they are now attacking. We have now advanced so far on the true lines of our civilization that a State commission has in hand the improvement of what I may call the central ganglia of the nervous action of the State, and the more important of the lines which from those ganglia proceed.

Canals were built in England under the same system. That is to say, the government gave to individuals the right to build the canals, they took the risk and made the profit. With the independence of America, the necessity of such works became apparent. Washington was hammering away upon the improvement of the James and Potomac rivers all his life; and it may be mentioned, in passing, that that large fund which lies hidden in the government treasury at this moment, which he bequeathed to the nation as a nest-egg for a university, consisted originally in shares in these enterprises. Whether works of such importance to the community should be undertaken by the community or by corporations was, of course, an open question. The experience of England was in favor of the corporation; the habit of America was in favor of a larger plan.

The first canals in America were such short canals, to enable boats to pass falls in rivers. The first considerable canal was the Middlesex Canal, between this city and the Merrimac River at Lowell; this was finished in 1808. When the Lowell Railroad was built, that corporation bought the franchise of the Middlesex Canal, but some parts of it may still be seen by the traveller as he goes from Boston to Lowell. It was interesting to observe that it is so entirely forgotten now that, without any exception, the writers for our highly intelligent press spoke of it, a few

weeks ago, as the Roxbury Canal, when there was occasion to refer to its history. In New York, however, the Erie Canal, of the possibility of which Washington writes, and which Elkanah Watson had advocated all his life, was finally built by De Witt Clinton as a work of the State. It remains the property of the State to this hour, and has been and is of value not to be measured to the Empire State, — which, in fact, historically owes its Empire to the existence of this great public work, built by the public, maintained by the public, and owned by the public.

Following this great example, the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and in fact most of the Middle and what we used to call the Western States, organized their public works, in the hope that they should obtain similar advantages. But in every instance, I think, it proved that there was too much need of experiment, and too little immediate profit; and in the reaction which followed the payment of heavy taxes for State bonds, while the system of works had not been fully developed, in all these States, after the trial some for longer and some for shorter periods, the properties were sold to corporations. Thus the great works of the State of Pennsylvania, which had cost the State more than fifty millions of dollars, were sold for much less than half that sum to the Pennsylvania Railroad Corporation, which is so powerful an organization to-day.

Here in Massachusetts, we attempted both sys-

tems when we came to the railroad problem. To intelligent men it had been evident from the beginning that our hilly region was utterly unfit for canals. There is an elaborate survey for a canal from Boston to Albany; but the intelligence of the survey only showed that such a work was impossible. Far-sighted men devised the railroad system, substantially as it exists now in the trunk lines; and to carry out this system the Boston and Lowell road, the Boston and Worcester road, and the Boston and Providence road were incorporated, each with a capital of a million dollars. The State, warned by the experience of Pennsylvania and Ohio, was loath to engage itself in the enterprise, and the pioneers were obliged to take all the risk of these adventures. But as, step by step, it proved that they were in the right, and the timid people in the wrong, the State "lent its credit," as the phrase was, to the corporations which now extended these routes. Thus the Norwich Railway, and the Western Railway running from Worcester to Albany, so to speak, borrowed money from the State, which they were bound to repay at the end of thirty years. And thus these weak companies obtained the advantage of the superior credit of the Commonwealth. All these loans have long since been repaid. In the case of the Western Railroad, which was evidently an advantage to every county west of Boston, the State went further, and took a considerable quantity of

stock in the adventure. This stock it long since sold, under the impression that it was dangerous for the Commonwealth to be engaged in such enterprises. I think, however, that every charter given by the Commonwealth retains the right of the State to buy back the railroad from the incorporators by the company for what it cost, and making up to them ten per cent interest on their expenditure. If, for instance, they have had average dividends at nine per cent, the State would have to pay them one per cent additional in concluding this purchase. As the State of Massachusetts can now borrow money at three per cent, it seems to any true Nationalist that the time has come for it to assume this right over the railway corporations, and to include the railways in the same system by which the other roads are now carried on.

The history of the development of the post-office, from the time when every regular post-carrier carried the mail for what he could get, as an expressman does to-day, would require a whole lecture. The process is the same in all States. Within our own memory, the family monopoly of Thun and Taxis — the firm, if I may so speak, which carried the mails in Germany — has yielded to the system by which, as here, the nation is responsible for the duty and fixes the remuneration. Our own system is one illustration, well-nigh perfect, of the adjustments by which, in a service where every one is served, the

public may well assume the whole direction and arrange for its execution.

A neat and simple illustration, from our own history also, which shows exactly how this has been done successfully, shall close these memoranda. Boston was still a small town when the necessity of a better supply of water was evident, particularly for the lower levels. Here was this little Jamaica Pond, about thirty or forty feet above the level of the sea; and, as early as the year 1795, a charter was given to permit the laying of pitch-pine logs to bring water to those parts of Boston which could be served from a reservoir so convenient. It is within the memory of some of those who hear me, how Washington Street, for instance, was supplied with water from these logs. The supply was so limited that you arranged your tubs in the cellar as early as Friday or Saturday, and kept the faucet running, that there might be water enough for washing on Monday. As the town grew, this supply was entirely inadequate. It was evident that no single corporation would address itself — perhaps no single corporation could address itself — to the business of water-supply. As early as 1825, Professor Treadwell was appointed a commissioner to ascertain the practicability of supplying the city with good water. In 1833, the mayor asked the legislature for the necessary authority, which was refused, and it was not until 1846 that the necessary legislation was obtained. This

was undoubtedly under the stimulus of the signal success of the Croton Aqueduct, built by the city of New York under very similar conditions. From that time to this time, nobody has protested against the work of the city in the introduction of water. A provision was introduced into the original act, by my father, providing that when the income from the water exceeded the interest of the loans and the cost of service, the price should be reduced. With the usual failure of memory of city officials, this provision was overlooked, and at one moment the city was actually making money from this enterprise. But a careful antiquarian called attention to the fact, and the water commissioners at once saw their mistake. And one year, on our tax-bills, we had the very unusual spectacle of a gift made to us by the city of Boston, when she graciously returned the money which she had exacted from us under this error. This anecdote is worth repeating, in the face of those people who tell us that public administrations cannot carry on such affairs with honor. There is not now a considerable city in Massachusetts but what has adopted the present system by which, in such cases, the people do their own work without intrusting it to any careless or selfish intermediary.

The subject on which I am engaged deserves a long course of lectures, rather than a brief statement as must satisfy me to-night. To conclude, the principle seems to be this: Wherever some-

thing is needed for every member of the community — or, as the "Captain of the Pinafore" would say, for almost every member of the community — it is desirable that the community shall provide this requisite. For instance, the community should see to it that every individual should have fresh air. The community sees to it that every individual shall have fresh water. The community sees to it that every individual shall have justice between man and man. The community sees to it that every individual shall be as well educated as every other individual. The community sees to it that even a child born blind or deaf in the gutter shall be cared for with the same care as if that child were born in the purple. The community provides, in the same way, for medical care and for the health of the citizen, whatever the disease.

But, where the individual has specific needs or wishes, the community apparently never interferes to gratify these wishes. For instance, it might be said that every man and woman in the community, sooner or later, needs a knife. But the community does not provide knives for each individual; and this is because one man wants one sort, another wants another, nor would any one be satisfied with an average knife furnished to each and all. The same rule, oddly enough, covers the arrangements for clothing and for food. No man wants to wear clothes made to another man's measure; still less does any man want to

wear clothes made to the average measure of the community. One man likes to eat buckwheat for his breakfast, and another Indian bread, and another oatmeal; the community, therefore, does not descend to a provision for detail. The community does not provide whiskey for one man, claret for another, sherry for another. But it does provide water for all, because all are satisfied with the same quality of water. And it is to be observed that the community, as a community, always requires the best. It has the best education, the best law, as it has the best water.

Striking instances of its success in this way are in its administration of the post-office. We are much more sure that a letter will go to its destination because we intrust it to the State, than we are that an express parcel will go to its destination because we intrust it to an express company. We are perfectly sure of civility if we go to the Custom House, the State House, or to the City Hall, or to the Post-office; because there we deal with our servants, who know they are our servants, and who depend on our votes, in the last resort, for their positions. We are not sure of civility when we go to the telegraph office, or even to the counter of a bank; because there we deal with those who do not understand that they are our servants. They think they are the servants of the corporation which the community has created, but they know that they do not directly depend upon the voter for their places.

And, because the hour presses, to sum up briefly the theory of these considerations, we shall find that we shall advance on those lines, and on those lines only, where the same commodity is to be delivered, by the community, substantially to every person in the community. Thus we have created the public library, to give books to each and all — trenching, apparently, on the rule that one man needs one book and another needs another, but we justify the system on the ground that every person may want every book, and that this is not a mere matter of individual taste for which we are providing. So soon as the community shall feel that railway transportation is as necessary to every citizen of Massachusetts as are the county and town roads necessary to every citizen of Massachusetts, so soon will the community assume the right of administering the railroads, as they now assume the right to administer what we call the common roads. So soon as the community shall feel that the telegraph is just the same convenience to one citizen as it is to another — and they do feel this with regard to the post-office — so soon will the community assume the management of the telegraph. So soon as it feels this with regard to the telephone, so soon will the community assume the charge of the telephone. And so we might go on. It has seemed to me from the beginning that the wise course for the Nationalists was not to lay down any general assumption of a general theory, which

by flash of lightning should be forced upon the whole community; but that it was desirable for them to take the ground that they are the friends of government, that they are the friends of strong government, that they are acting on the lines of all our best traditions. Then, one by one, let them do just what they have done in the case of the lighting of cities, — take, one by one, the separate enterprises which the public most requires, which will be of service to every man and woman in the community, to establish such enterprises well upon a public basis. Thus will they win the right to proceed to establish others.

WEALTH IN COMMON

[With much hesitation, I have determined not to rewrite the calculations in this paper, — so as to bring up the figures to the date of 1900. There has been a steady increase of our Wealth in Common since then. — E. E. H., *March* 31, 1900.

The essay was first read as an address at the opening meeting of the Society for Citizenship, Boston, 1888.]

IN the instructive and interesting study by Mr. Lawrence Gronlund, just now published, called "A Co-operative Commonwealth," he pushes to the full the plans by which the State shall own and direct all the establishments for manufacture. Perhaps it would be fair to say that the different theorists who attempt a reconstruction of the present relations of industry are all examining the question, how much of our wealth should be wealth in common, and what part of it should be personal, or, as the Latins said, *proprium*, so as to come under the head of individual property.

It seems to me that all such discussions will be made more simple if we look more closely than I think men are apt to look on the wealth in common held in practice by the community now; I think we shall see that we have no new question

in hand, but a question to which we have been working out the answers since the beginning of civilization. We shall find that society on the one hand and individual men on the other are always eager to try how far the system of common property can be pressed. And it seems probable that the result which we have attained is not a mere hap-hazard and rule-of-thumb result; but rather that it is the solution self-wrought by continued experiments in which the law of selection has applied. A great many experiments have failed. A great many have succeeded. The result, as I suppose, is what the community will now bear. In that result, as we shall see, the prejudice for many centuries has been in favor of the original plan by which all property was the property of the community. From this plan successive exceptions have been taken, which result in such personal property, as we call it, as is held to-day. I shall not find a better statement of the average feeling on the subject than that of Franklin. He says in a letter to Morris, written when he was seventy-seven years old: —

"All property, indeed, except the savage's temporary cabin, his bow, his match-coat,[1] and other little acquisitions, absolutely necessary for his subsistence, seems to me the creature of public convention. Hence the public has the right of regulating descents, and all other

[1] Originally an Indian coat made from furs. The skins were *matched* together: whence the name.

conveyances of property, and even of limiting the quantity and the uses of it. All the property that is necessary to a man, for the conservation of the individual and the propagation of the species, is his natural right, which none can justly deprive him of; but all property superfluous to such purposes is the property of the public, who, by their laws, have created it, and who may, therefore, by other laws, dispose of it, whenever the welfare of the public shall demand such disposition. He that does not like civil society on these terms, let him retire and live among savages. He can have no right to the benefits of society who will not pay his club toward the support of it."

It has been fully proved that to take up the theory of common property in land is to return to a system which we have long since outgrown, or, to say the least, have long since abandoned. Thus the Iroquois Indians had common fields, and by the common labor built upon them great houses, in which they shared the rigors of winter. This was an advance, if you please, from the simplest savage life, in which a man lives quite alone, feeding on the snake or lizard, which he can kill, or the wild root, which he can dig from the soil. But, as this is an advance, so from the system of common property the next advance is made when the individual cultivates his own land, and is protected in his individual holding by the common force of the community.

It is then an advance on the system of the Iroquois when the United States, holding large

quantities of land in common, enacts laws by which any person who is willing to cultivate a share of those lands may take it, without payment, and cultivate it in his own way, as his own fancy may suggest, or his own skill. Mr. Gronlund would tell us that society, knowing more than the individual farmer, should give directions for the working of the whole. That is to say, Mr. Gronlund wishes society to keep the property, to muster the farmers upon the ground, and to conduct an election in which they shall choose their own foremen and directors. Under the instructions of these foremen they are then to cultivate the land and they are to share the products. I do not discuss this plan. I cite it simply to say that it is not a new plan. It is precisely the plan of the Iroquois and of other tribes in the same grade of civilization. Gradually it proves that the individual wants some things for himself, and that some things have to fit his individual tastes. Franklin names his cabin, his match-coat, and "his other little acquisitions." Robin Hood needs one bow, Little John needs another, and neither likes to have the other meddle with his weapon. One man wants oatmeal in his family, another wants hominy, and gradually, therefore, it is determined that each man shall have his own holding, that he may plant his own oats or his own corn. If he chooses, he plants neither, lets his land grow wild, and relies for his food on the streams or on

the chase. The Irish "hammer throw" will be remembered, in which each man might stand at the door of his cabin, throw his hammer as far as he could, and hold as his own all the land in a circle around him drawn by a radius which that critical hammer throw directed. These holdings were called the "hammer-throw holdings." In this way, as civilization advances, personal property comes in by so many exceptions from the original theory of a common right. Nattie Bumpo owns his own rifle, as Robin Hood owns his own bow and arrows. The original right in common still holds in some cases where the individual claims his share in it and measures that share by his own industry and skill. Thus there are still some New England townships where men may cut their firewood from the common woodlands; or large ponds open to fishing on equal rights to the people of the towns in which they are. On the seashore the beaches are held in common below the line of high tide for the use of any member of that community. These are so many instances where the general convenience has retained the original system in which all property was held in this way, and where the individual takes what he considers as his own share.

Now the theorists of all time look with a certain dissatisfaction on every step by which personal property has thus been assumed, and with a certain regret on the original system, by which

there was virtually no personal property, either in land or in anything. At the point where I say, "This hat is mine," or, "This hoe or gun is mine," there comes in the cry that such a holding is a selfish holding. On one side some men say that this is not the Christian scheme, because in the Christian scheme we should bear each other's burdens; and on the other side, men who do not care in the least for Christianity say that the rich grow richer and the poor grow poorer under this scheme. It is with direct reference to such complaints that I propose to call your attention to the facts, that you may see how far, in our present system, our wealth in common goes. It seems to me that we may limit the discontents from such complaints if men understand how large now is their share in "the wealth in common." I think that the more careful the study, the more definitely will it appear that the private rights which have been granted to individuals have been granted to them after careful experiment, and because society has satisfied itself that it was safest and best to make such a disposition.

For the statement of facts, I shall take the present valuation of the city of Boston, because we are in Boston, and because I happen to be most familiar with this city. The valuation of the city, as reported by the auditor in 1886, was $710,621,335, held by separate persons and corporations. To this is to be added — of property held by the city: the common and public squares,

the new park, and a large amount of land to which no value is assigned.

Now, at the same time, the same assessors valued the real and personal property of the city of Boston as a corporation as $68,827,245. There is to be added also the cost, whatever it may be, of the streets and roads of the city, which have been, sooner or later, obtained at the public charge, or reserved from the common property when the separate property was granted to individuals.

In addition to this property held by the City government, we have all the property of the United States within the city limits, embracing the Navy Yard, with eighty three acres on the deepest water front of the city, and the two islands, with their fortifications, which represent an expenditure only to be counted in tens of millions. The United States also owns the Custom House and the Post-office. The land occupied by these buildings, and the cost of the buildings themselves, would be, I suppose, eight or ten millions of dollars.

The property of the Commonwealth in the city is the State House, with the land adjacent, and a very considerable property still on the Back Bay, together with the rights, similar to those which have been used in the Back Bay, to all the land beneath the sea, below the line of low water mark. The State also reserves the right of eminent domain to the whole property.

Roughly stated these sums will foot up thus: —

City Property (assessors' return)	$68,827,245
Common and Squares, 125 acres, say	25,000,000
Cost of Streets (50 years)	35,681,547
Pavements (15 years), say	15,000,000
Sewers (15 years), say	2,600,000
New Park	4,975,000
Improved Trunk Sewer, etc., say	4,000,000
Bridges (15 years), say	2,000,000
	$158,083,792

To this, very considerable additions must be made, — not so easily estimated. There is the property in real estate and funds of all public associations which hold property for the common good. Such institutions as the Massachusetts Hospital, the Eye and Ear Infirmary, the Dispensary, and similar institutions, are a part of the wealth in common which the citizen shares, by himself or by any one who is in need of their relief. So of the property in churches. They are open to all persons who will enter. Any church not open to any person who wished to enter would be taxed by the Commonwealth as a private club-house, which, indeed, it would be. So far forth, then, the real estate of two hundred and more churches is to be considered as adding to the amount of the wealth in common.

To these sums must be added, a Navy Yard of eighty-three acres, owned by the United States, on a perfect water front, and all the national

property in the forts in the harbor, with the Custom House and Court House.

There must also be added the property of the Commonwealth. Besides the State House, the city, State, and United States hold thirty million square feet of land within the limits of Boston, not named above, on which no valuation is placed.

All these amounts together show that our wealth in common is certainly much more than one half the total wealth of all the separate properties.

But, in truth, our wealth in common goes much further. For in common we hold all the margin of property which does not appear on assessors' lists, and yet which has a value for us. Suppose a railway, which does not pay more than its expenses. Its stock is worth perhaps nothing, and does not appear on any valuation. Still, if it carry me to and fro every day, it is a part of my wealth in common.

The estimate above includes of the property of the Nation only its real estate within the town of Boston. But the people of Boston have an undivided share in the wealth in common held by the United States in its Public Lands, its Army and Navy and Post-office Departments, its Libraries and Laboratories. The citizens of Massachusetts have a similar share in all the wealth in common held by that State.

More than this, for the administration of our wealth in common, we exact every year probably

sixteen thousandths, more than one and a half per cent of that private "Property" against which our wealth in common has been compared. What is the proper worth of property, aside from the industry of the owner, cannot be precisely said. Government stocks, where there is good credit, pay a little less than three per cent. The real interest on money, where there is no intelligence used in its direction, may perhaps now be called four per cent. The community takes one and a half per cent of this in the shape of taxes. It appears that the community takes fifteen-fortieths, or three-eighths of the income of private property — towards the wealth in common. With this it administers justice, maintains the peace, educates the children, preserves the health, and serves the general welfare of the people.

Were the wealth in common then only one half what the total separate wealth is, the rough showing would be this: —

In common each man holds, say, one half of A.

He has the control of one third of A.

In private the average man has the control of two thirds of A, provided he has not mortgaged A, or otherwise encumbered it.

It may seriously be asked — whether this share is not all which any community can wisely bear to leave to the common virtue, and to public spirit.

It will probably prove that the private holdings have been conceded — on the whole — as the result of careful experience.

This is certain, that it is the enormous accumulation of our wealth in common which causes the concentration of people in the cities where the common wealth is large. Good libraries, good pavements, good amusements, good hospitals, are opened by the common wealth to all.

It is not true that our present civilization is hard and selfish. As we live now each man bears his brother's burdens. Now, if he flinch in bearing, he finds the gentle pressure of the law which compels him to mend the roads, to provide for schools, it may be to set water flowing, to build the dams and bridges and forts and court-houses. Society has been learning this lesson for ages upon ages. Society has learned the other lesson at the same time. If I write with my own pen it is because it fits my hand better than yours. If I pick my own apple from my own tree, it is because I know the scion, I know the tree, and I have learned how to care for it. And if I till my own farm, instead of rendering a share in the labor which cultivates the farm of a phalanstery, it is because that experiment of common culture has been tried so thoroughly that the races who had tired of it knew that it only went half-way.

It remains for us to-day to see what we can do for our children, that they may preserve for their

children the great empire of our common wealth which secures for them the blessings, physical and moral, which they enjoy.

[NOTE. — The charge for streets is simply what has been paid by the city for land in the last fifty years. It makes no estimate for the older streets and roads.

The charge for paving and sewers is about the actual cost in the last fifteen years, that being a rough estimate of the average "life" of such work.

The charge for bridges is made in the same way.]

THE MINISTRY TO A WARD

"AND what would you do in such a case, Dr. Primrose?" said the editor.

"Oh!" replied the doctor, startled, "I am the last person to advise. I must have spoken very carelessly if you supposed I meant to. Certainly, I would not advise in speaking to a man of your experience."

"I have not asked you to advise," said the editor. "I certainly have not asked you what, with my experience, you would attempt. I have only asked what you would do if you had this thing to do, having the experience which you have had."

They were talking of "Neighborhood Oversight," — the possible spiritual and moral care of a crowded region in a large city.

Dr. Primrose saw that he had held back with a coyness to which no minister has any right. But he wasted no word in apology.

"I should ask the director, whoever he was, — I should ask the bishop, or secretary, or board which had any business to say, to tell me how far my responsibility extended. I should want to do well what I had to do. And I should hope

not to have a diocese like that of the Bishop of London."

"Yes; that is reasonable. And how large is that — or how small?"

"I should take what was given me. Paul had all Europe given him; but I should hope they would not give me more than twenty thousand people. And I should hope they might all live together. Indeed, I should beg to be transferred to the Rocky Mountains if they did not live together."

"It shall be together," said the editor, forgetting for the moment that he could no more appoint Dr. Primrose to this post than he could make him private confessor to the Shah of Persia. Then he corrected himself, and said, "Oh, yes, that is taken for granted."

"We are taking it all for granted," said the good doctor. "So we will take it for granted that my circumstances are independent, — that I can buy a broom without an order from the executive board, or give a car ticket to a lame man."

"Yes; this, also, is taken for granted."

"First of all, in the heart of my ward, or district, I would hire my house, — it should not be too small, either. My fancy pictures an old-fashioned house, my dear sir. It shall be one, perhaps, which sixteen families inhabit to-day, — one in each room and in each of the attics. But I do not insist on sixteen rooms, only I shall use all that I have. This house will be, if you will

pardon the word, the Cathedral of the ward. But I do not know why I use it, because it will set you off on the idea of preaching, which is the last thing I aim at. I doubt not they have preaching enough now, — if they wished to listen.

"But the house is to be accessible to each and all, as a cathedral should be. This is why I give it this name. It is to be the house of all my people as much as it is my own. I shall be glad, indeed, if it is of that particular fashion of forty years ago which has what my brother used to call a 'bowling-alley parlor.' Such a parlor, fit for nothing else that I know of, would be of real service in a cathedral house. If there is none, I shall be apt to cut down a partition and throw two of the larger rooms into one.

"Now it is our business to make the neighbors feel at home. First of all, I shall try — and Mrs. Primrose would have more success than I — to make the school-teachers like to run in there on any errand, and for any advice. My own children should go to the public school; there would be the beginning. I should ask these young ladies to bring in their friends, and I should soon make them understand that they were welcome at any hour, for any purpose. My books should be their books; if I could help them I would help them, for I know that they would help me. As often as we could we would have little parties of them, where, without forcing the conversation, we should be sure to have their

views of the neighborhood. You see, your public school-teacher is the best intermediary you have, in practice, with the people of the ward. She knows her children, more or less; if she is good for anything she knows the needs of the poorer ones better than any one else does; and, through her, you can generally get access to any home where there are children. My twenty thousand people will give me about four thousand school-children. As you manage things, this will make about eighty of these teachers, and if I could do nothing else but keep in communication with my people through them I should not think I was living in vain.

"This takes time, of course. While this is going on, I should make it my business to acquaint myself with the ministers now in the ward, and with the managers of public charities there. ' I studied such a ward last summer, to find that within comparatively narrow space there are a mission for children, a working-men's club-house, an orphan asylum, an industrial home where men can earn their board by sawing wood, two large halls for philanthropic meetings and other purposes of public spirit, one synagogue, and five churches. All the people engaged in these enterprises are engaged in just the work which I am set upon; they know their ground as I do not; and one of them is worth more than I am as far as his special detail goes. So that I shall sit at their feet in taking advice. With

regard to any particular family, or in any difficulty, they would know the traditions of the neighborhood, and those traditions are, of course, to be respected.

"Now let me tell you why I was so eager to have those sixteen rooms. We have used up two of them for our large parlor, where everybody may come and go. My wife and I and the children will need half of what is left. The kitchen will have enough to do in our arrangements, and that takes another. Still, I should hope to have four or five bedrooms, in which I might stow away as many of the young men who are to help me. I should not engage one of these young men till I was sure of him. I should not expect to find them ready-made, but I should want at least one for a beginning. You know who he is, and how readily he would take hold of this work. I should make him, from the beginning, 'keeper of the calendar,' and, as soon as I enlisted them, I should send them round to take the census of the ward, somewhat as Mr. Booth took the census of East London. Before we were a fortnight older we would know what was the name of each family in each tenement-house or other home; we would know how many children there were in the public and other schools; with the help of the teachers we would know the names of those children, or of most of them; we would know if they had any connection of any sort with any church; and gradually we would know what clubs they

were connected with, what were their social ties, whether they 'belonged,' so to speak, to our ward, or whether they were merely transient people. If my Man Friday, with whom I begin, has the ability that I think he has, I would have this calendar absolutely complete before four months were past, and if my other plans succeeded I would know from week to week what changes were to be made in it. It seems red-tapey and like a bureau, but I cannot help that. I should be very little satisfied with myself if, after four months of such work as we talk of, I could not, with a proper index, turn up the name of any one of the twenty thousand whom God had given to my care. I should be horribly mortified if I read in the morning 'Herald' that a man whose name seemed to be Smith was found on the sidewalk dead, and that, from a receipted bill in his pocket, it was found that he lived at No. 99 Colony Street, if I knew nothing more about him than I read in the newspaper. In fact, what I am put there for, as I understand it, is to know what sort of people are living around me, and to be able, within a week's time, to say whether one of those people be working upward, or whether he be working downward, — whether they are all living for a better life, or whether they are going to the devil.

"How am I going to find this out? Now you see why I want the five rooms. I shall engage, one by one, as Man Friday and I find the proper

people, just as many consecrated young fellows as want to go to work in this work; the work, namely, of building up that which has fallen down, and of proclaiming glad tidings to people who are poor. You do not know the life of to-day if you think I shall have any difficulty in finding them. I could choose twenty such from every graduating class of Harvard College. I say this because I have known the graduating classes there for a good many years. I should not take them all from those graduating classes; I should take a good many of them from the most active walks of life; I should want young fellows who knew their kind, and could touch elbows with them. I should be in no hurry about enlisting them; I had rather have the right men than have my corps all ready at the beginning. In fact, I am supposing that I am working with that freedom that I need not be afraid of any board of directors, and that I can work my results in God's time and not in man's. But as soon as I enlisted any one of these men I should say to him: 'You have to take one hundred families from our calendar, and you are responsible for those families. By "being responsible" I mean that you are to know every Saturday night something with regard to each of those hundred families which you did not know the Saturday night before, and you are to be able to give a statement, accurate as far as it goes, of what was the condition of your families within five or six

days past. When poor —— Smith, with the receipted bill in his pocket, is picked up dead by the police, I shall come to you; I shall say, "This man is in our ward; is he one of your people?" and you must be able to tell me, as soon as you can look at your memorandum, where every Smith in your hundred is, or is likely to be, and which of those Smiths might have been found dead, after a drunken fit, upon the sidewalk.'

"Of such co-operators as this you see at once that for twenty thousand people I shall need nearly thirty. As I say, I hope to have five or six of them in the house with me. Now you come to the necessity for hiring my second house, which is to be very much like your University Settlement in Rivington Street,[1] a house where I shall have eight women living, who are engaged in the very same business. Each of the eight women will have under her charge, or oversight, one hundred families, and, as you know, there are families where a woman can make herself a friend as no man can.

"Now, please, count up and see where we are.

"With your experience of such conditions, you know — or you ought to know — that the five churches in your ward and the synagogue now touch, at one point or another, about two hundred of your families, perhaps more. They are not large churches, I suppose, and we shall find that three fourths of their 'members' are what

[1] In New York.

you would call suburban. They are, at least, resident outside of our ward. With these people our visitors need not concern themselves, except to win their sympathy and friendship. We have, probably, in all, three thousand families, more or less. More or less, I say, because there will be a great number of single persons, men or women, who may or may not be counted into the families. A man who lives in his own room, and takes all his meals away from home, is certainly not a member of any family. A man who is a boarder in a house probably shares the family conditions, and may be best registered as a member of it.

"For these three thousand families I have provided thus far, you see, fourteen visitors — counting myself as one — living in two homes; in what I called the 'Cathedral,' and in the women's house, which we may call by the English phrase of the 'Settlement.' Of course, if nice old Madam Champernoon liked to give us the use of that good large house of hers, I would put more people into the Cathedral. But we want both these places to be homes, and not 'institutions.' I shall, therefore, — or I should, therefore, — have no tears if the other ministers, men and women whom we are to provide, say fourteen in all, lived in such homes as they found convenient. If they made themselves into little clubs, so much the better.

"I call them 'ministers' because that is just what they are; each of them, in his way and

place, is to keep the run of his hundred families, and minister to them. But I do not want them to be preachers, more than I want the women in the Settlement to be preachers, or the men in the Cathedral. As I said before, there is preaching enough, and more than enough, taking the good with the poor.

"I should select myself the inmates of my own house, and the women, or ladies, in the Settlement. I should select some of the fourteen other ministers — half women and half men. But a considerable number, ten at least, I should ask the Catholic bishop, the Methodist bishop, the Jewish rabbis, the Episcopal bishop, and the local conferences of the other churches to select. There is not much sectarianism among the rank and file of the people, but there is some, and we should need to have one or two Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Jews, and so on, known and authenticated as such, in our working force.

"Now about these thirty ministers. There is no objection to their having something else to do, — tent-makers, if they like, as Paul was, or shoemakers, as John Pounds was and Jacob Böhme. But they must agree to give us more than half, and that the best half, of their time, — all the evenings, all the Sundays, all the holidays, and a good deal more. But a man might do some work on a newspaper, or he might post accounts, or he might be studying for a profes-

sion, or he might be a waiter in an eating-house; a woman might do any of these things, and she might work certain hours as a type-writer or amanuensis. All such work would keep them in touch with working people. But we want the freshness and go of their lives, as the Lord had the real force of Paul's life in Corinth and in Ephesus. The tent-making must be wholly subordinate.

"As I appointed each one I should have to sit down with him separately and explain his duty. He would be sure to think that he was to have a Sunday audience, and to preach. I should have to explain that ministering one hundred and sixty-eight hours in every week is a very different thing. He would have, first of all, to make acquaintance, by hook or by crook, with his hundred families, and such 'solitaries,' also, as should be assigned to him. He must do this through the children, at the clubs, in their shops, in the street-cars. Probably he could not visit in all their houses. He might know some of them only through the police. But, somehow, he must be able, on his own register, to enter conscientiously some such memorandum as

"'A. B. and wife, C. D., seven children, at Benjamin School and Arbella School and Salvation Army School. Man drinks badly at McDowell's and Riedel's. Boy Hugh broke his arm May 4, and is at Children's Hospital.'

"If my minister cannot keep up that register

squarely and promptly, why, I must dismiss him and find some one that can. For there are plenty that can do this. It is excellent work for a young doctor waiting for patients. Many another good fellow, starting in his profession, would be glad of it. There are women who dream of such a life as I propose, purely from Christian eagerness to help, and they do not know how or where to enter it. We should not get the right people all at once, but we should 'refine as we run,' as Dr. Watts says, and the second year we should do better than the first.

"After we were started I should have at least two meetings a week of all the ministers, probably more. One would be the health meeting, one would be the crime meeting. You would have in your ward ten deaths, or thereabouts, every week. I should have the registry every night from City Hall.

"'Miss Overton, we have the death of Bridget Cradock.'

"'Yes, sir; it is the little niece who was at the City Hospital. She was buried at Cedar Grove. Her mother asked me to go and I went with them. No, there is no one else sick in the family. I told my friend, Mrs. Nickerson, and she came down herself and left some flowers.'

"'Mr. Francis, here is the death of James Smith, four years old.'

"'Not on my list, sir.'

"'No,' says Mr. Matthew, 'he is one of my

boys. I think you will remember the white-swelling case I told you of. Dr. Cheever came down to see it. His poor mother is all knocked down. I asked Mrs. Greatheart to take the children into her house to play, so the poor mother might have her grief out.'

"'Which of the Sullivans is this — Peter Sullivan, 38?'

"'That is my case, sir. The man landed only last month. He seemed a decent man, but he was dying then. I saw him every day for the last week, and have written home to his brother. The St. Vincent people take the expenses, and the funeral will be Thursday.'

"And so on. I would not be disgraced by having a child of God go from this world to heaven without knowing how the family was left, or, if there were no visible family, without letting him know that he had, all the same, brothers and sisters. And if there were contagion, or, worse than that, if there were the causes of diphtheria or typhus, I would know that, too. I would be able to take all the well children from a scarlet-fever house in time. I would have no hot-bed of any such plague in a region given me to oversee."

Dear Dr. Primrose became fairly excited as he dwelt on other possibilities, but he calmed himself and went on: —

"The ten cases would offer, perhaps, one difficult one, which I must take and carry through. But I should have behind me the whole force of

the Church of Christ and of a Christian State, all their institutions and all their charities, and if among us we cannot work the miracles, I have misread my Gospel.

"The rest of the evening we should spend in hard work, revising our lists, entering inquiries for the public school teachers and for the police, strengthening each other's hands, as in such work thirty right-minded people will.

"The other weekly meeting would be for crime. Your ward will give you twelve hundred commitments to one or another prison in a year, say sixty a week. More than half of these are 'solitaries.' Perhaps twenty represent families.

"'Miss Guion, what can you tell us of Hiram Quincy Sprodel?'

"'I feel dreadfully about him, sir. But, really, he is my first man at the island. We thought he would keep the pledge, but Fourth of July came, and he was so drunk he struck a policeman.'

"You know," said Dr. Primrose, "that to strike a policeman is to violate the greatest commandment of the eleven, though, as it happens, it is not mentioned in words in the catechism.

"'But,' Miss Guion goes on, 'I have been at the house this afternoon. I hope good will come out of it. Dear little Araminta can go to her aunt's now; Sprodel's mother is willing to go back to Germany, and the State will send her. You know her husband is alive now. That only leaves Mrs. Sprodel and Hermann, who gets three

dollars a week at the dice-box factory, and, luckily, Sprodel is sentenced for six months. Mr. Howard is so good as to take him on his list at the island. When he comes back perhaps we can send him to Cambridge, or some prohibition town.'

"I would follow up every commitment, at the moment, in that way. I would freeze to every man and woman committed, and, having the power given me, which you and I have," said Dr. Primrose, proudly, "of loosening the power of sin, and holding it back forever, in the end we would not have a raft of second commitments. They are the disgrace of our Christianity. You shall be sure that my ministers would begin to feel ashamed when their men and women, and in particular their children, broke down. And they would take care beforehand. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"Prevention?" said the editor, with a question-mark.

"Prevention! What else is all this machinery of working-men's clubs, free reading-rooms, Knights of Pythias and Knights of Malta, country week, and schools of industry? What is the public library and Sunday School and church and lecture and concert and museum and art gallery? What is each of them for, and all of them together, but to lift up the lives of people and to keep them out of temptation? What is ministry but leading them out from the tempta-

tion of lower life into the largeness of higher life, into its courage and strength?

"Now, with nine tenths of the people in your cities all this is done. They belong to the 'classes,' as you say, which are not the 'criminal classes.' In my ward, Mr. Editor," said the excited chief of ministry, "there shall be no criminal class, if we may have our way. Our ministers, men and women, will all be doing what the five who are now there are doing,— lifting these people into higher life, remitting their sins and retaining them."

There was a little pause, and then the editor asked Dr. Primrose if he had thought what his scheme would cost.

"Cost!" cried Dr. Primrose, with noble scorn. "Do you ask that? You, who know that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof? It will cost about as much in a year as your ward pays in three days for its tickets to the theatre, or as it pays in a month for its whiskey and its lager. It would cost as much for a year as to keep the Italian Opera open for a fortnight."

"How much is that?" asked the editor.

"Well, do not be too particular. You can see how much it would cost. You could not run the Cathedral or the Settlement without three thousand dollars a year for each. On the average your ministers ought to be paid five hundred dollars a year each, some less, some more, accord-

ing to their work. Take it all together," said he, cheerfully, "I shall start upon it as soon as Roberts Brothers give me thirty thousand dollars for the copyright of my essays on 'Social Life in Cities.' And for the per contra side we will reduce the death-rate of the ward fifty per cent, and we will reduce the number of people it sends to the island by one half. So we shall make a good showing on our ledger."

Let the reader observe, this is not what is commonly called "charity," under a wretched misapprehension. It is sympathy, intelligence, forethought; it is the knowledge of the situation, and the determination to "level up" the community. It may happen that the person who needs the help of such ministry is a millionnaire. It may happen that he is the most learned of Grecians, or the most profound of philosophers. If he needs sympathy, advice, strength, or moral assistance, a Christian community ought to be able to give them.

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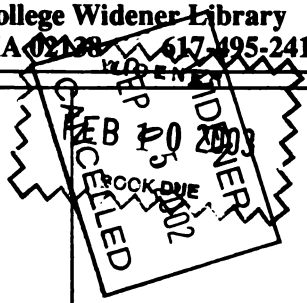

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